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THE

MEMORIAL,

A CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR'S AND EASTER OFFERING

FOR 1828.

EDITED BY FREDERIC S. HILL.

A simple gift to steal away
The tear from wrinkled care,
And waken memory in the heart,
Or to impress it there.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY TRUE AND GREENE,
AND RICHARDSON AND LORD

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PREFACE.

Encouraged by the flattering reception of their first Christmas and New Year's Offering, the editor and publishers of THE MEMORIAL present a second volume of their Souvenir to the public. They trust that their exertions to secure a portion of that patronage which has been liberally bestowed on other American works of the same character, will not be wholly fruitless. The book has been prepared with very considerable expense, and it is believed that its mechanical execution exhibits creditable testimonials of the skill of our native artists. Prizes, to the amount of two hundred dollars, were offered for the best productions in prose and poetry, and in consequence of this arrangement for procuring literary material, it was deemed expedient to divide the work into two distinct parts. The first portion consists of

selections from articles offered for the prizes, and the report of the committee appointed to examine their merit will be found on another page. THE DELUGE and A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE are, by their decision, distinguished from the poetry of the collection. The author's name did not accompany the first, and has not been disclosed to the editor; the latter is the production of JOSEPH H. NICHOLS, of New York. The prizes for prose are awarded to the author of THE TALISMAN OF TRUTH, and to MISS ELIZABETH BOGART, of New York, for her story entitled THE EFFECT OF A SINGLE FOLLY. The editor regrets that several compositions of acknowledged excellence were necessarily excluded, on account of their extent, and that others were received too late for insertion.

The Second Part consists of voluntary contributions, *not* offered for prizes, and these materials were furnished by J. A. HILLHOUSE, J. G. PERCIVAL, CALEB CUSHING, J. A. JONES, N. P. WILLIS, R. DAWES, G. LUNT, J. W. MILLER, O. C. WYMAN, JR, H. J. FINN, B. P. THATCHER, JOSEPH H. NICHOLS, W. G. CROSBY, MRS SIGOURNEY, MRS HALE, MRS WARE, MRS MORTON, and others. The lines on ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, now published for the first

time, were written by the lamented JOHN EVERETT; those entitled THE STILL SMALL VOICE, are from the pen of a young lady, a member of the High School for Girls in this city, and are alike creditable to herself and to that institution.

We commit THE MEMORIAL to the hands of its judges,—asking of them only an impartial sentence.

Boston, Nov. 3, 1827.

The subscribers appointed a committee to examine the prize contributions for the Memorial, have attended to the duty assigned them, and award the first prize for poetry to the piece entitled "*The Deluge;*" and the second to that entitled "*A New England Village.*" The first prize for prose they award to the piece entitled "*The Talisman of Truth;*" and the second, to that entitled "*The effect of a Single Folly.*"

JARED SPARKS,
JOHN PIERPONT,
JOHN W. JAMES.

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TO A LADY.

The night-breeze steals across the lake,
And curls among the green-wood bowers
As soft as though it fear'd to break
The slumbers of the dreaming flowers.

So, Lady, may my gentle song
Glide o'er the couch of thy repose,
And whisper, as it steals along,
The tale thy heart already knows.

I would not that one thought of *me*
Should mar the music of thy heart,—
And yet it were most sweet to be
Lov'd and remember'd as *thou* art!

I may but *breathe*,—I must not *tell*,
Save to the listening ear of night,—
The thoughts that in this bosom dwell,
Yet dare not venture into light.

It was the resting-place of all
The griefs ambition knows too well:—
Thy smile illum'd the darken'd hall,
Thy song dissolv'd th' enchanter's spell.

If spirits, pure as those who kneel
Around the throne of light above,
The power of Beauty's spell could feel,
And lose a Heaven for woman's love,—

What marvel that a heart like mine
Enraptur'd by thy charms should be!
Forget to bend at Glory's shrine,
And lose itself—aye, Heaven—for thee!

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

Gray Church !—the twilight's dying fire
Hath vanish'd from thine ancient spire,
And from thy roof have past away
The lazy sun-beams that all day
Have sported there. And still and lone,
Night settles on her dusky throne,
While up the calm and starry sky,
The harvest moon goes quietly.

Forsaken Chapel !—Years have pass'd,
Since up thine aisle I loiter'd last.
Thou wast a beauteous fabric *then*,
A chosen place for holy men ;
And ever, when thy sabbath-bell
Sent its sweet music through the dell,
The village groups would gather there
To worship in their house of prayer.

How freely would that simple peal
Through all the hamlet-region steal,
Bearing its holy summons forth,
To many a distant cottage-hearth
Deep in the sunny vales:—but hush'd
Is its rich chiming now—the dust
And the green clambering moss have made
The church-bell silent in the glade.

In thy gray turret the wild bird
Hath built her nest, and oft is heard
The swallow's twitter 'neath the leaves,
Where she hath made her home of leaves.
In the dim aisle, and sacristy,
And by the altar-foot, there lie
The cushat's brood,—and grass hath grown
Thickly around thy threshold stone.

The children of the hamlet sleep
Beneath thy ruin'd wall, and deep
And sweet their dreamless slumbers are,
In their still turf-built sepulchre.—
Methinks, when death shall come to me,
Here, in my place of infancy,
I 'd die contented, to be laid
Within thy shadows in the glade.

I gaze upon the tablets gray
That bear the names of those whose way
Was with mine in life's careless morn.
Alas! fair brethren, ye are gone
To your last dwellings,—long hath died
Your mirth along the village-side,
And the green turf your footsteps prest,
Hath clos'd above each joyous breast.

THE WITCH-WIFE.

On a sultry evening in the beginning of June 18— a young man in a hunter's dress was seen descending one of the mountains which separate Bohemia from Silesia. The day had been intensely hot, and the stranger as he bounded forward seemed to feel his strength renewed as the shades of evening fell around him. The clouds, which for some time had appeared threatening, now descended lower on the mountain, and as the flashes of lightning played around his graceful form, enveloped in the dark masses which rolled even beneath his feet, he might have been taken for the spirit of the storm, beautiful, yet terrible in his power. The hunter looked round for shelter, but all was desolate, and as if no human footstep had ever before trod its solitude. After a weary search of nearly an hour, he descried a ruined tower at no great distance, from which a dark chasm, yawning fearfully, separated him. The rocks on either side were perpendicular, and seemed as if they had been rent asunder by some violent convulsion of nature. The night grew darker, the rain fell in torrents, and the stranger became

more anxious to obtain a place of refuge, and endeavoured to find some path by which he might reach the tower; but the attempt was vain, and he was now preparing to pursue his way further down the mountain, when he was for a moment arrested by seeing lights move in the tower opposite, and could distinctly discover figures passing before them. He blew a few notes on the bugle which was suspended from his neck, but was answered only by the echoes of the forest. He made one more effort, and blew a blast so loud that it appeared to rouse the inhabitants of the tower, for, after some movement within, he thought he saw a dark figure on the precipice opposite; he exerted his voice, but the sound was lost in the whistling of the wind. At that moment a flash of lightning enabled him to see a human being standing on a small ledge of rock midway down the precipice, but the means by which it reached there could not be discovered; the next instant all was darkness, and a clap of thunder, which immediately succeeded, loosened some of the fragments of the rock near where the hunter stood, and they were heard dashing through the trees, which seemed to have no resting place save on the air, until the sound was lost in the abyss beneath. The stranger's heart sickened with horror, for the fate of the person he had seen a moment before could hardly be doubted, and with a feeling of awe he turned from the contemplation of the scene, when some one near him exclaimed,

"The storm-fiend is thy attendant, and harsh are the lessons ye have received from him but now, yet mild is his course even to-night, when it would seem as if he would blast all the beauty of nature in his might, compared to the wild desolation that thou wilt scatter around thee; for the beings whom thou lovest will be thy victims. If thou wouldst escape this curse, return back to thine own country and leave all to the peaceful happiness which still reigns here. But no, it cannot be,—fate still leads thee on; I was sent for thee, and *He* awaits thee in the tower of Ermengarde."

The hunter could not distinctly see the person that addressed him, but a dark figure was near him, whose loose garments floating in the wind gave it so indefinite an appearance that, though not naturally superstitious, he could not but think the being near him was not of earthly mould. The wild words that were uttered confirmed this idea, for he felt that there might be truth in the prophecy; one only knew of the purpose that drew him to these wilds, and he, for his own sake, would not have revealed it. Yet the voice had made him feel not only that his person was known, but that his most secret actions were unveiled. There is scarcely any one of a deep enthusiastic character that, at some moments, has not felt, when in darkness and solitude, an indescribable sensation of awe,—something which he could not define, steal over him. It is not fear, for the eye will endeavour to penetrate the darkness

around, and the soul, elevated above earthly feelings, would hold converse with beings of another sphere. And it is not surprising that amidst mountains where tradition had assigned to each its spirit of the wood or of the torrent, that the stranger should have felt that one of these was near him.

Almost involuntarily he asked,

"Who waits for me ?—by whom wast thou sent ?"

"By him to whose service I am devoted, to whose ancestors mine have bowed in homage, but who will leave no children for mine to serve." He still hesitated when a voice near him whispered,

"Eric Wallenstein."

The stranger started. "That name bids me follow thee, but one thing yet is wanting to confirm the truth of thy mission."

A wild laugh was heard near him, "Even that I can give thee ; but I will not utter it. By the next flash of lightning, read the words engraved on thine own ring : art thou yet content ?"

"I am," said the youth, "lead on."

At that moment a hand grasped his arm and hurried him to the edge of the precipice ; he was preparing to resist the force which he supposed was intended to destroy him, when the person who held him, said, "Be not afraid to follow me," and putting aside some brush-wood, and drawing a lantern from beneath the mantle that concealed its figure, discovered to the stranger rude steps cut in the rock. They descended in silence half way down, when the

shelving rock seemed to preclude all possibility of further progress. The stranger looked at his companion, who pointed to a tree that had apparently fallen accidentally across the chasm ; its resting place on the opposite side was considerably higher than where we stood, and it appeared almost an act of madness to attempt so dangerous a passage. " Can you, who will soon look unmoved on the blood which you shall cause to flow around you, and who will listen both to the blessings and the curses that will alternately meet your ear, with the steadiness of one who has devoted his whole being to a cause, compared to which, all things else are as chaff before the wind, can you not look with a steady eye and a calm and undisturbed mind, from the height on which you now stand ? Pride will support you when surrounded by men, but here, nature speaks, and to die unhonoured, and perchance unknown, to feel that your name will be forgotten ere your limbs are cold, that the dreams of glory that now float in your imagination will be at once extinguished, all this is more than you have yet the philosophy to bear, and though death from that bridge would be but the pang of the moment, still a nameless dread chills your heart. The time may come when you will wish that so obscure a fate might have been yours ; but the vain ambition of being remembered in after ages will destroy you as it has done others. I have nothing to lose, save a worthless life and I feel no fear. Once to-night I have crossed in safety—follow me."

With a feeling of superstitious awe, the hunter followed the figure. Neither spoke until they had nearly gained the other side, when the figure turned and looked on the young man. "No, I cannot do it, though his death would be a blessing on those I am vowed to serve." The words were indistinctly murmured, and the figure immediately proceeded with more rapidity, as if to avoid a powerful temptation. They at last reached the other side and ascended the precipice by steps similar to those opposite. A low portal admitted them into the tower, and by the assistance of a broken staircase they ascended to an upper room, where was seated a young man before a table on which burned two lights. His head was resting on his hands, and he seemed buried deep in thought. The noise of the hunter's entrance caused him to raise his eyes, and, with an exclamation of joy, he rushed forward. "Wallenstein!" "Clharenska!" burst from their lips as each grasped the other's hands.

"I thought," said Wallenstein, "you would never arrive. Here have I been these two days, with no better amusements than thinking over the follies of my past life, and listening to the prophecies of all the evils that are to befal me. I hope the guide I sent you made you fully sensible of all your enormities, for I can assure you it was with some difficulty she obeyed my commands to seek you, and I suppose she has now hid herself in some corner of this dwelling of bats, to deplore the anticipated ruin of our family."

"I will confess," said Clharenska, "I was doubtful as to the character of my conductor, and more than once thought myself in the power of some evil spirit, whose chief delight consisted in tormenting me with evil presages of the future, and denouncing me as the cause of ruin to those I most love."

"I am glad you did not escape. I knew you by the sound of your bugle, for those notes were well remembered by me, and I sent Haida to you, as being better acquainted with the dangerous pass, and also to make you acknowledge my power, which is absolute, over this awful being. Were not my studies too well known to you, I would make you believe me too a magician. I should like to have you own my superiority, and repay you for some of the confessions you have made me utter, by one glance of your eye, when you have cast it upon me as in scorn of human frailties. I will forgive you for every thing, Stanislas, if you will only own to me, that you have some of the imperfections of us weaker mortals. Upon my soul, I believe I should love you better could I find you once at fault."

This was said by an extremely handsome youth, whose dark eyes beamed with so much affection and reverence on his companion, that it was impossible to believe he uttered what he felt. The contrast in the appearance of these young men was great. The figure of Clharenska reached much beyond the common height; golden ringlets shaded his broad and lofty forehead, and the thoughtful expression of his

dark blue eyes, joined to the dignity of his manner, gave him an air of superiority over his younger and more lively friend. Wallenstein's person was more slightly made ; his raven locks suited well the colour of his eyes, and the glow of health which brightened his cheek added to their lustre and made his beauty almost dazzling. With a melancholy smile, Clharenska made the desired confession and then said,

" Will you not tell me, Eric, more of the singular mortal by whom you sent for me? I believe I may acknowledge the weakness of curiosity, for I assure you it is excited in no small degree."

" I have a great mind not to satisfy it, for I shall be obliged to own more of the superstition of my country than I would willingly make strangers acquainted with. The power with which Haida is supposed to be gifted is not uncommon here,—at least there is generally in every family of consequence one of these soothsayers, whose task is to preside at births, and read in the stars the destiny of the luckless mortal just brought upon the scene of action. Before the accomplishment of any of the predictions of evil connected with the family whose bondswoman she is, she grows melancholy and shuns all intercourse with those about her ; at least such is the belief, and were I disposed to credit it I should imagine some misfortune was near me, for, certainly, Haida has been in a most sublime mood for some time past. I cannot, Count, be so credulous as not to doubt the super-

natural gifts of these poor mortals, and must suppose there is more art than witchery amongst them. Living as they do in our families, they become acquainted with many incidents, from which their shrewdness enables them to draw probable conjectures ; and it is likely Haida may have overheard my mother's conversations with me, and knowing the danger of our enterprise, chooses to assume her right of hereditary prophecier. And now have some compassion on me and tell me your plans, and why you did not come to Prague, and not make me take this journey to the most inhospitable castle that ever lord was blessed with."

The young men drew closer together and were soon engaged in more serious conversation ; the tenor of it will be better explained by communicating a few events which took place some time before the commencement of our story.

The partition of Poland had long been deplored by many of her patriotic sons, but feeling themselves too weak to contend with their powerful oppressors, they had not ventured to speak of their wrongs. The rigor with which many of their most distinguished nobles were treated is well known, and those who were allowed to retain any part of their ancient possessions were little better than prisoners. They could hold no communication with each other, for the jealousy of their tyrants prohibited their going beyond their own domains. Time, however, softened in some degree

their destiny, and the changes which it wrought in the countries to which they were subjected, made them look forward to the period when they should again be free. To the powerful man who for a time held the fate of Europe in his hands did they look for aid ; and may we not hope, had his campaign to Russia been more successful, that he would have restored to this devoted country its former rank amongthe nations? His downfall was the ruin of their hopes, for the mercy of the Holy Alliance kindly relieved them from all danger of ever being troubled with the cares of government. Still there were many spirits that did not rest quiet amidst their country's slavery, and several coalitions were formed to achieve the emancipation of Poland. The most of them were soon dissolved, and apparent apathy seemed to possess all minds.

About this time Stanislas Clharenska, returned from the University of Prague where he had been educated. Of an ardent and enthusiastic character, he was not inclined to look with indifference on the loss of his national freedom, and he determined to arouse, if possible, his compatriots. In him it was not merely the excitement of the moment ; his mind was formed for deep thought and all its energies were now turned towards one object. The descendant of one of the most powerful families of Poland, his name, when joined to that of liberty, aroused them, and soon a league was formed which seemed to promise success. Whilst at Prague he

had formed an intimacy with Eric Wallenstein, whose mother, a Polish lady of high rank, looked on it with delight. When Clharenska returned to his native country, Eric accompanied him. He imbibed the enthusiasm of his friend, for he considered Poland almost as much his country as Bohemia, and when they parted, it was with a promise on his part to return, whenever the time arrived that his services could be useful to the land of his mother. The Baron Wallenstein, his father, had been dead many years, and the Baroness, warmly attached to Poland, readily sanctioned any scheme which had the interest of that country for its motive.

Clharenska, meanwhile, each day became more sanguine of success; his name was the magic spell which aroused his countrymen to action, and the heroism of his fathers shed its full lustre over him. Imperfect intelligence of his undertaking had already reached the Prussian court, but secure in its power, it was content to order a strict surveillance of his person. Aware of this, Clharenska was cautious in his movements, and when he saw the time arrive for him to call upon his friend, he would not trust himself in Prague, but chose rather to appoint a meeting in some lonely place. Eric had proceeded further than was at first intended, and to this circumstance was owing Stanislas's ignorance of his being so near him.

"This tower," said Eric, "was erected by one of my ancestors, and was considered a strong place

of defence in that barbarous age ; I have seldom thought of it, and I am sure I never dreamed of its becoming a shelter for me even for an hour. It however protects us from the storm, but had it not been for Haida I should never have entered it. She has always had a strange partiality for the place, and I believe it is the scene of her incantations. I am not convinced, Stanislas, of the danger of your appearing at Prague. To go there openly will not surely excite suspicion, and my mother wishes much to see you."

"You know it is not for myself I fear, but I would not involve your family, prematurely, in my own wild fortunes."

"Think no more of it, but say you will meet me in Prague ; I do not think it would be wise for us to proceed together, but I will be at Wallenstein to welcome your arrival. Haida shall once more be your guide, until you come to a more inhabited part of our country, and then she will leave you to pursue your way alone."

The young men, after this arrangement, composed themselves to rest for a few hours. When Clharenska awoke he found his friend had already departed, leaving the Witch-wife to conduct him, so soon as he had finished his scanty meal. Curiosity prompted him to survey this singular being with more interest than her appearance warranted. There was nothing marked about her. Her figure was rather small when divested of her mantle, and

her sallow complexion denoted the want of health. Her eyes were small and black, and, as she now looked on Clharenska, seemed dull rather than bright, but at times they shone with a light almost supernatural. She did not again address him, but appeared lost in melancholy reflections. The only evidence she gave of an unwillingness to proceed with him was an endeavour to protract the hour of their departure; when it could no longer be deferred she motioned him to follow her and with a deep sigh left the tower.

Stanislas was buried deep in his own reflections, and scarcely heeded her silence, and when, at the close of the second day, she pointed to a cluster of huts and signified that he was from thence to pursue his journey alone, he endeavoured to soften her feelings towards him by expressing his gratitude for the services she had rendered him.

"I did but my duty," said she, "my master ordered it; of my own free will I would not have done it. And yet" a momentary softness moistening her eyes, "you are but doing that which seems right and honourable in your own mind, and it may be so; but who can look on the wreck of nature's fairest works and not curse the destroyer. This wild rose that crosses thy path is bright, and thou gazest on its beauty with delight, but it has not power to avert thy course, save for a moment, and thou wilt scatter its leaves to the wind, unmindful of aught but the fixed purpose of thy soul. Should you meet one

who in loveliness equals this rose, shun her as you would treason. Believe her your worst enemy, as you would avoid the stings of conscience hereafter." With these words she walked rapidly away and Stanislas soon perceived that he was on a public road, and immediately procured a conveyance to Prague.

There are few cities the transient view of which leaves so strong an impression on the mind as that of Prague. The great contrast which is presented between the upper and lower town, strikes every beholder. They appear almost to be inhabited by two different species of beings, and the Moldau which passes between them scarcely divides them more than do their own natures. Upper Prague, which is situated on the western side of the river, is remarkable for the extensive view it commands, and also for the seats of the nobility, which lay thickly scattered over its surface, though not crowded. It is here they delight to show their magnificence, and in the decoration of their grounds, few can compare with them.

Lower Prague is much more closely built, and the streets, narrow and dirty, seem to acknowledge the plebeian rank of its inhabitants. In no country is rank more distinctly marked, than in those dominions which own the Emperor of Austria for their lord. The higher nobles of Bohemia and Hungary claim an equal right with those of Austria proper. Feudalism still exists throughout these territories,

and the peasant bows implicitly to the command of his master. Even those whose titles sound lofty to stranger ears, acknowledge the superiority of a favoured few,—are looked down upon with contempt, and their civilities are received as acts of homage, rather than of politeness. It was at a short distance from Western Prague, on the Ratschin hill, where stood the castle of Wallenstein. Its lofty towers, rose proudly above the more modern villas near it, and looked as if conscious of their superiority. When Clharenska arrived he found Eric already there, and was immediately conducted to the Baroness. She was a majestic woman of nearly fifty years of age; time, less than thought, had deeply marked her brow; but the fire of her eye still glowed with its original brightness. The smile with which she welcomed her guest shed a bland expression over her usually proud features, and her manner was softened with a maternal air, as she returned his greeting.

Beside her was a form lovely as ever dwelt in the imagination of a poet. The soft dark eyes, shaded by their silken fringes; the Grecian beauty of the short curled lip, and the nobly arched brow, together with the carnation of a youthful cheek untouched by sorrow, formed an assemblage of beauties rarely seen. Her jet locks were bound with a band of pearls, and fastened behind with a bodkin studded with the same pure gems. A few locks

strayed over her neck, but were almost entirely concealed by a veil which, thrown over her head, reached even to her feet; a petticoat of black velvet embroidered with pearls, and a light-blue bodice laced in front with a silver cord and ornamented to correspond with the lower dress, with large white sleeves clasped at the wrists, completed the appearance of this lovely being.

When the Baroness took her hand and presented her to Clharenska as her daughter, a deep blush suffused her cheek and she raised her eyes for a moment, but they immediately sunk beneath the ardent gaze of the Count, and his trembling hand as he pressed her's to his lips, betrayed an emotion that was new to him.

Ida Wallenstein, had been educated in a convent of which her aunt was abbess, and had never been in Prague during Clharenska's residence in that place; they were therefore strangers to each other. Though Stanislas had often heard Eric mention his sister, she had not dwelt for a moment in his thoughts; but once seen she was no more to be forgotten. It was not so with Ida; the Baron had been enthusiastic in his description of his friend and he had long been the hero of her imagination. All that was noble, great and beautiful were combined in her mind with the idea of Clharenska, and when she saw him, she felt that the wildest dreams of her fancy were faint when compared to the original. The Count's eyes were riveted on her, as if by magic, and he had almost forgot-

ten, that others were present, when a deep low voice near him exclaimed, "The wild rose was as lovely, but its beauty is withered and forgotten. Turn thine eyes on sterner objects and forget all save Poland." He turned suddenly and saw the retreating form of Haida; he thought of her farewell words and sighed audibly as his eyes again rested on Ida. Eric perceived his emotion, and laughing asked him, what mystic spell had been uttered that had wrought so sudden a change in his appearance.

"Why you will be as bad as Ida, who implicitly believes all Haida chooses to say, and I should think she had now bewitched her, as well as yourself, for see how pale she is."

Ida was indeed pale, and when her eyes turned on Clharenska a fearful wildness met the sad expression of his.

The plans which Stanislas had formed and which were nearly ripe for execution, were approved of by the Baroness, and not even the thought of parting with an only son upon so doubtful an enterprise seemed to daunt her lofty mind. "If he fall", said she, "it will be in a noble cause, and a long life could not purchase a more glorious epitaph than that he died for the liberty of his mother's country."

Every thing was ready for the departure of the two young men who were to proceed by different routes to Posen, near which was the residence of

Clharenska, yet they lingered. Eric saw the passion of the Count for his sister and spoke to him of it. Stanislas started,

"I would have carried that secret to my grave," said he, "for I have nought to offer Ida, save a heart whose last throb shall be her's and Poland's. Can I speak to her of love and happiness, when danger surrounds me, and my life will soon be hunted like a felon's? 'Tis true I feel my own pure motives and she also knows them, but I have vowed not to partake of joy till the voice of Freedom is heard throughout my native land. I do love her, but it is with no selfish love. I would not blast the budding promise of her youth nor ask her to share in the wild feelings of this heart. She shall at least be spared the sorrow of knowing how devotedly I have loved her."

"And do you think she would feel no sorrow in *not* knowing it," said Eric smiling. Then becoming more serious, "I will own the truth to you, Stanislas. It has been the wish of my heart to call you brother. In my heart I have always chosen you for Ida, and this was one object that made me so anxious for you to come to Wallenstein. I saw Ida's charms and trusted to the power I knew they would have over you. With joy and pride, I remarked their first impression on you, and though you have rather avoided her, I saw it was not from indifference. My sister seems changed since you came here. Before she saw you she was gay, and her

joyous song and playful cheerfulness shed over all hearts its brightness. Now she is pale, and if her laugh is heard, it no longer awakens a feeling of kindred mirth. Can I see all this and not deeply regret the loss of her happiness? And I too have been partly the cause. When with her, I have dwelt on your perfections, and her eye has brightened with enthusiasm, whilst listening to me, and she has said it was a dangerous theme,—but so laughing was her manner that I did not think she could have felt so deeply as she now seems to feel. You will not suppose, Count, that Ida knows my suspicions. I would not so far wound her delicacy as to hint my surmises to her, much less would she sanction what I am now saying. But my sister is dear to me and I know it is a false idea of honour which keeps you silent. Let her think you will claim her as your own when we return victorious to Prague, and she will again smile, and you, Clharenska, will have a double motive to nerve your arm with strength and your heart with courage."

Stanislas did not answer; he pressed the hand of the Baron and sought solitude on a lonely terrace which overhung the river. Absorbed in his own reflections, he did not perceive that he was not alone, until he was startled by hearing his own name pronounced, and Ida stood before him. There was confusion in the eyes of both when they met, but they were silent. "It is a lovely evening," at length said Ida, and the "contemplation of its beauty has

T. Kelly Sc.

THE RATSCHIN HILL

made me unmindful that, perhaps, my Mother waits for me."

"Will you not stay one moment, lady, for a last farewell?" He took her hand: "To-morrow I leave Prague, it may be never to return. When you again view this scene, let some recollection of him who now looks upon it with you dwell in your mind, and if the prayers of Ida are offered to heaven in his behalf they cannot be rejected."

Ida rested her trembling form against the parapet and tears fast coursed each other down her pale cheeks. The Count saw her emotions: the dark future was unheeded, his vows, his country were all forgotten in the blissful thought that this fair creature loved him. He sank upon his knee and breathed forth all the passion of his soul. Ida could not answer; her sobs were audible and Stanislas was fearful that his declaration had offended her.

"Ida, will you not speak to me? Tell me that—that you forgive my presumption,—that I shall at least be remembered as your brother's friend."

Ida placed one hand in his; with the other she pressed her heart and uttered the words, "*till death.*" This was all she said, but it sent conviction to the breast of Clharenska, and, with a thrill of deep emotion, he strained her to his bosom. It was long ere either of them spoke; their feelings could not be expressed by words, but the mute sympathy of their hearts was understood. Lost to all around them they did not heed the fast increasing darkness of

the evening, till they were both aroused by a clap of thunder which broke fearfully over their heads. Ida started :

" We have rebelled against the will of fate, and heaven now warns us of our cruel destiny. In vain has Haida predicted to me the evil which awaits my love for thee ; I have been regardless of her warning, but who can resist the voice that has just spoken ! It were better, Stanislas, that we had never met. But a moment since, in the wildness of my joy, I dreamed we might yet be happy,—now I feel that we cannot be. Forget me, if thou canst, and devote all thy heart to thy country's freedom."

" No, Ida ; once at least Haida was no true prophet, for she said that I should throw away all remembrance of thee as lightly as the leaves of a sweet flower, and would sacrifice thy happiness to my ambition. She spoke of feelings she did not understand and her words were false. Do not let thy brow be clouded with unnecessary anticipations of sorrow. I know that the course of life which duty enjoins upon me is hazardous but believe me love, there will be bright days yet for us, and when next we meet, I trust we shall both feel the reality of what I now say."

His words were cheering, but his eye was troubled and spoke a different language from his tongue. He tried to appear happy, but his smile, was " like roses o'er a sepulchre." Ida turned on him one look of deep, unutterable tenderness.

" It cannot be ; you feel even now, Stanislas, that to night we part forever. With white roses shall our

maidens strew my grave, for Ida Wallenstein will never know another love."

Again he held her to his heart and imprinted one long kiss upon her cheek ; she started from his embrace and sought her chamber, there to mourn over her lost happiness.

The next morning Clharenska left Prague and proceeded directly to his own castle. This residence was all that was left him of the vast possessions of his ancestors who had once been lords of many a fair demesne. The recollection of Ida brightened his dreary path, and sometimes he was almost ready to renounce his visions of glory and seek peace and happiness in her smiles.

When no longer encouraged by his presence, many of those who had promised him their aid began to see the danger and, as they termed it, the folly of their undertaking. The fewness of their numbers, when compared with the army which Prussia would send against them, disheartened them, and some had already left Poland before Stanislas returned, that they might avoid the danger which threatened their brave countrymen. Clharenska saw their desertion with grief and indignation ; but still there were a faithful few who swore never to forsake him, and he felt that much might be achieved, when hearts were firm. He had assembled some of his most trusty friends to meet Wallenstein, whom he preceded but a few days. The presence of Eric seemed to renew their hopes of success,

and for several days they lived in bright anticipations of the glorious future. Most of them were young men, but there were some whose age rendered them wiser counsellors, and they endeavored to repress the ardent feelings of their younger friends, who would immediately have proceeded to attack the garrison at Posen. It was at last agreed that the first effort should be against some less strongly fortified place, and when the exertion was once made, they had no doubts that their standard would be joined by many who now seemed irresolute. They were uncertain what place to fix upon, and were one day debating the subject, when a servant rushed into the hall, breathless with fear, and informed them that a large body of Prussian soldiers advanced towards the castle. At this news each grasped his sword, and the compressed lips and stern expression of their knit brows, announced a resolution to die rather than yield their hopes of liberty. All was now in commotion. They hastened to arm themselves more effectually, and Clharenska hurried to the ramparts to see what defence could there be made. The castle had been strongly fortified, but the Prussian goverment would not permit it to remain, with its original power, in the hands of Poles, and had nearly dismantled it. Some remaining guns however were examined, and to each member of the household was assigned his duty. It was not long before a white flag was seen making towards the castle, and the officer who bore it demanded a parley. The

draw bridge was lowered and Clharenska advanced to meet him.

"Are you the Count Stanislas Clharenska?"

"So I am called," said the Count haughtily, "and may I ask why an armed force now surrounds my dwelling?"

"Ask your own conscience, Count, and it will answer you. My orders are to hold no conference with you. Gentlemen," said he addressing the nobles who had followed Clharenska, "I offer you, in the name of the King of Prussia, pardon for your intended revolt, so you will now lay down your arms and go immediately to your separate homes, under oath of not leaving them for forty days. If you agree to this I am empowered to tear in pieces this paper, which contains your names and, with promises of future submission to his majesty, your present offences shall be buried in oblivion."

A deep murmur was heard among the assembled nobles. "You are also required to deliver into the hands of his majesty's officers the Count Stanislas Clharenska, who is accused of high treason. He having been the instigator of your present enterprise and being considered a dangerous subject, it is the Sovereign's pleasure not to extend the pardon to him. I wait your answer my lords."

Clharenska stood apart from the others; his figure rose proudly conspicuous above his companions, and he calmly waited to hear his doom pronounced.—All eyes turned upon him. The unmoved and steady look

with which he met their gaze, and the commanding beauty and dignity of his whole appearance, awakened all the enthusiasm of their natures. With one accord they unsheathed their swords and exclaimed "We will write our answer in the blood of the first who dares advance, with hostile intentions, towards these towers."

These words were no sooner uttered, than an expression of triumphant joy illumined the features of Clharenska; he deeply felt the friendship of these devoted heroes.

"It is not for *my* life, *my* liberty alone that I thank you; all Poland owes to you her gratitude and your names shall ascend to heaven, in the prayers of her sons. If to-day you fall, you will be remembered in the annals of your country, and the last effort that is made for her, will live in the memory of other nations."

Eric, during the scene had not looked upon Stanislas, but stood leaning on his sword, his eyes bent on the ground. His paleness alone announced his emotion and told the anxiety he felt for the determination of those around him. When he heard it, his eyes flashed fire; the blood rushed to his cheek as he clasped the hand of the Count and his pressure told more than words.

The drawbridge was again raised, and this devoted band awaited, with resolution, the attack which their hearts predicted must be fatal. The cannon's roar at length was heard, and they hurried to

the rampart against which it was directed. This was the weakest part of the castle, and it was probably known to be so, for scaling ladders were immediately placed against the walls; but terrible was the resistance met by those who mounted them. The rampart was strewed with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and several of the brave defenders of Clharenska here looked their last. The Prussians, finding it impossible for them to gain possession without some stronger effort, directed the whole force of their artillery against this quarter. Many of Clharenska's friends fell around him and, with the resolution of despair, he withdrew with the remainder into the interior, determined that their lives should be dearly purchased. The rampart was soon won and their destroyers were fast approaching. Clharenska, covered with wounds, drew up his forces in the hall; Eric was at his side. Once their eyes met, and "Ida!" burst from the lips of both; the next moment the door was burst open and all was one scene of confusion and carnage. Eric, though fainting with the loss of blood, still fought with almost super-human courage, and his only aim now appeared to be to defend his friend, against whom all swords were directed. His strength was at last exhausted and he was sinking to the ground, when he caught the view of a pistol pointed towards Stanislas. With an effort, he rushed forward and, seizing the arm that held it, averted its course and was himself the victim. Stanislas saw him fall, and avenged him with

the blood of his murderer. The few that now fought by the side of Clharenska were almost unable from their wounds to offer further resistance. He had received a cut in his sword arm, and was about to relinquish the weapon, from inability to hold it, when it was struck from his hand. At the same moment, two Prussian officers declared him their prisoner. He shook off the hold they laid upon him, but he could do no more, and sunk lifeless at their feet.

Since Clharenska's departure from Prague, Ida had secluded herself almost entirely from her family. Even Haida was no longer a welcome guest in her apartment, indeed she appeared to avoid her, as though she had the power to fulfil her own predictions. The Baroness too lived more retired than formerly, and gradually withdrew herself from all intercourse with the noble families around her.—Her pride could not entirely support her, and a mother's tenderness sometimes softened the sternness of her character and blanched her cheek with fear for the safety of her only son.

Ida had told her of her last meeting with Clharenska; the Baroness kissed the brow of her daughter and blessed her. She remembered her own youthful feelings for the father of her children, and did not restrain Ida in her wish for solitude. Thus left to herself, it was some relief to the sadness of her heart, to know that her friends gloried in her choice and when she met her mother, if there was no smile on her lip, the melancholy expression of affection, with

which she regarded her parent, showed that in her pure bosom there was nothing concealed,—nothing of which her first and best friend was not a partaker.

Days passed on wearily and they received no news from Poland. Their mutual anxiety drew them oftener together, and though they seldom spoke of that which occupied their thoughts, yet they felt some alleviation of the agony of their suspense in each other's society. They were one day sitting in the apartment of the Baroness, when a noise in the adjoining gallery made them both start; they listened attentively and a low wailing was heard; it approached nearer and at last seemed opposite the door. Dark forebodings filled their hearts with fear. Ida could not move, but her mother was rising from her seat to ascertain the cause, when her door was slowly opened and Haida entered. The turban which she usually wore was thrown aside, and her long locks of black streamed wildly over her shoulders; her countenance was ghastly, and her eyes glowed with the brightness of insanity. The Baroness gazed on her in wonder; she had often seen her excited, but never to the degree she now appeared to be. Never had Haida approached with so little ceremony, and it seemed as if something unusual, was now the cause of her abrupt intrusion. Ida's eyes dwelt upon her, but the blood which rushed to her own heart and seemed almost to congeal there, deprived her of all power of utterance,

"Wo to thee, thou childless Mother!" at last moaned Haida, "thou hast devoted thy children to destruc-

tion, and the curse will rest in thine own bosom. Weep, but thy tears will not restore him who lies low in the dust. She too, the lovely one, will soon be to thee as though she had never been. Bitterly wilt thou lament, in thy cheerless age, the wreck of all that was dear to thee on earth, and the patriotism which has been thy glory will appear to thee like a hideous phantom. Wo, wo, to thee!"

Neither of her auditors had interrupted her; horror possessed the minds of both, for neither doubted that Haida had other knowledge than that derived from her power of foretelling future events, or she had not dared so boldy to upbraid her mistress. She had been absent for several days, and it was probable she had heard something which had not yet reached them.

After some moments passed in silence, during which the gypsey continued her low lamentations, the Baroness attempted to question her, but could procure no answer, and she seemed deaf to all that was said till a knocking at the gate aroused her attention. With a shriek she cried, "they come!" and rushed from the apartment. Ida turned her eyes in agony upon her Mother, whose convulsed features testified the intensity of her suffering. At length some one asked for admission, and a servant acquainted his mistress that an officer from the Emperor demanded to speak with her. She hastily endeavoured to assume the appearance of calmness and, with a steady step, descended to meet her guest. The officer came forward as she entered. Struck with her noble appear-

ance and the marks of agitation, which she could not entirely efface from her countenance, he appeared unwilling to communicate the intelligence of which he was the bearer. The Baroness first spoke.

"May I know whom I have the honour of now addressing, and to what circumstance I am indebted for your present visit?" A slight tremor in her voice, betrayed how little she was at ease, though her words would seem to imply that she knew of nothing to disturb her.

"Lady, I am the herald of unwelcome tidings and I would the task had been imposed on some other than myself. You had a son!"

"*Had* a son," shrieked the Baroness catching his arm, "have I not one still?"

The officer gently led her to a seat. "You are not the only mother who bewails the loss of one who was her fondest hope; many matrons in Poland, this day bear you company. Let your heart receive the consolation that your son died bravely, though in a bad cause, and if you approved his conduct, the recollection of him will be your glory."

A glow of satisfaction, shot across the dimmed eye of the Baroness, as she listened to the praises of Eric and she commanded sufficient firmness to speak the name "Clharenska."

"He is now a prisoner in Posen: the will of the king is not yet known concerning him, but there is little doubt what will be his fate. Lady, I would willingly spare you further sorrow, but I am com-

manded to take possession of this castle, in the name of the Emperor, and to send the Lady Ida under escort to Vienna, to be held in guardianship by his majesty, until some match is formed for her among his loyal nobles, to whose care he can entrust her and the estate of Wallenstein, which by her brother's death becomes her's. You, Madam, are ordered not to attend her, as it is thought that your example may render her rebellious to the will of her liege lord."

"'Tis well," said the Baroness, rising, "I can offer no resistance; but I should have wished my daughter might have been allowed to mingle her tears with mine. My son did but his duty, and I bless my God that he has not disgraced his name. My thoughts must now be devoted to my remaining child. She will need all a mother's care to save her from this dreadful shock. Respect our feelings for this day and allow us to remain together."

The officer signified his assent and the Baroness proceeded to the chamber where she had left her daughter. Ida arose upon her mother's entrance and looked eagerly for the confirmation of what she dreaded to hear. The Baroness took her hand and regarded her tenderly. The thought that what she must now utter would blast forever all her daughter's hopes of happiness, that her life hereafter would be joyless, and that probably all her misery would be buried in an early grave, overcame her more, than did even the appalling news that her son was lost to her. She was endeavoring to frame her words so that the

intelligence might be softened to Ida, when the latter spoke.—With a huskiness of voice, unnatural to her, she pronounced the names of " Stanislas and Eric."

" My child, look not for happiness on earth ; fix thy thoughts on Hm, who can alone give thee comfort." Ida gazed wildly at the Baroness and the word " both ?" trembled on her lips.

" They are both lost to thee ; one still lives, but hope not for mercy in the tyrants who hold him in their power." Ida heard no more ; her eyes were fixed and glaring, she gasped for breath, and a convulsive laugh broke from her lips. The mother stood by in agony, till the maiden's fearful look relaxed ; her eyes lost their glassy expression, her voice once more thrilled with melancholy softness, as she said " Mother," and entwined her arms around the neck of the Baroness, and wept.

Clharenska had been taken to the prison at Posen and kept under a strong guard. The uncertainty of his fate, did not for a moment make him regret the cause for which he suffered ; but the remembrance of Ida and Eric, would sometimes shoot a pang through his heart and he felt that he had indeed been a curse to those who were dearest to him. At last arrived the final orders of the King, who, in consideration of his rank, allowed him the death of a soldier, and he was to be shot in an open field between Posen and his own castle, that his public death might deter others from following his rebellious example. He heard the mandate read for his execution with

firmness, and when he was told to prepare to meet his fate the next morning, he calmly bowed his assent. He was left to himself the remainder of the day, and he employed it in making some provision for those who had owned him for their lord, as he was told that his last wishes should be attended to. He endeavoured to banish all thoughts of Ida lest they should unman him and make him feel that earth still had charms for him.

Early the next morning a file of soldiers entered the prison; he prepared to attend them. When he reached the door, he found his weeping domestics and the serfs of his domain on their knees to receive his last blessing. Their offences were to be punished in their master; they were looked on as too insignificant to be feared. He spoke to them kindly and proceeded to the place of execution. They would have bound his eyes, but he smiled proudly and waved them back. An universal stillness now prevailed. The soldiers had taken their places,—the victim was before them, when a shriek was heard, which, for a moment, startled the bravest, and in an instant a female with dishevelled hair and disordered garments rushed between the soldiers and Clharenska and throwing herself into his arms, looked wildly on his executioners and cried "now fire!" No one raised a musket,—astonishment filled all minds; Clharenska himself, seemed half uncertain whether it was really Ida whom he held. She half raised herself from his arms and gazed upon him. How changed was her appearance!—How altered her countenance!—

Her cheek and lip were bloodless and the softness of her eye was lost in preternatural brightness. "Now you are all my own," she said, "for in death they cannot separate us."

Stanislas pressed her to his heart and for a moment forgot why he was there. An officer approached and spoke to him; the dreadful certainty of his situation came to his mind. He made an effort to resign Ida, but she clung closely to him.

"Not yet," she said, "no, not yet."

"Ida we shall meet again, where we shall no more be parted; think, love, how short will be our separation."

"Short indeed," gasped Ida. Her looks again seemed changed. The brightness of her eyes was gone,—the lids closed gradually over them and Stanislas saw that he held in his arms one from whom life had forever fled. He pressed a farewell kiss on her pale lips, laid her in the arms of the officer, and turning to the soldiers, said "now I have nothing to live for,—do your duty, fire!"—and as he spoke he fell.

The day that Ida heard of her lover's sentence, was passed by her in anguish that passes description. After her first burst of sorrow she spoke no more, but sat abstracted from all around her. Her mother told her of the order of the Emperor; she sighed mournfully and said, "send me to my Aunt." The Baroness complied with her wishes, and at night secretly conveyed her from the castle. Her mind was centered on one object and she was unconscious of

all else. At last she escaped from her attendants and wandered alone to Posen. She had sufficient reason left to enquire the fate of Clharenska. Those whom she addressed were peasants. They looked on her in wonder, but gave her the information she required. The rest has been already told. When the Baroness learned that her last child was lost to her, she retired to a convent, where, in the meek character of a nun, she lost that pride which in her sorrow could not support her. The castle was deserted by all but Haida, who long continued to mourn the youthful beings who had once dwelt there. She at last sought refuge in a foreign land, and its lonely towers are now without an inhabitant.

The peasant as he passes the castle, shudders, for popular superstition has re-peopled it with its former inmates, and the more enlightened think of the hopes that were there blasted, and give a sigh to the memory of Ida and Clharenska.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

No life is so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed Angler, for, when the Lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the Statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. *Izaak Walton.*

When the soft light of early day
  Breaks on the mountain mist,
And the valley-shadows pass away,
  By the red sun-light kiss'd,—
Then through the broad green woods I pass,
  With rod and silken line,
While yet a myriad dew-sparks shine,
  On leaf and bending grass.

How vast are these lone forest-halls!
  How solemn their deep gloom!
Through the high roof the sunbeam falls
  Like torch-light through a tomb:
Methinks, those old grand palaces,
  Wherein high feasts were made,
Were not as vast and proud as *these*,
  Wrapt in unbroken shade.

'Neath the broad beech, whose shadows gray
Are darkening the old stream,
I stand and watch my angle play
Where the tall sedges gleam;
And, with a cunning hand, draw out,
From his deep haunt beside
The dark banks that o'erhang the tide,
My speckled prey—the trout.

There is a lonely place, shut in
By many an ancient wood,—
The world doth never with its din,
Break its deep solitude.
A thousand mossy boughs entwin'd,
With the wild mountain-vine,
Make dim the pleasant streams that wind
Through that green haunt of mine.

Oft ere the carrion bird hath left
His eyrie, the dead tree—
Or ere the eagle's wing hath cleft
The cloud in heaven's far sea,—
Or ere the lark's free pinion speeds
To meet the misty day,—
My foot hath stirr'd the river-reeds,
My rod hath sought its prey.

When the meek Twilight, with a blush
On her soft cheek, steals by,
And Evening's sweet and peaceful hush
O'erspreads the land and sky,—
And faintly the dim tapers burn,
At the far cottage-fane;
Then from the silver streams I turn,
To my calm hearth again.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

One kiss, my boy, upon thy cheek,—
  That cheek so young and bright,—
And once again I 'd hear thee speak
  Thy softly lisp'd " good night ;"
Then rest, and not a shade of earth
  Can cloud thy slumbers fair ;
Dark dreams from worldly cares have birth,
  And thou hast nought of care :
O, why might not life's silver tide,
With thee thus ever smoothly glide !

Who gazes on the bloom of May,
  Nor sighs that all will wither ?
And yet the blossoms must decay,
  Ere we the fruit may gather ;
And life's sweet morning buds of joy,
  Like spring-flowers soon depart ;
And *thou* must change, yet wear, my boy,
  Life's freshness in thy heart ;
Pure feelings, like the flower's perfume,
Embalm the memory of its bloom.

Man's lot—" dominion o'er the earth"—
Maketh his sinews strong,
And that proud lot will lead thee forth,
All ardent mid the throng ;
Life's onward path is wrapp'd in night,
And dangers are its Fame ;
Ambition holds an eagle flight,
And spurns at Quiet's name ;
And Pleasure's syren songs entice,
And flowers conceal the precipice.

O, wilt thou wander then, my boy ?—
Away ye idle fears !—
Why shroud our sun of present joy
In clouds of future years ?
There 's ONE will watch thee, though I sleep
Where morning never shone ;
There 's ONE thy faultering steps can keep ;—
Wouldst thou HIS voice were known ?
Then list, amid the world's wild din,
The still small voice thy heart within.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The last lamps had expired in the streets of Florence, and the gloomy darkness of a moonless midnight had enshrouded her splendid palaces. The lover's lute was no longer heard beneath the window of his mistress, for the massive clouds, as they marched in sombre battalions from the top of the Appenines, had warned him of the coming storm.

The latticed bower of the tender maiden was closed, and love and music were forgotten as the wind howled its hoarse notes through the poplars and arches of the avenue. Even the Arno, wont to sing his song of peace and love to the Nightingale amid the roses on his banks, now roared tumultuously in the rising gale like the sound of a rushing multitude. The Ducal palace itself, the resort of the gay, the enlightened and the scientific, was silent in all its courts, and but here and there a night-lamp shed its dim rays over the splendid monuments of art around.

In this gloomy night, as the midnight chime told twelve, a few scattered figures, enveloped in their long cloaks, were seen, one by one, to creep out of the suburbs of the city, and enter one of the sepulchral vaults in its neighbourhood. The cemetery, which these wanderers of the night had chosen for their meeting, was one of a number of large caverns in the environs of the city, and had been selected as a fit repository for the ashes of the dead, by a noble family in Florence now in decline. Around its huge sides, the coffins of other generations were arranged, some of the oldest of which having given way to the effect of time, the bones of the dead in all their ghastly whiteness, and the naked skulls in their grinning mockery, were scattered over the rude stone floor. The train having entered one by one, the mouth of the vault was closed, and then a few faint lamps and the flickering light of a few torches feebly illuminated the close gloomy house of death. The recent coffins supplied the seats, and each in silence looked to one who appeared the leader of the throng, as if they expected him to break the stillness that seemed, like the damps of the charnel-house where they were, to be creeping over them. Painful emotions seemed to be struggling in the breast of this leader. His age might be about forty, but the haggard and care-worn cheek, thin but stained with the fires of early indulgence, made him appear older. His eye once had been good, but the wildness of unlawful passions and unrestrained temper had withered its beauty and dri-

ed up its expression. As he looked around on the bones of his ancestors now crumbling about him, ancestors renowned in the conflicts of Italy, his spirit almost sank within him at the contrast.

"It ill becomes the last member of the house of Ursini," said he, waving his hand as if to drive from his mind the images that thronged around it, "amid these torn and mouldering banners that float around him, to speak of his ancestral dignity. You all well know, that when these arms, now crumbling around us, were in their sockets and strong in their flesh, no base usurper dared sway the sceptre of power in Florence : and yet Prospero Ursini, possessed of the same blood that once animated all this dust, lives to tell you that a stranger oppresses Florence, and Prospero Ursini dares to repeat this truth to the friends of his family, only in the vault of his ancestors at the hour of midnight and tempest. I have summoned you here where the emissaries of the tyrant cannot reach us, to perfect that great plan which we have privately formed, to drive the proud Colonna from the city. The few adherents of my house that time and the tyrant have left to me, shall be in arms immediately, and for myself, as leader or as follower, I here devote myself to our great object. Speak all of you,—will you not assist me ?"

He looked around on the conspirators with an air of confidence that changed to surprise and almost to anger, as he saw their downcast eyes and averted countenances.

"Need ye more motives," he exclaimed, "than the oppression of one who pretends to gild the bitter pill of tyranny by the boast of the public good? Are ye Florentines, and not ready to hazard something for your rights? Need I tell you, Poggio Valentino, of your plundered property, of your burnt villa and depopulated patrimony? Need I point to you, Foscari, the haughty form of Pedro Colonna in the Syndic's chair,—yours by right and by ability? Shall I tell you, Cosmo Medicis, of your expulsion from the Ducal palace, or warn Tremona of the unexecuted sentence of what the Duke pleases to call law? Are ye men, and not roused to action?"

"All this is true," replied Foscari, "and we feel these insults throbbing in every vein; but how useless, how presumptuous, with our slender means, to think of overturning an established power! The attempt would be madness. The great military reputation of the Duke draws too many followers around him for us to hope for success while his great and active spirit pervades the soldiery. Nay, chafe not, Ursini,—we mean well to your cause, but your plan is rash."

"Prospero Ursini," said a deep harsh voice from behind, "he is right."

The group started to their feet and turned to the part of the cavern whence the sound issued. A tall man stood wrapt in a black cloak.

"We are betrayed!" said Ursini, "friends, draw, and place the villain beyond the power of injuring us."

In an instant, more than twenty swords were at his breast. A smile of contemptuous defiance curled the lip of the stranger as a single sweep of his unweaponed arm levelled every sword within its reach at his feet.

"Stop such childish play," said he, in a voice of thunder that quelled their very blood within them. "Hear me—I came not to betray, but to assist. Did I wish to betray, what prevented me from surrounding the mouth of this sepulchre with the tyrant's guards, and sending you in an instant to join these crumbling bones? Prospero Ursini, your object cannot be accomplished by your plan. The citizens of Florence, opposed to the sway of the Colonnas, will not enrol themselves beneath you. Beloved as your name is here, the remembrance of the follies and vices of your youth is too fresh in their memory. They know you to be eloquent, but versatile, and they know you are no match for the calm cool bravery of the Duke. These are plain truths, Ursini, and you must hear them without the flush of offence on your cheek, for they are truths."

While he was speaking, the stranger had drawn nearer the light and the whole assembly were struck with wonder at the character of his countenance. There was a spirit of insubordination, of pride and of restlessness stamped upon his strong and fiery visage that marked a bold and daring, but wicked character. His face was a perfect volcano of expression. Every line and muscle in it was alive with some wild passion,

and continually vibrating in sympathy with the moods of ungovernable feeling. When one dared to look on his varying face, it was plainly seen that mildness had never quenched the fire in his eye, nor relaxed the rigidity of his muscles. To tell the colour of that eye was almost impossible. It was black as night. But its expressions were almost unimaginable. Rage and malice and revenge were sometimes known to be swaying the heart, by the uncontrolled intelligence that spoke in that countenance; and if no powerful passion rolled over the soul, the broad unendurable stare of pride and haughtiness, of superiority felt and acknowledged, but of superiority only in wickedness, would elevate the brows and dilate the orbs beneath. When no one saw him, the expression of intense mental suffering would sometimes seem to strain to agony those eyes: then the contractions of revenge would give place to those of pain, and the sneer of contempt around the mouth yield to the writhings of suppressed torment. But man seldom saw these moments, and the right hand elevated in defiance to heaven, and the blasphemy uttered by the lips, showed that suffering never produced reformation or contrition. Such was this stranger's appearance, as afterwards remembered by the assembled conspirators. Now, the tumult of the moment left them no leisure for speculation in physiognomy.

"Who are you, terrific one," said Ursini, "and how came you here? I myself admitted this group, and counted them as they entered."

"No matter who I am," replied the stranger, "or how I came here. Give yourselves up to my guidance and your object is obtained."

"What proof," said the conspirators, "will you give us of your fidelity to our object. Powerful as your personal strength is, you are nameless and a stranger."

"Proof!" uttered the stranger, "proof! the success of your plans. Hark thee, Foscari, can that being want power to further your objects, or ability to carry them into execution, who can tell you what this morning saw you perform in your secret apartment? Remember the vows of Marcia Adapari and be quiet. But I will now give you one proof of my fidelity that will convince you that there is even now a traitor among you. Marco Palayyo, yonder, came here this night to report your proceedings to the Duke. He even now carries a letter from Colonna about him, requesting him to ascertain if plots against his government are in agitation, and promising reward to his discoveries. Search him and see!"

In an instant Palayyo was struck to the ground by the exasperated assembly, and the fatal scroll found upon him as the stranger had asserted.

"What shall be done?" said Ursini. "It appears that Colonna as yet does not suspect us."

"Done!" replied the stranger. "Dead men tell no tales, and the sepulchre is ready."

A dozen daggers were instantly buried in his body. The conspirators were all too busy to note the smile of contemptuous joy and gratified malice, that curled

the lip and flashed in the eye of the stranger at the deed.

"We are now convinced, noble stranger," cried the group, as they arose reeking from the murder of Palayyo, "we need no more proof, you shall be our leader."

"It is well," said the stranger, in a cold dry tone, "but I too must have some pledge that you will not desert me. I ask not for reward in this bold enterprize. The honours and the wealth of Florence are nothing to me. Share them among you. What I shall demand from you, for my assistance, you shall know hereafter: in the mean time, to give me some pledge of your present sincerity, draw in a circle around this body."

They all complied with the request, awe-struck by the stern overbearing expression of his face. He then extended the body at length on one of the coffins, and placed the lamps upon it. Baring the wounds and dipping his hands in the blood, he extended it to the group.

"Swear," said he "by this blood, shed by you, that you will stand by me, with soul and with spirit, with strength of body and firmness of purpose, in the grand object we have undertaken. Swear this!"

"We swear it!" was the united reply. He then, with his bloody finger, drew a mark on their foreheads and touched their lips

"You have now," continued he "tasted of blood shed by your own hands:—you have now received

my mark on your foreheads. Swear you will be mine, from this time and forever!"

"We swear it!" was again the reply, "from this moment we are thine!" An exulting laugh, discordant as the shout of Hell, burst from the stranger's lips, and with its sounds of mockery and derision echoed far down the stony vault. It almost seemed to the wondering conspirators, as if other voices took up the sound and other laughs of mockery and derision and exultation burst from every corner of the sepulchre.

"Attend now to my plan, and the means of carrying it into execution. Your object has been to raise the citizens of Florence and by open war to drive the Colonnas from their power. This will not do. The Duke is an old soldier, well skilled in warfare. His army are personally attached to him and would stand by him through right or wrong. Were he removed, that army would soon crumble away without their head. His brother Pedro is too unpopular with them to controul them in the least, and the Duke's children are either females or too young to succeed him in his plans. The Duke then must be removed and our object is attained. But to show you that I do not advise what I am unwilling to perform, I myself will undertake that office. I will mingle among the Duke's adherents and will seek an opportunity of ending him. In the meantime, do you mingle with the citizens of Florence and appear to have forgotten your animosities to the existing government. Make

yourselves useful and popular. I shall delay the blow until your are ready, with your adherents, for open revolt, and then the death of Ludovico Colonna will easily give you the superiority. Shall it be done ?"

" We are perfectly satisfied," was the reply.

" We meet no more then at present. When you see me at Court know me by the name of Diavolo, but view me as a stranger. Let us depart."

The day after the meeting of the conspirators, Ludovico Colonna entered his palace, conducting a youthful stranger. The Duke was pale with some suppressed emotion, and the younger members of his family crowded round him with great anxiety.

" To this youth," said he, appealing to the group of children and domestics, " owe I this day the preservation of my honour. Accusations were brought against me in the Council, which this young man was enabled, how I know not, to disprove. I then gratefully promised him my protection. He tells me he is of noble birth in Naples, but unfortunate; he therefore has still higher claims upon my support. Receive him then as an inmate ; be grateful to him for what he has done for me ; love him for what he may prove himself to be."

The eyes of the wondering family were turned upon the stranger. Seldom was a finer form, or nobler face presented to their view. Above the middle size, symmetry and strength had marked his system. His features were of the Roman stamp and marked, when stationary, an apparently noble soul. The flex-

ibility of muscles, the large and easily turned black eye, the motion of his jetty eye-brows, showed a capability of expression and a strength of feeling, hardly equalled.

" By what name " said a beautiful girl, the eldest child of the Duke, " by what name are we to distinguish our guest ?"

" My name is Diavolo," replied the stranger; "I trust that my future adherence to this family will not disappoint the confidence the Grand Duke has been pleased to bestow upon me."

The maiden started as the bright black eye of the stranger rested upon her in the vigour of its beauty; she thought, for the moment, that she had never seen a more fascinating smile play in its sunny loveliness about the mouth of any one, or so manly an eye look in at her own.

Days, weeks, and even months, glided by and still Diavolo remained in the palace of Colonna as a private secretary of the Duke, attaching his master to him by his prompt, active and intelligent services, and exciting the admiration of the lovely Lauretta Colonna by his varied accomplishments.

Almost every day, as Diavolo passed the market-place or went to the Senate house, in a passing whisper he would enquire of Ursini or Foscari whether all things were ready, and note, with a sneer of contempt, the shake of the head in reply. Colonna's government was so mild and equitable ; the burdens of the people so light, and he himself so affable

and easy of access, that few complaints were heard, and even the separate adherents of the families of the conspirators were not easily roused into action. Ludovico Colonna was now past the period of middle life, and though bred a soldier and placed at the head of the government of Florence by a faction and a civil war, yet he aimed to be called the father of his people, and nought but the jealousy of faction would have ever found fault with his administration. He had instituted profitable manufactures ; had encouraged a taste for the fine arts, which afterwards made Florence the ornament of Italy ; and had rendered himself so formidable to the neighbouring powers by the energy and strength of his government, that he was beloved at home and feared and respected abroad. In private he was the affectionate father, the kind master, the intelligent citizen, and taste and learning and elegance seemed to have made the Ducal palace of Florence, their residence ; while the slight and airy form of Lauretta Colonna seemed to hover around the monuments of genius and of taste, like the moon-beams on silver columns, giving a grace and a softness to the richness and elegance around her. Her's was not the regularity of beauty or the splendour of perfection ; it was the gaiety of a sunny heart, shining, like the amber glow of evening, upon her pure complexion, in her bright blue eye, and over her bewitching features. Placed within the influence of her beauty, Diavolo thought it would be an addition to his plan, to gain her love.

Every day, then, he spread before her the fascinations of his accomplishments, the elegance and refinement of his manners, the extent of his knowledge, and the extreme beauty of his person.

Perhaps no young girl can associate every day with a man of elegance, and genius, and see him in the familiarities of ordinary intercourse, without loving him. Lauretta saw him when the eyes of her father and the aged were held in rapture upon him as his eloquence marked out the political relations of Europe,—was it wonderful that she respected him? She saw him the centre of a group of admiring youths, fascinated by his poetry and his music, and was it wonderful that she admired him? She saw him in her own bower by moonlight, when the ardour of passion shone in his soft eye and murmured in his suppressed sighs, and was it wonderful that she loved him?

One bright evening, the gay the beautiful and the noble of Florence had assembled at the Ducal palace, and all was elegance and animation; but Lauretta could not be gay or animated. She followed the form of Diavolo, as he passed to and fro in the splendid crowds, and listened with breathless attention to the rich deep tones of his voice as they were heard from group to group. She could not bear the gaiety of the scene and retired in sadness to a recess; Diavolo soon joined her, and from his tenderness of enquiry and softness of tone, she soon learned, what her bosom had long desired to know, that she was be-

loved. The delirium of transport with which she gazed for a moment on that countenance, now beaming in love upon her, was too powerful, and she closed her eyes in the excess of her happiness. When she opened them Diavolo was speaking to two persons who hurried him from the recess. They were Ursini and Foscari, who had come to inform him that five thousand French were then concealed in the neighbourhood of Florence and that all was ready for their deed.

As Lauretta left her seat, her bosom heaving with its happiness, she discovered that the company had departed ; seizing a lamp, she was hurrying to her apartment, when she passed Diavolo without his perceiving her. Never before had she seen such an expression on those features. Malice and triumph blazed in the eye and hatred gathered on the brow. She hastened to her chamber, but not to sleep.— What could that expression mean ? The moon of her existence was eclipsed. Whichever way she turned, that fearful scowl, those parted lips and closed teeth of settled vindictiveness, appeared before her. She had hardly sat an hour, when a scream of agony and horror from her father's apartment roused her from her reverie. Darting from her room into the suite of apartments occupied by the Duke, the first object she saw was Diavolo dragging her father wounded and disabled from his room into the antichamber and brandishing a dagger in his uplifted hand.

" Oh ! spare him, Diavolo, spare him ; there is not a boon you can ask but what I will grant, if you will not murder him. He is your benefactor, Diavolo ; he loves you ; he is the father of his people. Spare him, for my sake," said she, kneeling at his feet, still seeing the unsoftened features of the murderer. " It is Lauretta Colonna who kneels. Hear me, Diavolo, nor turn from me. But a few hours ago, and it was to you I looked as the light of my life ; but a few hours ago and I was too happy to gaze on your face and think you almost an angel. Every pulsation of my virgin heart was your's, and now I kneel to you not to murder my father. Spare him, Diavolo, spare him." Diavolo's countenance was unmoved ; a sneer curled his lip, but no fury agitated his face or convulsed his muscles ; what he did seemed to be the settled purpose of the hatred that now glared in his demoniacal eye."

"Lauretta," said he calmly, " look in yonder chamber and see if you can find any monuments of my sparing mercy."

She flew to the room and there lay the bodies of her two little brothers, weltering in each other's gore, and her mother gasping her last on the hearth stone.

" Monster ! fiend ! demon !" exclaimed the frantic girl. She said no more, for she heard the stab, the death groan and struggle, the rush of the heart's blood as it gushed from the wound, the fiendish laugh that echoed through the palace in awful derision. A thousand steps were now heard crowding to the

gates and through the halls, and shouts of "Ursini—"long live Prospero Ursini!" echoed through the streets. As they burst into the room, Diavolo seized Lauretta by the waist. "Here," said he, flinging her among the group of soldiers who advanced, "here is the first object for your rapacity." The soldiers shouted as they received her on their shields, but the soul of the maiden had fled before she reached them.

The surprise was effectual, and the next morning saw Prospero Ursini the Duke of Florence. But dreadful was the sight of the devoted City that morning. The friends of Colonna had fought bravely, but overpowered by numbers and surprise, and dis-spirited by the loss of their leader, they soon covered the streets with their bodies, and as the morning light beamed upon Florence, it beamed over slaughtered piles, and burning houses, and orphans, and widows thrown out on the world without protection or support. The Ursini faction had obtained their wishes. Prospero was installed into the office of Duke by the self constituted senate of the conspirators. Diavolo, who during the few days in which the affairs of government were settling had been absent, again made his appearance in the assembled senate of the conspirators and, with a stern and contemptuous expression of countenance, demanded of them his part of the rewards and emoluments.

"I told you," said he, "that I did not ask office, or honour, or riches. What I do ask is only a lock of hair from each, as another pledge of what you swore

to me in the sepulchral vault." The senate would have smiled at the apparent folly of the request, but they were awed into silence by the stern look of one who had acquired an indisputable ascendency over them, and gave him the lock without comment.

For a few days the people silently acquiesced in the change of government, but the tyranny and oppression of Ursini, and the remembrance of the mild administration of Colonna, were beginning to rouse them to action, and nothing but the terror of the French soldiery in the city kept them under. In a short time, however, rumours reached the city that the Imperialists were in full march towards Florence, to put down a faction always so much opposed to their interests.

The Conspirators now awoke from the short dream of power, to perceive that neither at home nor abroad could they look for support. The Imperialists advanced; a battle was fought near the city, and the conspirators forced into it, with the prospect of quietly submitting to a seige that must soon exhaust their resources.

The senate was assembled, and the gloom and distrust hanging on each face evinced their dread of the future. In the midst of their deliberations, Diavolo suddenly made his appearance. His form was no longer that of man, nor his face human. The demon now shone conspicuous in him: and though the form he still assumed was manlike, it towered so much above the usual proportions, and the face glared with such

intensity of malice, as to mark the fiend. With horror the conspirators shrunk from their seats, as the fell eye of vindictiveness beamed on each, and terror and despair, the most dreadful and the most intense, seized every bosom.

"I am come," said he, in the tones of Hell, "I am come to demand your pledges now. You have lived out your day of wickedness, and I have satiated my desire of hatred and malice towards you, and now you receive your punishment. Mine, you swore to be forever. In the flames of Hell mine you shall be. Did you think I meant to serve you ? I hate your accursed race too much and all that vengeance can bestow upon me is mine. By connecting your fate with mine, you have enabled me to perform the mischief I wished, and blood and carnage and misery have been the consequence. Now to your punishment."

On a censer of coals in the corner of the apartment he flung the locks of hair they had given, and the attendants heard, without, a loud long shriek of agony and despair, mingled with a shout of mockery and triumph and derision that rang in echo through the senate house ; when they rushed to the chamber, the blackened and disfigured corpses of the conspirators were all they saw.

TO MY LADYE-LOVE.

The fairest flower that flushes, love,
  But masks the canker worm,
The brightest morn that blushes, love,
  Brings on the evening storm.
The golden tints in fancy's bow,
  Are brilliant but an hour,
And the first blast of grief lays low
  The pride of beauty's bower.

Yet wherefore should we cherish, love,
  One thought of coming wo?
Why let one bright hour perish, love,
  While life is in its glow?
Oh, wintry age will soon be here
  With sorrow in its train,
When youth and love may claim a *tear*,
  But cannot *bloom* again.

We have had hours of weakness, love,
Whose memories are plac'd
Like green-spots mid the bleakness, love,
Of this life's dreary waste :—
Sweet offspring of our ecstacies,
Our thousand hopes and fears,—
But wherefore breathe on them with sighs,
Or water them with tears ?

We have had hours of sorrow, love,
But, like the dews of night,
They vanish'd on the morrow, love,
And all again was bright.
Thou dost not deem *my* heart less true
In its devotedness ?
Thou can'st not—ah that look !—I *knew*
Thou could'st not love *me* less.

Then wherefore all this sadness, love,
That tear,—that struggling sigh ?
Thy heart should be all gladness, love,
And sparkling in thine eye !
Then chase away this gathering gloom,
Nor look thus sad on *me*—
Sorrow and grief are for the tomb,
Life, love, and smiles for thee !

THE LAST OF THE HURONS.

The Indians gather'd up their dead.—They made
For their slain brethren a still place of rest.
'Neath a green hillock at the forest-edge
They buried the hoar sire, and the wild boy,
And the gigantic chieftain, in one lone
And narrow house. They plac'd the heavy spear
At the dead hunter's side, and the strong bow,
The unerring arrow, and the plaited shield,
And the keen blades of war, upon their scarr'd
And battle-stricken bosoms. Then they sang
That low and melancholy dirge the Indian sings
So wildly at his fallen brother's dust.
They finish'd the strange hymn, and threw abroad
One bitter look upon the glimmering tents
Of their white-victors, and then left the dead
To their long slumbers in the battle field.
They struck into the boundless woods,—they cross'd
The torrent in the mountain-place, and roam'd,
The pathless desert, many a weary day.

They journey'd towards the setting sun, and oft
The waters of our dim and silent lakes
Were plough'd by their swift shallops,—oft the eye
Of the far herdsman, from his cabin home,
Had mark'd their birchen barks like arrows cleave
The lonely waters of those inland seas.

After the lapse of many moons, they paus'd
In the gray twilight of an autumn day,
Far up a rocky-place. The forest hills
By that wild spot had never heard the voice
Of the white stranger:—free as were the deer,
That rang'd the broad and sunny pasture-lands,
Or the fierce panthers of the wilds, had been
The Indian footstep there. The wanderers rear'd
A simple cabin of the fallen tree,
And were content.—How pleasant is the hour
Of peace, after life's dark and stormy day!

The night drew on apace, and gloomily
The many-ton'd and sorrowing autumn wind
Was sighing in the valley's desert land,
And murmuring in the leafless crowd of woods,
That hung like spectres round. The red torch-fire,
That blaz'd so fiercely by their hut, threw out
Its lurid and unsteady light afar

With a strange beauty, and the swarthy band
Had gather'd by its kindly flame. They spoke
Of their wild battles, and their falling tribe,
And of those brethren who were gone to rest
'Neath the green herbage of the pastoral field,
Buried in death's dull slumbers! and they mus'd
On their long travel through the wilderness,
And on the joys that coming years would bring
To their calm dwelling.—But alas! how soon
The golden thread of life is brok'n, and mirth
Buried in griefs!—The aged Patriarch chief,
Whose bow had been so terrible in the fight,
Whose spear so deadly in the mountain chase,
Felt that his hour had come;—he had done well
In the hot struggle by the harvest field,
And borne the burden of the day, but strength
Had fail'd him now, and, as the victor Death
Drew coldly on, his breath burst forth in song.

"I know by the strange coldness that steals on
My weary frame, that death is drawing near;
I know that ere the gloomy night is done
My failing spirit shall not linger here;
Brethren I hasten to the distant land
To hunt and banquet with the spirit-band.

"Broad are the pleasant pastures there, and fleet
The bounding deer-herds in those prairie flames,
And swifter yet the sandall'd kings that meet
To hunt them there, and joyous the loud strains
From their wild bugles and the war horns clear,
When the tribes muster with the bow and spear.

"'Tis sweet to die! and worship at the throne
Of the Great Spirit that hath power there:
My kingdom, on this earth is overthrown
My pride, hath perish'd,—and my race is—where?
I go—since darken'd is my high renown,
And stranger-men have spoil'd me of my crown.

"My race is buried in the wilderness!
Gone from the earth! And now *my* hour's at hand,
And earth is fading fast.—Oh! sweet to press
The green turf-pillow in my mountain-land!
My Fathers call me from their happy place,
I join them now,—farewell my scourged race!

THE GENTLEMAN WITH GREEN GLASSES.

A LEGEND OF SWEET AUBURN.

There is a beautiful eminence, a mile's distance from Harvard University, covered with a rich woody growth, near the foot of which flows the Charles River freed from the broad marshes which destroy its beauty at the village of Cambridge. The greatest attraction of this hill is the fine prospect it commands, which is unequalled by any other in the vicinity of Boston. From the top of a ladder, which some kind person has placed against a tree at its summit, a wide and beautiful panorama is visible. In front lies the village of Cambridge and the walls of Harvard; farther on are seen the spires of Boston and of its suburbs, and the windings of the river may be traced where its waters are invisible, by the half concealed roofs of the villages along the banks ; a little to the left is Fresh Pond surrounded by its thick woods of pine, and directly below you lies the broad piece of woodland of which the hill itself forms a part. This beautiful spot is much visited by the students of the neighboring University, who have given it the appel lation of Sweet Auburn.

It was on a fine day in autumn that I sought this place, with a friend, on a shooting expedition. Our sport was successful, and when we had filled our bags, we sat upon the grass to rest ourselves before we returned to Cambridge. Before us was a large piece of land destitute of trees, and covered with heaps of sand. As the soil around was quite good, I could not help wondering at the barrenness of this spot; my friend was silent for a moment, and then said,

"I remember an old story which assigns a strange cause for the appearance of these sand-heaps;—will you hear it?"

"With all my heart," said I eagerly; and, after arranging ourselves very comfortably with our backs against a large tree he thus began:—

"The circumstance which I am about to relate happened so long ago, that the exact date cannot now be settled. It was, however, in the good old times of witchcraft and sorcery; when dreams and visions and presentiments were universally allowed to be very common and natural events; and when a man who should presume to doubt the existence of an apparition might expect to be made a ghost himself as a punishment for his incredulity. Harvard College was at that time under the dominion of a good old orthodox President, who believed as sincerely in witchcraft as in St. Athanasius's creed. In fact the Prince of the powers of the air had been making very strenuous efforts to gain over new subjects to his dominion.

Several old women were strongly suspected of having made a league with him, inasmuch as they kept white cats, and some of them had been heard mumbling over to themselves a strange gibberish which sounded like nothing which should come from the mouth of a good christian. Several children too had complained of having pins run into them,—a circumstance which settled the question at once, and proved, beyond a doubt, the intervention of the Devil. In this distress the ministers, deacons, and antidiabolists of all kinds had met together, and after a great many speeches and motions, decided unanimously on burning, as confirmed witches, all the old women in New England who kept a cat, or a broomstick. This had some effect, inasmuch as not a woman over fifty would dare to sweep their houses, or keep even a kitten to defend them against the inroads of the rats. The community of the mice flourished, but the broom-makers were starved.

Great was the reputation of the President in these unhappy times as an opposer of the Adversary of souls. He it was who proposed the decisive measure of burning the old woman; he it was who prayed loudest against the devices of the Evil One. It was generally believed that Satan durst challenge the angel Gabriel to single combat, sooner than attempt to corrupt one of the souls under the President's charge.

It happened about this time that the President was invited to accompany a fishing party from Boston, who were going on an excursion down the harbour.

The day was fixed, and great preparations were made. The best boat that could be procured was provided with lines and bait, together with good hams, and a few dozen of old wine, to promote a reasonable degree of cheerfulness, and save the party from the imputation of acceding to the fasts and austerity of the abhorred papists.

"Wife," said the President on the morning appointed for the party, "I shall not go to-day."

"Not go, President, and why not? the day is fair, and the wind is fair, and how can they leave you behind?"

"They must depart without me," rejoined he solemnly; "In my last night's sleep, a vision came unto me, in the form of a tall thin gentleman with green glasses, a tye wig, black silk breeches, with large buckles in his shoes. He stood by my bed and said, 'to-morrow thou wilt be upon the waves, but I will be busy with the lambs of thy flock.' So saying, he gradually diminished into the form of a sucking pig, leaving me motionless with terror, and with heavy drops of sweat upon my brow."

"I fear you ate too much of that pig last night," said the good woman affectionately, "I thought then that you would have the night-mare."

"The night-mare, woman!" answered he sternly, "it was a vision; and a presentiment of some evil, which hangeth over our community to-day, and which will fall upon the flock when the shepherd is removed, weigheth heavily upon my mind."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the wife, "but if I was you, I would not give up the sail for twenty gentlemen in green glasses!"

"The day is most certainly one of uncommon beauty and the sea-air must be fresh and wholesome. I know not when I can enjoy such pleasant society again;—but then the vision, the vision—-yet might not that have arisen from a too free participation in the good things of the board? Truly I am in a grievous dilemma, though methinks there is somewhat in this south wind, that hath a pleasant smell."

The arguments of the flesh were weighty, and the President departed on his way. In the mean time the students were not idle. Long before the day of the excursion they had heard of the preparations for it, and heard moreover that their President was to be of the party; several of them, therefore, determined to amuse themselves in his absence by raising the devil. Mistake me not. I do not use the phrase in the metaphorical sense of the present day; I do not mean that they were to raise the devil as that operation would probably be effected by the present inhabitants of the University,—by drinking Willard's punch, and breaking the tutors' windows or Jemmy Reed's gigs; these more aspiring youths, intended to have a personal interview with the old Father of Evil himself. What was to be the subject of their conversation I know not. Whether they wished for political information as to the differences between Great Britain

and her colonies or to learn the location of Captain Kidd's treasure, or merely to pass an hour or two in the society of a distinguished stranger, I am utterly unable to decide. As however most persons at that time were prejudiced against such interviews, they determined to go to some retired spot, and accordingly chose these woods, which were then known by the Indian name Pottyskhottyhotchzcklngnxouan, or some other word of as easy pronunciation; it had I remember six consonants to every vowel.

The names of these young men were Dick Jeffreys, Joe Quirk, and John Wilder. Dick was a hair-brained fellow but very courageous, and I believe the principal reason of his joining in the adventure was to show that he feared neither man nor devil. Joe was more cautious and cunning; his design in seeking the interview was to wheedle the Old One out of some of his hidden treasures. Wilder had no determined character, or rather, he had a character of a common kind. He was always ready enough to get into difficulty, but as he seemed to do this from pure good nature and good fellowship, and without the slightest degree of guile, he was generally pardoned when detected, and told to "do so no more, lest a worse thing should happen to him," which threat never prevented him from getting into the next scrape that was proposed. Bold as they all were, they could not resist a little tremor when they entered the wood, and began to arrange the apparatus for their enterprise.

They began by marking out a round space, of about five feet in diameter, where they took up the sods, placed in the middle an inverted cross, and lighted a fire before it of sticks covered with a bituminous substance. They then killed a cock and laid it dripping with its blood on the fiercely blazing fire, and betook themselves to a circle which they had drawn with a sword at a little distance.

Not a word was said while this was doing, and when every thing was arranged, they waited in breathless expectation for some terrible apparition. Nothing, however, appeared. It was a beautiful day at the end of June, and a mild south wind wafted towards them the smoke from their unhallowed sacrifice.

"Are you sure Joe," at length exlaimed Jeffreys "that you have done every thing as the old hag commanded?"

"Every thing," returned he.

"Not quite every thing," said a voice from behind them. They turned, and beheld a tall thin gentleman with green glasses, a tye wig, black silk breeches, with large buckles in his shoes.

"Don't be alarmed my young friends," continued he, "I see what you are about, and I think I can be of some assistance to you. Come out of your circle and I will show you the way to effect what you desire."

"That's your sort, my old friend!" said Dick, and was just stepping out of the circle, when Joe Quirk caught him by the arm.

"Stop a moment Jeffreys," said he, "I wish to have a little conversation with this gentleman before we leave this place. What is it we must do, and who are you yourself?" said he turning to the gentleman in green glasses.

"I must decline answering your last question," returned he, "it ought to be sufficient for you that I can be of service to you. As to the other, all that you will have to do, will be to sign this paper," taking one from his pocket, "with a little of your blood, and all your wishes will be fulfilled." So saying he handed them the paper with a polite bow.

"I've a great idea, old gentleman," said Dick, "that you are the devil himself."

"You're not far from it," answered he with a still lower bow.

"And if I had come out of the circle just now——"

"I could not have answered for the consequences," interrupted the other with a smile. "But," he continued, "if you will do me the favour to look over that paper, you will find that my terms are very reasonable."

Jeffreys hastily cast his eye over the paper, "hereby promise"—"right and title to his soul"—"on condition"--"supply of money"--"long credit"--"Well, Sir," turning to the green glass gentleman, "what would be the consequence of our refusing to comply with these conditions?"

"In that case, Sir, I should be at liberty to work my pleasure on your bodies."

"What has given you such a right?" asked Quirk.

"You put yourselves into my power, when you formed a compact with me by inverting the cross, and performing the other parts of your incantation. Your circle, young gentlemen is of no service, not being completely drawn. Now though I should take great pleasure in the dissection of your several bodies, yet I am willing to act honourably with you, I therefore offer you this chance of escape by signing this paper."

"I'll be d——d if I sign it!" exclaimed Dick.

"True—but you will probably be d——d whether you sign it or not. I will leave you," he continued, taking out an elegant gold repeater, "for a little while, to consider of my proposal." So saying he turned away, and disappeared in the bushes.

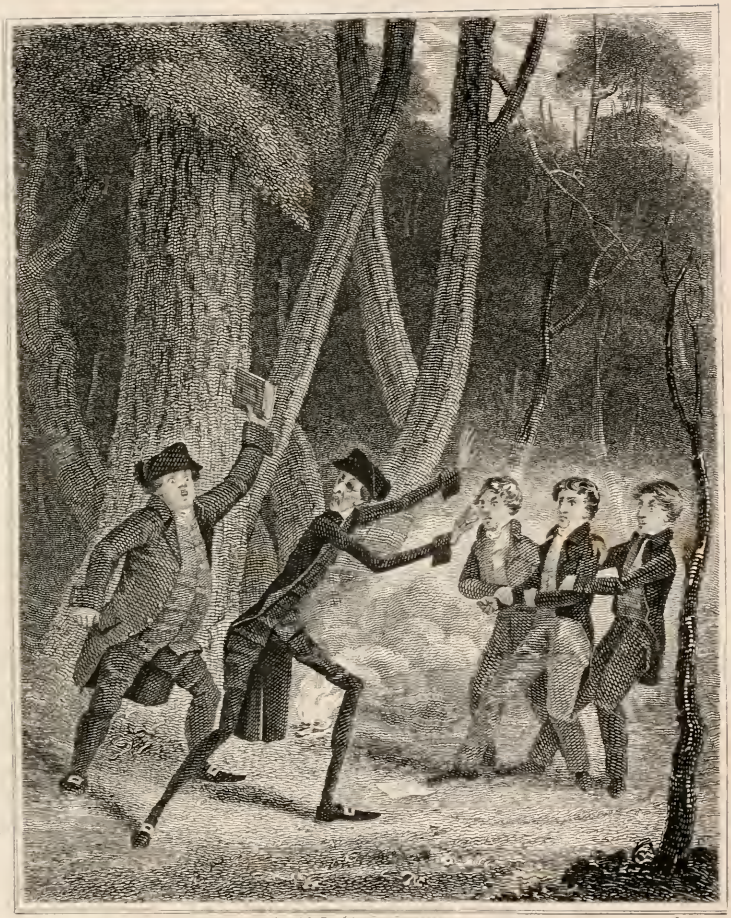
"A pretty scrape we're in," said Wilder, "and how are we to get out of it?"

"What hinders us," said Quirk, "from making the best of our way to the Colleges now he is away?"

"We can but try it," returned Dick springing forwards,—but he was suddenly caught by the arm.

"No, no my friends," said the tall gentleman who had stepped forward, "I beg you will be in no hurry, and earnestly desire you to decide as soon as possible, whether you will accept my offer or not, as I have some urgent business, a few moments hence, on the southern shore of Cochin China."

"We will not accept it," they all exclaimed immediately.



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THE GENTLEMAN WITH GREEN GLASSES

Published by True & Greene

"And is this your final answer? Recollect the horrible death to which I can subject you, and the long and happy life which you can enjoy if you agree to my proposal."

"We are decided," answered they faintly, "and put our trust in a merciful God."

"Then take the consequences of your obstinacy," exclaimed he, fiercely springing towards them, but a voice was heard behind,

"Conjuro te sceleratissime, in nomine Dei, abire ad tuum locum," and the figure of the President stalked from the thicket with a huge folio Polyglot Bible under his arm.

The tall gentleman turned as blue as indigo, but did not move. "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire," shouted the President, waving the Bible in the air.

The devil saw that it was no use in attempting to contend with the President, and went off in a clap of thunder, carrying with him all the soil of the place on which they were standing. The cause of his doing this I do not exactly understand; probably it was from mere rage and disappointment, and done for the same reason that a child, or a servant, slams the door after him, when he has been refused any request.

The cause of the President's seasonable advent was soon explained. It seems that he was so disturbed by his presentiments after the boat had got under way, that he desired to be set on shore immediately, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of his

companions persisted in returning directly to Cambridge. There he found a young man waiting for him, to whom the secret of the devil-raising had been communicated, which had weighed so heavily on his mind, that he at length determined to disclose it. As soon as the President heard this he set off on foot, with nothing but a Polyglot Bible, to contend with his Satanic Majesty, and by making all possible dispatch, arrived in time to save the lads who were about to be delivered over to be buffetted."

RECOLLECTIONS AT A FORMER HOME.

I look around, and every spot,
Retains some mark, not yet forgot.
The bloom is on the summer flowers,
Which I have pluck'd in former hours:
But *now*, I would not break *one* stem—
There is a bar 'twixt me, and them,
They are not *mine*—and yet they bear
The same sweet look old friends might wear.
I turn my eyes to yonder hill,—
The rock is on its summit still
Where I have sat and view'd such scenes
As cover all that *beauty* means:
And dream'd that *hearts* might find a share
Of bliss, where nature look'd so fair.
I would not climb that mountain's brow,
And sit upon that lone rock, now,
To dream those idle dreams again,
So wild, so fanciful, and vain.
Past thoughts return enough to me,
Beneath this once lov'd willow tree.

Here I can muse, while every leaf
Droops, as it were in silent grief,
For feelings wasted, spirits fled,
For friendships broken, pleasures dead;
The joys, the hopes, of vanish'd years,
Quench'd darkly in this "vale of tears."
And can it be, that years have brought
This change of feeling and of thought
Tow'rd things once lov'd, and scenes once dear,
While all unalter'd they appear?
It seems as I could almost trace
My very footsteps round this place;
And yet I see that time has flown—
For weeds and grass have overgrown
The paths that I was wont to tread,
By pensive contemplation led.
But I am glad no footsteps rude
Upon my favourite walks intrude.
I'd rather Time should stalk alone,
Across each place that I have known,
As if they still were left for me,
Faithful to love and memory.
But 'tis a silly thought—for love,
Did ever, and *will* faithless prove;
And memory, with all her powers,

Can number but a few short hours
Of pleasure—like the winged blast,
They flew as swiftly, wildly past—
And now, where are they ?—will they come
To greet me at my former home ?
Will they return to welcome me,
And whisper hope ? it may not be—
Nor did I find in scenes like this,
The sweet *reality* of bliss.
'Twas all romance—a thought—a dream—
Borne onward by time's rapid stream.
I would not feel as I have felt,
I would not dwell as I have dwelt,
In solitude—I'd sooner learn
The lessons of the world—though stern
And cold and selfish they appear,
'Twere better than to linger here.
For well I know that vine-hung bowers,
And birds, and brooks, and blooming flowers.
And shady groves, and paths of green,
And hills, with vallies spread between,
And fancy's pencil, ready still,
To sketch each varied scene, at will ;
Want *something* yet, the *heart* to bless,
Are not enough for *happiness*.

MUSINGS.

High rode the ruddy sun of June,—and far
The summer landscape smil'd beneath his light.
When I turn'd gaily from life's noisy path
To tread the still and green and narrow vale,
Which in past years had been my paradise.
How sweet for the way-farer, who hath grown
Weary and sick of loud tumultuous life,
To turn his tir'd and faultering foot aside
To some calm spot, afar from noise and pride!

I stood at twilight in the pastoral vale,
Wherein my summer years, like happy dreams,
Had calmly pass'd away. The blushing Eve,
As she sank trembling on the breast of Night,
Smil'd sweetly on the lone and ancient tree
Beside the dwelling of my infancy.
Oft 'neath its length'ning shadows I had sat.
To list the faint chime of its leaves, or hear
The Patriarch's tale, that oft had charm'd mine ear.

Methought that time had wrought but little change
Within its peaceful precincts,—the clear brook
Brawl'd on with that same careless and sweet voice
That won my childhood's ear. Oh! I had launch'd
Full many a fair and gaily-painted bark
Upon its limpid breast, and while its prow
Cleav'd its bright way amid the islets green
And snowy sands that half choke up the tide,
My shouts would rise and echo far and wide.

Still stream! I long have travers'd the broad sea,
And been a wanderer on its trackless waste
When my bark shiver'd, like the yellow leaf
In autumn's rushing wind, and yet I turn'd
From the wild ocean's stern magnificence,
To muse upon that pleasant lulling sound
Thy sleepy waters make, as they slide by
Their violet-scented bank with a calm flow,
Like childhood's voice, without a tone of wo.

Slow and untroubled fell the Night.—I heard
The matron singing at her cottage door
Her evening hymn,—her children were at rest
Within the threshold,—and the gentle hum
Of bird and bee, grew fainter in the tree

And the far-distant thickets,—for the hour
Of sleep and dreams had visited the scene,
And silence went abroad.—How full of bliss
Man's life might pass, within a haunt like this!

FRANCES BURKE.

It is only once in a century that a lady blossoms into life so eminently beautiful that all the world agree to style her *the belle*. Such an one, however, was Frances Burke. She was neither too tall nor too short, and, without forfeiting the graceful epithet of slender, had a becoming degree of *embonpoint*.—The colour of her eyes was often a subject of dispute. They had the melting softness of the blue, with the quick and animated expression of the black; and then they were so beautifully shaded by the long dark eye lashes that they had a Madonna expression which charmed the grave, while their vivacity fascinated the gay. It was around her mouth, however, that Cupid with his train resided. The old loved to watch her dimpling smiles,—they brought with them the sunny recollections of youth, and in her varying complexion there was an expression of sensibility that spoke of *inward gifts*.

Had Frances been born in humble life, she would have been compared to the lily of the valley, or the rose of Sharon, or a gem in the caverns of the ocean. But it must be confessed that she enjoyed every ad-

vantage which education could bestow and glittered in the circle of fashion, not only the most beautiful, but the *best dressed* lady. Fortune too, as if to prove that she could occasionally raise her bandage, had showered her gifts upon Frances. Many a calculation was made of what would be the income of the heiress when her father should be called to surrender what he could not carry with him. She had lovers of all nations, all complexions and all tempers; and they were probably less disinterested than the suitors of modern days, for it was strongly suspected that a few were attracted by the prospect of Miss Burke's future possessions. But there was one among them whose situation in life exempted him from all suspicion of mercenary views. He possessed an ample fortune, and had sustained the favors which fashion heaped upon him with becoming modesty. It was confidently asserted that there was an *engagement* between Carlton and Miss Burke, and this report was authorized by symptoms of mutual interest. He was more tenacious, however, of the lady's smiles than she herself was, and complained that they were often wasted upon the unworthy and undeserving, while Frances contended that she had neither the power nor the wish to become the judge of others; that affability was a coin of light value, and ought to be exchanged with all. Carlton became more and more irritable on the subject, and, at length, with an impression on both sides sufficiently powerful to have ripened into a strong and lasting affection, they con-

cluded to separate,—he to travel, and she to feel at liberty to form any new engagement. Had the countenance of Frances been as demure and her smiles as rare previous to his departure, as they were immediately after, the lover would have had no reason to be dissatisfied; but youth is the season of transient impressions, and good humour:—again her smiles returned, and apparently no disappointment clouded her mind.

Mr Burke doted on his daughter as it was natural he should;—her mother was a descendant of a respectable Dutch family, and had died soon after the birth of her child. The little Frances had then been the engrossing object of his thoughts, and, as she grew older, he was not elated with the admiration she received, for he considered it only her due, yet he sometimes discovered an anxiety about her *settlement in life* that seemed inconsistent with his conviction of her deserts. Though it has been agreed ever since Shakspeare's time, that "there is a tide in the affairs of men," Frances seemed to have no idea of taking it at its flood. In the most thoughtless manner she refused many offers, some because the lovers were too old, others *merely* because they were disagreeable, till it was positively asserted that she had gone through the four and twenty letters of the alphabet. But she was too disinterested and too happy to make any calculation for herself. It is true that when Prince Edward arrived in Boston and was to grace a splendid public ball, at which Frances was

expected to be the brightest star, it did occur to her mind that it would be no ordinary affair to become a princess of England; and as the hair-dresser threw the last puff of powder among her locks, (for belles then wore powder,) she could not but be conscious as she gazed upon her taper waist, brought almost to a point, her sleeves, fitted to show off the admirable symmetry of her arm, and her white satin shoes with heels so high that they permitted only her toe to touch the ground, that she was a figure upon which even royalty might gaze with delight. Let not our modern fair ones, with their glossy curls, their grecian waists and gigot sleeves, despise the belles of former times, but let them remember that *our* loveliest portraits will one day look as grotesque as those of our grandmothers now appear. When Frances took her station at the head of the ball-room, by the side of a fashionable beau, and began the *minuet de la cour* with a low courtesy, a murmur of applause ran through the room and Prince Edward was said to have enquired who she was. But those days are over, and many a revolution in dancing has succeeded the slow graceful step of the minuet, from pigeon's wing to the pirouettes of Monsieur Labasse'.

It was in the midst of this career of fashion and splendour that Mr. Burke was suddenly seized with an apoplexy, which terminated his existence in a few hours. His death excited much of what the world calls sympathy, but many calculations were hazarded as to the amount of the thousands he would leave.

A few weeks put an end to conjecture. After a minute investigation the fate of the heiress was decided, and the estate declared insolvent!

Frances at first met this accumulation of distress with the anguish of a mind undisciplined by sorrow. There can hardly be a greater shock to a generous heart than to feel the sources of its liberality suddenly cut off. She had ever been ready to impart of her abundance to all who wanted, and had never for a moment felt that there was any merit in giving; for she justly considered that the excellence of virtue is in the sacrifices it is willing to make, and her situation had been such that none were required. But when she was obliged to withdraw her subscriptions and individual bounties, she felt the first sting of poverty. For a short time her grief was excessive—but that mind must be perverted that can cherish gloom and despair in a world abounding with objects to interest and call forth its energies and affections. If nature be permitted to exercise its sway no grief can be incurable. Frances every day felt some new alleviation. The kindness of friendship soothed her heart, and many a house was open for her reception. There were still admirers who were willing to take her portionless, but she shrunk from a match of convenience. At this crisis she received a letter from a cousin, an early friend of her mother's, residing not far from the Hudson, in which a home was cordially offered to the orphan, the writer promising to send her husband to accompany Frances to Duchess

County. It was an unexpected pleasure to the young lady to find an asylum among her mother's relations. She knew that they were High Dutch, but there had been so little intercourse with them that such a prospect had not occurred to her mind. There was a feeling of human nature that made this arrangement pleasant. She was glad to avoid appearing as a dependant in that circle where she had once presided. She made every preliminary arrangement for her departure, disposed of all superfluous articles of jewelry and dress, and waited with impatience the arrival of her relative, Mr Vanderhoof. It was late in the day when the good gentleman drove into the yard in an ordinary one horse chaise. Frances received him with grateful cordiality, and felt that it was no common degree of kindness which could induce him to make a journey of nearly two hundred miles with such an equipage. She had still remained in her father's house, but she knew that it was no longer her's and was eager to quit it. Mr Vanderhoof did not appear dazzled with the splendour of the apartments, or the beauty and elegance of the young lady, probably preferring the Dutch rotundity of his own *frau*. They left Boston in the last week of November.

There is no more agreeable way of travelling than in a one horse chaise with a companion of congenial taste, but scarcely two beings could have been found more uncongenial than Miss Burke and Mr Vanderhoof. There are many long and tedious hills be-

tween Boston and Hartford, as every traveller knows. The horse, accustomed to no other pace than that of the plough, ascended them with slow and weary steps, and Frances often quitted the chaise and gained the summit long before the vehicle arrived. When they entered Hartford they found the Court in session and the town crowded. Frances had often pursued this road with her father, in his Phaeton, on their way to New York. There were several public houses at which they were accustomed to lodge, but a Phaeton, with two noble bays and an outrider, can gain admittance where there is no room for an ordinary looking one horse chaise. They jogged from house to house receiving the short answer, "we are full," and finally one of the innkeepers advised them to seek accommodations a few miles out of town. Frances felt more amused than mortified at their reception, and slept quietly at a neat little tavern beyond Hartford. In the morning she arose refreshed,—but as the horse resumed his task with little alacrity they made no very rapid progress. On the fourth morning the day was dark and drizzling. At any other season of the year, Frances would have found much to interest her mind, but the trees were bare and leafless, and though the river which is called Mad Tom, still wound its eccentric course by the road side, sometimes foaming over beds of rocks, and sometimes leaping from precipices, still it wanted the picturesque beauty of an earlier season; the luxuriant green of summer, or the variegated hues of Autumn.

Frances tried in vain to extract something like conversation from her companion, but to her questions he usually answered, "Well, I don't know," and to her observations, "I make no objection." She merely learnt that he was a German and blessed with a numerous offspring.

As they advanced into the interior of the country, a considerable portion of the road was formed by trunks of trees. The horse dragged the shattered vehicle over the huge logs, the stumps of which were standing by the road side among black and charred wood and stunted grass. Frances could not but compare their dreary way with the fertile country and smooth shaven roads around Boston, interspersed with villas, cottages and ornamented farms. As night approached, the clouds, which had been lowering, condensed into one heavy mass and the rain poured down in torrents. Cold, comfortless, and weary, the fortitude of the young traveller seemed wholly to forsake her; she contrasted her present with her past situation, and gave herself up to a violent burst of grief. "Well," exclaimed her companion when her sobs became less audible, "we must all die, and I don't know but them are the best off, that die first."

Frances took her handkerchief from her eyes, roused to attention by a remark so nearly approaching to conversation.

"Did you see that man that just passed us?" continued Mr Vanderhoof. She replied in the negative.

"It was parricide Bob," said he, "I hope we shan't fall in with him to night." Frances enquired why he gave him such an appellation.

"Why," said the man, "some people think him the very devil."

"What crime has he committed," asked Frances. To this enquiry he went on in a less laconic manner with his observations.

"I was a thinking," said he, "when I first spoke, that it was a pity he had not died at his mother's breast—there might have been a good many tears shed then, but there have been a good many more since." By degrees and in his own language he related to her that parricide Bob had always been a wild and lawless boy; that his father had put him to school but that he would never study and, when only eleven years old, quarrelled with one of his companions and stabbed him on the spot; that he was confined in the state prison several years, and came out apparently reformed; that some time after he went to his father and demanded a sum of money, which being refused, he sprung upon the old man and would have throttled him had no one been near. "Since that time," continued Vanderhoof, "he has been heard to say that he would be the death of his father. He has been bound over to the peace, and though he is continually committing some outrageous action, there is no officer that dares to seize him, for they know it would be certain death. He always goes armed, and sleeps with his doors and windows fastened and with loaded pistols by his side."

When they arrived at the tavern where they were to pass the night, Vanderhoof said he must take the horse to the blacksmith, and Frances gladly made her way to the house. She was conducted to a large low apartment where brush and underwood were blazing upon the hearth. Two men were seated by the fire; one was the landlord and the other an athletic well-made young man with the demeanor of a gentleman. He arose as Frances entered, offered her his chair and left the room.

The next day brought them to the banks of the Hudson. They were rowed across and in a few hours arrived at the village. The countenance of Vanderhoof brightened as he approached his home. They rode up to a long low house, with a stoop running the whole length. Innumerable children seemed to issue from the doors and windows, shouting in joyful accents to their father.

He drove into the enclosure and, telling Frances that she would find his wife in the house, went with true German phlegm, to fodder his horse before he embraced his family. In the mean time Frances ran up the steps and was met by her cousin, a short and thick woman with a fresh complexion, white teeth, and a good humoured smile. She welcomed Frances with the most frank and cordial familiarity, and presented her sons and daughters by their different names,—then a troop of little black children came forward and the same introduction was demanded for them. When she entered the house she found a blazing fire and the table set out with all the dainties

of Dutch cookery, crullers, rulleges, head-cheese and preserves, to all of which the numerous family, partly assembled, did ample justice, while the little black children performed their antics in a remote part of the room. Frau Vanderhoof's family was the true picture of a Dutch residence. The parents of the black children had once been slaves, but now they did not even retain the name and were treated as pets by the family.

Frances found, in the honest simplicity of her cousin, much to love. For the first few weeks she was amused with the novelty of her mode of life, and the children, good tempered though unmanageable, interested her affections. She tried to keep a regular school for them, but this she found quite impossible, they had so many out-of-door amusements and avocations, and she contented herself with giving them such incidental instruction as opportunity afforded.

When the long tedious winter came on and the roads were blocked up with snow, poor Frances sighed in the weariness of her heart; her little store of books was exhausted and the house afforded none to supply their places. Even the Dominie of the village preached in German, and she had drawn on the resources of her own mind till every thought had lost its freshness. It is not wonderful that, under such circumstances, she sometimes thought of Carlton.

Frances became a great favorite among her cousin's friends ;—they loved her for her beauty and good

nature, and she delighted to give them her assistance. It was a relief to her to perform any active duty, and when one of the neighbours fell sick and Frances assisted his wife in attending upon him, she felt the weariness of her life relieved. When he died, Frances attended the funeral ceremonies. The simple, artless expressions of grief fell with kindred sympathy on her own heart. The mourners assembled and, in soft and plaintive strains, sang one of the hymns of the Lutheran Church.

"Alle menschen mussen sterben,
Alles fleisch vergeht wie heu;" *

The simple, solemn music struck on the chords of her heart and she wept her own sorrows anew.

As the winter passed away and the spring came on, the elasticity of hope again returned. She explored the environs in search of natural beauty. The aspect of the country, so wholly different from the regular cultivation to which she had been accustomed, excited her imagination. She often gained the summit of a hill, that in Massachusetts might have been as much a resort for prospect as the Blue hills, and spent hours in gazing on the country around. She could trace the course of the Hudson, sometimes spreading out into lakes and then imprisoned be-

* All men must die,
All flesh wither like grass.

tween mountains of rock;—now bearing on its bosom green islands like emerald gems, and now contrasting its snowy sails with the groves of oaks and pines through which they passed. There were then no lumbering steam-boats sending out volumes of smoke to dim the atmosphere, but all was in harmony. The Catskill mountains, too, could be seen, rising one above another, bounding the prospect on one side and expressing their own sublimity in silent grandeur. There was one resort to which Frances delighted to repair;—it was a water-fall several miles distant from her residence. There were seasons of the year when it was remarkable only for its high and woody banks and shelving rocks—but in the spring it poured over two immense bodies of rock, clearing the one and the other like a cataract, falling many feet into the abyss below and winding its way to the Hudson. It now rushed forth from a quiet little lake above, as if the floodgates of Heaven were opened. Here Frances frequently wandered and spent whole days. In one of her solitary rambles a gunner started from behind a thicket with two large dogs, who rushed towards her. She sprang up in evident terror,—but he whistled to his dogs and then approaching her, said, "They wont hurt you,—they are the best creatures in the world." As he spoke, a faint recollection came over her mind of having seen him before, but she could not remember when. He seemed to feel no curiosity, but passed on. It was not long after that she prevail-

ed on her cousin, who was timid and seldom went from home, to take a ride with her to this beautiful spot. The horse was the same which had been used in the family for years and Frances was in the habit of driving him. Just as they turned into the road that led to the falls, the report of a gun with the dashing of the water seemed to awaken the last spark of eccentricity that existed in the animal. Giving a violent spring, he darted forward towards the precipice and all efforts to arrest his progress, by Frances, were useless, while the screams of her companion only served to accelerate his speed. At that moment the gunner, who had occasioned the mischief, sprang over the wall and, by heading the horse and clinging to his neck, so arrested his velocity as to enable the females to leap from the chaise, but finding himself on the edge of the fall, he suddenly loosed his hold and darted on one side. The horse rushed over the precipice. A frightful crash of the vehicle was heard, —its scattered remnants, and the mangled body of the horse were at once before them. With Mrs Vanderhoof the consciousness of safety was predominant;— Frances gazed for a moment and fell senseless on the ground. When she recovered, she found herself alone with the stranger and supported by him. She eagerly enquired for her cousin—he told her that she had gone for a wagon to convey her home. "You have saved our lives," said Frances with emotion,— "O, how can we be thankful enough? What a dreadful death you have saved us from!" said she, shud-

dering. At that moment a man was seen crossing the lake above, in a little boat. He landed and, approaching Frances, offered to convey her to the other side, where there was a house. But she declined, saying she would wait for Mrs Vanderhoof, who would expect to find her there, and she was yet too faint to move.

"I hope you know your company," said the man, casting a glance of defiance and distrust at her companion.

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed the young man, starting forward.

"Mean!" said the other, with a scornful laugh, "why, that I hope she knows you are Bob Wilkinson."

It appeared as if the youth made a strong effort to suppress his rage, for though he clenched his fist, he said, "you had better be gone."

"What!" replied the man, "and leave her with you?—with parricide Bob?"

The young man threw down his gun and sprang upon his antagonist. In vain Frances shrieked and implored—they were both athletic, and the most horrible conflict took place. They writhed in each other's arms and both were dashed to the ground.—The sight was too dreadful to witness. Frances had hid her face in her hands, but the power of motion was taken from her. The conflict was short. All was now stilled, except the hard breathing of some one near. She ventured to look up. Wilkinson stood

alone on the edge of the precipice, gazing intently below. His eyes were like balls of fire, his nostrils distended and swollen, and he frothed at the mouth. At that moment Mrs Vanderhoof appeared in sight accompanied by two men. Wilkinson seemed to recollect himself;—he turned to Frances and said emphatically, "*Remember*! I have saved your life!" and seizing his gun, disappeared among the woods. The men conveyed Frances to the wagon. She was unable to answer the enquiries or remarks of her cousin, but begged that she might go immediately to bed and be left alone. Mrs Vanderhoof, after exulting a little in her own firmness and representing that the danger was over, left her to her reflections. It was hours before she could cease to think of the horrible scene she had witnessed and of the certainty of murder. Perhaps she might be arraigned as an accessory, if the body was discovered, at any rate as a witness. It was not till towards morning that she lost the vivid recollection of the scene in broken slumbers, and it was beyond the usual breakfast hour when Mrs Vanderhoof burst into the chamber. "O, Frances!" said she, "what a dreadful day was yesterday! O, such news!"

"What? what?" exclaimed the poor girl, covering her face.

"You know John Snider, who ground our corn? he was missing all last night, and this morning he was found crushed in his own mill. It is a dreadful thing, for he was as honest a man as ever lived; he had but

one fault,—he would drink now and then, and they suppose that that was the way the accident happened. O, it is a dreadful warning. I am going right away to see poor Mrs Snider, for she has seven little children, and is expecting to be confined every day, and they say she is almost distracted. Vanderhoof is gone for a wagon, but I am sure we shall miss our poor horse."

Frances faintly asked where the mill was.

"Why, on that *beautiful* stream that you talk so much about, and that like to have been the death of us yesterday." The good woman hastened away on her benevolent errand and left Frances once more alone. A day or two passed and Frances found that no suspicions of the actual cause of Snider's death were excited. Probably Wilkinson was experienced in deception and had taken his measures so promptly and securely as to avert all suspicion. The dreadful secret rested alone with her, and she shared it with the murderer! She was fully resolved that nothing should induce her ever to accuse him, either in public or private, yet the thought could not but arise to her mind that, if she were out of the way, the secret was Wilkinson's own. To him it would be an easy task to silence her forever. He might consider it his only safety. The most nervous apprehensions seized upon her: the sudden opening of a door, a quick or unusual step brought on alarming tremors. One circumstance however occurred that served to divert her mind from its distressing apprehensions. She

received a letter, from a former agent of her Father's, stating that, by the recovery of property supposed to be lost and the unexpected arrival of shipments, the estate would fully answer the demands of the creditors and that the declaration of insolvency had been retracted. Her heart beat with pleasure at this information; it was happiness to feel that no one had a right to reproach her Father's memory; for a few hours her usual cheerfulness returned, and she once more enlivened the little circle with her smiles and gaiety. As night came on there was every appearance of a thunder-shower. Mrs Vanderhoof on similar occasions was always extremely alarmed, and her children partook of her terrors. They clung round their mother, and at length all the family retired to the protection of a *feather-bed*, leaving Mr Vanderhoof smoking his pipe, and Frances to dispose of herself as she pleased. For some time she remained with him, preferring him and his pipe, (one, as companionable as the other,) to the solitude of her room, but as it grew late she felt it necessary to retire. The room which she occupied opened into a little garden and looked towards the Catskill range. The thunder storms in this part of the country are extremely severe, and the deep and prolonged reverberation is appalling to the heart and ear. The rain now poured in torrents, and the frequent flashes disclosed the dark outline of the distant woods, and occasionally a tremendous peal, followed by the vivid glare of the lightning, seemed to burst from the

mountains themselves. Frances seated herself at a little distance from the window and was rapt in contemplating the awful grandeur of the scene. Her lamp was shaded in a corner,—the other parts of the room were entirely dark. As she sat, watching the heavens, she plainly discerned the figure of a man, with his head stretched forward, gazing intently upon her. For a moment, horror took from her the power of motion. But there are many who meet certain evils with more resolution than those of the imagination. The mind of Frances had been unusually elevated; she felt the power of *Him* "who guides the whirlwind and directs the storm," and human beings at that moment seemed but the agents of his will.—Collecting all her firmness, she approached the window to close it—as she laid her hand on the bar, a head was suddenly thrust in—it was Wilkinson's! She gave a piercing shriek and sank upon the floor. Mr Vanderhoof slept in an adjoining room: fortunately, his wife had been unable to close her eyes, but hearing the cry of distress she started up and awoke her husband, telling him that Frances was struck by lightning. Both hastened to the room of their fair cousin, and found her lying on the floor immediately under the window. Not a doubt rested on their minds as to the cause of her situation. When Frances was sufficiently recovered to speak, she assured them that she had received no injury—but that terror had deprived her of her senses. Mrs Vanderhoof required no other explanation, and kindly offer-

ed to remain with her, but Frances said she could not stay in that room, and would rather go and lie down with the children. As soon as she was able to reflect, her dread of Wilkinson was rather diminished than increased by this visit. She was convinced that he meant her no personal evil, or he would not have waited as if to catch her attention :—indeed upon recollection she had no doubt that he had called her name more than once, though the sounds had mingled with the storm so as to be hardly distinguishable. "He has come," said she, "to require my oath that I will not betray him." She now determined to give him an opportunity to speak to her; "it is better," thought she, "to die at once, than to live in perpetual terror." She walked out as usual, carefully however, avoiding all solitary or remote places; but Wilkinson was never seen. She ventured to enquire after him, and learnt that he had quitted that part of the country. So much time had elapsed since the horrible event took place, that Frances ceased to fear that a suspicion of the circumstances attending Snider's death might be excited: her nerves recovered their usual firmness, and she walked and rode without apprehension.

At this time she received a second letter that evidently completed the restoration of her cheerfulness. Its contents were as follows:

My Dear Frances,—You must allow me to address you as formerly, for, though I have travelled half over the globe, I have seen and felt nothing that

could obliterate my recollections of home. I was a fool to quarrel with you about your smiles, for when I was in Italy I would have given the Venus de Medicis herself, for only half an one. I am truly glad to get back to my native land, and hope when I travel again, that it may be with a companion. I was disappointed when I arrived at not finding you, and as I am about making an excursion to New York, I think I shall jump on board a North River packet. I hope you will not receive me coldly if I should pay my respects to Mynheer Vanderhoof. If I behaved like a froward child, I have been punished like one, by being deprived for two whole years of what I loved best; don't therefore, put me on any new probation, or if it is necessary, let it be a probation *for life*, and immediately under your own eye."

The letter did not require the signature of Carlton to convince Frances from whom it came. As it had the New York post mark upon it, she was not surprised that it only preceded him a few hours. Carlton had no reason to complain of any redundance of smiles, when Frances met him; for after a few moments of internal struggle she burst into a shower of tears—and he actually began to be quite in despair, lest the sun would never shine again. If there is any foretaste here of the happiness of Heaven, it is in the exercise of the affections,—it matters not under what head they are classed,—love, friendship, or parental tenderness; it is the ever springing fountain of these emotions that gives freshness even to

the winter of life. There was but one inn at the village and that a miserable habitation, but Carlton was so much pleased with its accommodations, that he concluded to pass a week or two there. It is true, he spent not much time under its roof, for he was engaged in attending Frances on her frequent excursions. It was scarcely possible that the danger which the two ladies had so lately escaped should not be related by Mrs Vanderhoof in all its minuteness. Carlton listened with breathless attention and eagerly enquired where the young man who had risked his own life for their's, was to be found. Frances replied with quickness that he had left that part of the country.

"Let us go to the spot," said Carlton, "why have you never carried me there?"

"It brings back too many painful recollections," replied she, her whole countenance expressing the horror of her mind—and rising she left the room.

"We all think that Frances is nervous about this accident," said Mrs Vanderhoof, "for she can't bear to hear the place, nor Wilkinson's name mentioned, and though she used to tire us to death with talking about its *beauties*, since the accident, I have never heard her name it."

Carlton took an accurate direction and found the place. He was no less charmed with it than Frances had first been—and he determined to persuade her to make an effort and come once, and then the struggle would be over. But he found to his surprise that

when he urged the excursion, she discovered an irritability wholly new. He dropped the subject, but with the painful impression that her temper might not be *entirely perfect.* It was not long after, that he took a letter from his pocket as he entered the house and said to Frances, my landlord asked me to give you this,—it was left at the tavern. It was directed "To Miss Burke." Frances opened it and glanced her eye over the page. Instantly a deathly paleness overspread her countenance.

"My dear Frances," said Carlton tenderly, "what has distressed you?" She made no reply. "I wish I had thrown the letter into the fire, instead of giving it to you," added he.

"Carlton," said she, recollecting herself, "this letter *does* distress me, but the communication of its contents to you would not alleviate my distress. I have no right to disclose the secret it contains, for it concerns another person."

"Don't you wish me to convey your answer back to the inn?" asked he pettishly, "a lover may surely serve as valuable a purpose as a well-trained spaniel." The tear-swollen eyes of Frances struck reproach to his heart and, recovering his good humour, he gaily added, "you shall tell me what you please;—I will make no inquiries, and be thankful that you are willing to tell such an unreasonable being any thing." Yet when he took leave and Frances said, "don't come here this evening, I shall be

engaged and can't see any one,"—he found it difficult to abide by his good resolutions.

The letter was from Wilkinson; he intreated for an interview. "I swear by all that is sacred," wrote he, "that no evil shall come to you. It is important to my life that I see you, perhaps even to your own. For God's sake come this evening to the little thicket on the right,—if you refuse, you may drive me to desperation.—I shall be there at eight."

Frances determined to go, perhaps it might be as a victim. There is, in a generous heart, a confidence in our fellow beings, that even crime cannot wholly destroy. With tottering steps, when the clock struck eight, she repaired to the spot: it was near the house —and the moon shone clear and bright. "It is not such an evening as this" said she, trying to gain courage, "that they choose for deeds of darkness." When she reached the edge of the little wood, she perceived Wilkinson waiting. She stopped and leaned against a tree. He approached her, but she said in a resolute voice,

"No nearer! All you have to say, say there, and quickly."

"Do you know," said he, in a deep hollow voice, "that there have been discoveries?"

"I know nothing," said she,—"speak—while I have power to hear."

"First tell me," exclaimed he with vehemence, "what you saw in that last struggle?"

"I saw nothing," said Frances, "for the scene was too savage to look upon.—My eyes were covered."

"Did I give the first provocation?"

"You did not," said Frances, "you warned him to begone. I know nothing further," said she, "*nothing*."

"Were you to be summoned before a court of justice, is this all you would swear to?"

"Were I to be summoned before my God," said she, solemnly, "it is all I *could* say, except that when I looked up, you were alone, and gazing, on the—— fall below. You have saved my life, and nothing," continued she, "shall ever lead me to mention even these circumstances voluntarily. If I am summoned before a court of justice, which God forbid, these are the only facts to which I can swear. I must now intreat of you to seek no more interviews with me; they may destroy my peace forever, and I would not hurt a hair of *your* head. Would to God that my prayers"—she was interrupted by the sound of steps, —and quickly added, "if my testimony can be of use to you on such an emergency as you dread, I will not hesitate to give it." She turned away and in a few moments perceived Carlton.

"To whom were you talking?" said he. She made no reply, but took hold of his arm.

"I will see for myself!" exclaimed he, pressing forward.

"Carlton!" said she, advance but one step, and we part forever!" He stood irresolute.

"Why, this is queening it indeed!" said he, "it may be best we *should* part if you desire it."

"Desire it!" she exclaimed, "O Carlton, you are the only earthly good I possess, there is nothing I

would withhold from you, except that confidence which I have no right to impart, and which were I to betray, would cause you to despise me."

"I find I must submit," said he "but it is your own fault that I came here to night. I understood that your engagement was alone,—you said you could see *no one*, and I naturally concluded you were going to devote the evening to answering the letter I brought you. I therefore strolled here from mere idleness and was perfectly astonished when I heard your voice as if parting from some one. But I hope," continued he half seriously, "when our vows are plighted in the Church you will have none of these secrets."

"I hope not," said she, "at any rate no new ones."

"For what then are we waiting?" exclaimed he. "No one can tie the knot faster than a German Dominie." The proposition that was started in jest every moment became more practicable. And before they parted, Frances had consented that in a few days they should part no more. They were both singularly independent in situation. Mrs Vanderhoof was the nearest relation Frances possessed, and she smilingly gave her consent when it was dutifully asked.

If the marriage of Carlton and Miss Burke had taken place during her Father's life time, it would have excited no little stir. The world would have heard of bridal dresses, bride-men and bride-maids, wedding-cake and "setting up for company," but there was nothing of the kind on the occasion to which we are about to allude. First Mr and Mrs Vanderhoof walked to Church,—then followed Carl-

ton and Frances, arm in arm,—then innumerable little Vanderhoofs. Half a dozen barefooted black children brought up the rear. When they arrived at the Church, they found a number of broad-faced honest Dutch people already assembled to witness the ceremony, and though it was performed in German, neither of the parties made any mistake.

It was now the beginning of September, and a most propitious season for travelling. This, rather than fashion, induced the bridal couple to set off on a journey. The choice of the vehicle was left to Frances and she decided for a one horse chaise. After a short stay at Albany, they concluded to cross the lakes and visit Canada. Six weeks had passed pleasantly by, when Frances one day taking up an Albany paper was attracted by the words, "HORRID DISCOVERY!"

In the article beneath this caption, which was printed in large capitals, was related a melancholy account of Snider's death,—of his being found, crushed and mangled in his own mill,—of the heart-breaking distress of the widow and the blighted prospects of the children. "Great sympathy," continued the relation, "was shown by every body for this unfortunate family, and it was not till several weeks afterwards that any suspicion was entertained of the real circumstances." It was then stated that the first suspicions were excited by the discovery of portions of his dress suspended to a precipice on the opposite side, and of one of his shoes that had been missing;

that every investigation was then made, and that after much difficulty, the circumstances of his death, were collected, forming a regular chain of discovery; but that, as a trial of the young man implicated was to take place the next week, it was proper to suppress all further statement and leave the public to form an unprejudiced opinion.

She had no sooner read the article than she thought how important her testimony might be to Wilkinson. It could now only operate in his favor, for he was already in the hands of justice, yet she doubted her right to communicate the circumstances even to her husband. She had given Wilkinson her solemn promise that she would only reveal them before a court of justice, and nothing had absolved her from the promise.

"My dear Carlton," said she to her husband as he entered, "I have one more demand to make upon your forbearance and kindness,—will you accompany me *immediately* to Albany?—convey me there in the most expeditious way possible?"

Carlton looked astonished:—"It is impossible," said he, "what shall we do with our engagements?"

"They are all those of fashion and ceremony," said Frances with energy, "but *mine* is an affair of *life and death!*"

"My dear Frances," said Carlton, "ask me to give up any thing but my reason and I will do it for you, but to go blindly about a step so apparently capricious——indeed you will think better of it after a

night's sleep. Your business cannot be so very important as you represent it, and if it is, it ought not to be concealed from me."

"On that subject," replied she "I can say nothing new. But Carlton," continued she solemnly, "you have chosen me for your friend and companion through life; you have taken me destitute and an orphan; you have entrusted to me your honor and your happiness, and can you hesitate to confide in me for one short week and be guided by my wishes? Had you told me that it was *your* duty to depart this afternoon for Siberia, do you think *I* should have made an objection? and have not women the same moral responsibilities as men? Trust me but this once, and if I abuse your confidence withdraw it forever."

"If you are really so serious on this subject," said Carlton, "we will go immediately." And he went to prepare for their expedition. There was no time to be lost, as the paper was dated several days before Frances had seen it.

The husband certainly behaved remarkably well on this occasion, though there was now and then a little gloom on his brow and a little reserve in his manner. Once he expatiated in a more sentimental tone than was common to him, "on the alienation produced by want of confidence." Though the eyes of the young bride were filled with tears, she preserved her secret with a resolution that might have entitled her to the honor of becoming a free-mason.

When they arrived at Albany the town was crowded. Frances informed her husband that she wished to be subpœnaed as a witness in the trial of Wilkinson. He was horror-struck at the idea of his delicate, sensitive and beautiful wife's appearing at a criminal court as a witness for a murderer. Again poor Frances was obliged to go over her stock of arguments and persuasions and finally—conquered.

It would be exaggeration to say that, when she appeared at court supported by her husband, the judges, lawyers, and students were struck dumb at her beauty, for certainly they pleaded most eloquently; but her appearance excited the utmost admiration. She listened, with the deepest attention, to the statement of the case and observed closely what were the facts that criminated him. It was stated that Snider was seen crossing in his boat; that afterwards Wilkinson, was seen in the same boat; that he landed near the mill, took the dead body of a man in his arms and disappeared. Another witness said that he was at work on the roof of a barn, a quarter of a mile distant, from whence he saw two men fighting—and one he was ready to take oath was Wilkinson, because he always wore a short jacket of a peculiar shape; that he hastened to the spot as quick as possible; that when he arrived there, they were both gone, and he thought no more about the affair, till suspicion came up of Snider's being thrown over the precipice. There were others who saw Wilkinson gunning near the place where he had been arrested, and so many cir-

cumstances united to prove that he and Snider had met and fought, that that part of the story was put beyond doubt. It now remained to be proved which was the aggressor, and whether the man had been thrown over, or had stood so near the brink as to have accidentally fallen over. On this part of the story all was dark, and conclusions could be drawn only from presumptive evidence. The atrocious character of Wilkinson,—the enmity that had been known to exist, between him and Snider,—the pains and methods he took to secrete the body in the mill, and to make it appear like accidental death, besides many other minute circumstances all weighed heavy against him. It was evident that but one opinion prevailed. Wilkinson's counsel now requested Frances to give her testimony. In a clear, but at first tremulous, voice she began her narrative; described the dangerous situation of herself and cousin; the brave and prompt assistance of Wilkinson at the risk of his own life, and then went on to detail, with perfect truth and simplicity, the insulting language of Snider, and the warning to "begone" of Wilkinson; that she knew but little after they closed in, except that she saw them dash each other against the ground and then spring up; that she believed they were equally near the precipice and *both* on the brink of it.

It would be tedious to go further into detail.—The case was submitted to the Jury, who retired for a short time and brought in their verdict of *not guilty.*

Usually, when a man is acquitted of murder, there is a sort of exultation prevails among the multitude; but the character of Wilkinson had repelled human sympathy. Though young and with the prospect of many years before him, none approached him to offer their congratulations. He walked slowly and somewhat sadly into the large hall, where Frances stood surrounded by the gentlemen of the court;—he approached respectfully towards her and then said in a low voice, "If there is one spark of virtue in my heart, you have kindled it," and passed on. As he has never been heard of since, and no deed of darkness has been recorded of him, it is charity to suppose that a reformation has taken place.

"Henceforth," said Frances gaily, as she put her arm under her husband's, "no secrets!"

After an affectionate leave-taking of the Vanderhoofs, Carlton returned to his native state, where he has since resided with his still lovely wife, who has relinquished the honors of youth and beauty to two promising girls who are just coming into life. The Misses Vanderhoof occasionally make a visit to the metropolis; but their mother could never be persuaded to venture on such an enterprise. Mr and Mrs Carleton make an annual excursion to Dutchess County, and never fail to visit the little Dutch Church where they first plighted their vows.

THE DIRGE OF RHIGAS.

Rhigas was the first of modern Grecian worthies, who, roused by inhuman oppression from the lethargy of hopeless slavery, invoked his countrymen to the declaration and achievement of their independence. He fell by treachery, in May, 1798.

From Thessaly's woods a voice goes forth,
A voice of wrath o'er the shuddering earth,
And the ancient hills, as it sounds along,
Wail back the cry of a nation's wrong,
And th' Ægean Isles with a shout reply
To the magic trump of victory.
  Olympus stoops to hear
  The voice of patriot power,
  And the gods of Greece draw near
  In this dark and fearful hour.

Men stand erect in their pride again
And grasp the sabre that long hath lain,
Like the soul of Greece, in the sloth and rust
Of dead despair—and they shake the dust
Of slavery from their banners proud,
And swear they shall be their shield or shroud.—

The deep wild voice of wrath wails on,
And Œta bows as it hurries by,
And, as it sweeps o'er Marathon,
The Dead send up an awful cry.

That voice thrills through the hearts of men,
Like lightning through a tomb :—the glen,
The vale, the hill and the holy wood
Return it back like an ocean flood,
And the Priestess lights her sacred shrine
And o'er it bends with a look divine ;
And helm and brand and spear
In the altar's blazing glare,
And the warrior dead appear
With the solemn brow of prayer.

It sounds through the pass of the Persians' shame,
And o'er the blue waves of the bounding seas,
Like the victor blush of a glorious name,
Or the wrongs of the nine lithœrides,
And the Helot springs, at the magic word,
From the tyrant chains of his Titan lord;
And the Moslem lelies fail
Amid the pealing cries,
And the Othman pachas quail
Beneath the Christian's eyes.

The beacon-lights of the brave around,
Blaze to the sky o'er the holy ground,
And warrior forms in their armor gleam
Like the giant shapes of a troubled dream;—
With lances in rest and swords in hand,
As the Grecians stood, the Grecians stand!
The Turk is slumbering by
In his crimson garb of death!
—A nation's victor cry
Is hanging on a breath!

'Mid the pillar'd ruin's hollow gloom,
Bursting in wrath from the sleepless tomb,
In his hauberk each and his hilted brand,
The Dead arise in their stern command.
They long have groan'd in a restless trance,
But they hear the voice and seize the lance,
And put their terrors on,
As they throng around the brave,
And chant high glories gone
In the deep voice of the grave.

But a glorious Shape is passing by,
With a brow of gloom and a lowering eye—
His casque is sever'd—his banner rent,
And his face like a shatter'd monument!

Like a warrior's ghost in the lightning's light,
He stands before that altar bright.—
The voice of wrath is still,
And the beacon-fires are dim,
And o'er each midnight hill
Is heard a funeral hymn.

"Dark rolls the Danube, but darker far
Are death-stains on the scymitar!
Deep rolls the Ister, but deeper he lies
Whose eye was the light of our paradise!
Weep vainly in bondage! the seal is set!
Our Freedom may be—but, oh, not yet!
Not Passwa Oglow's power,
Nor the arm of might could save—
Death is the Patriot's dower—
His Freedom is—the grave!"

Then thrice the warriors utter'd—"Wo!"
Thrice waved their sabres to and fro,
And vanish'd then with a hollow groan,
And the Pythoness stood by her shrine alone!
The fire burn'd dim, but it burn'd on still,
When again there came from Ida's hill
The wild low hymn of death,
And in wrath and grief it came,

And the listener held his breath,
And call'd on Jesu's name !

" Slaves to the Moslem ! Victory's Lords !
To the dust again bequeath your swords ?
No ! they shall gleam in carnage yet
'Mid the deep death-thirst of the bayonet,
And your souls shall bask in the battle's bliss
As on the proud day of Salamis !
A nation's battle-cry
Shall ring on the freeborn air,
And spirits from the sky
Shall welcome heroes there !"

Now the awful voice is high and loud,
And the great of Greece are stern and proud,
And the beacon-fires are lighted now
On the sea's wild wave and the mountain's brow,
And the sword gleams red on Marathon !
And a strong arm shakes the Othman throne !
In the Grecian army's van,
Mid havoc and wild flame,
Careers a godlike man—
His war-word—RHIGAS' name !

THE BROKEN HEART.

In passing through a city in Italy, I was intercepted by a funeral procession entering the Cathedral. I mingled with the crowd and went in also, to listen to the service for the Dead, which in such places is peculiarly solemn and impressive to those unaccustomed to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. While I surveyed the lofty ceiling, the gloomy, but gaudily adorned chapels, the striking representations of death and judgment that hung around, and listened to the muffled bells tolling heavily for the departed, as peal after peal echoed along the distant aisles, like voices from the tombs beneath, the admonition once sounded in the ears of a Monarch came to my recollection with irresistible force! "Remember that *thou* art mortal!"

The evening sun shone full on the immense painted windows of the choir, yet scarcely penetrated the colored panes, which threw a dim uncertain light of mingled hues among the lofty arcades and deep recesses, merely rendering visible scarlet canopies and painted banners, as a trembling zephyr wandered through the silken folds. Upon the splendid altar stood waxen tapers, glimmering like faint stars in the

surrounding gloom, and lighting up the many symbols and precious relics of the Cathedral.

An illuminated cross, suspended from above, shed an emblematic effulgence over all, and, when unobscured by the clouds of ascending incense, scattered its rays through the distant chapels; and as the ever varying tints of light and shade flitted over the storied canvass, the silent features of saints, prophets and martyrs seemed to glow with the animation of real life. On a low bier, beneath a pall of black velvet sustained by young maidens, whose tearful eyes betrayed their sorrow, lay the earthly relics of loveliness, worth and affection. A chaplet of white roses, entwined with cypress and orange blossoms, confined her raven tresses. One dark lock alone had escaped the frail band and heightened, by the deep contrast, the fairness of that brow, where the veins were still faintly perceptible.

All that art and nature could yield, to take away from death its awful aspect and soften the chilling atmosphere which surrounds the pall and the coffin, were heaped unsparingly around the unconscious victim; but they were spread in vain; the heart refuses all consolation in the first hours of utter desolation. The withering touch of the destroyer will not be diverted thus. Time and prayer alone can heal, even in a partial manner, the bleeding breast of the mourner! "Their help cometh from *above*," *earth* has *no balm*, among the sons of men there is *no Physician* for the sickness of the heart. The firmness of the proud philosopher, the stoicism of the unbeliever, vanish,

like morning mists from the hills, at the appearance of the Angel of Affliction—the Rider of the pale horse. A weeping mother bent in speechless agony over her first-born, and the parting seemed to rend the chords of her own life asunder—-nature paused long—and when she awoke from that trance, her eyes no longer could rest on the pale face of her beloved,—they had borne the mother *far away* from her child.

Two brothers and a young sister came to kiss the cold lips of their loved and lost one—ere they were shut up in darkness for ever ; friends and acquaintance pressed nearer, looked upon the silent "memento mori" of their own fate, or quietly touched the snowy hand, as if fearful of disturbing her dreamless slumbers. The loud and plaintive anthem ascended once more in the lofty dome, and I covered my face to give full scope to my suppressed feelings ; how long I remained thus I know not, but when I looked up, the mourners were gone and the crowd almost dispersed. I waited till all had departed save the Priests and attendants, and then advanced nearer to the coffin to take a last look also of the still beautiful maiden, as she lay in her white vestments. An aged man stood by apparently regardless of every thing but the corpse.

"Poor young victim!" said he, his voice almost inarticulate through grief, "And this is the decree of an inscrutable God—*thou* art taken in the hour of blossoming and I, a faded leaf, a bruised reed, still left. But thou wert broken hearted ; the canker worm revelled in thy bosom, and now thou art at rest. May

heaven afford thee that happiness which the world denied thee!"

"Amen!" said a low voice on my right hand. I started back suddenly and beheld, for the first time, a young man arrayed in mourning, standing at the foot of the bier; his arms were folded on his bosom, as if to hide the convulsive breathings; his countenance expressed not only *sorrow* but *despair*; his eye was riveted on the maiden—but no tear moistened its unearthly lustre or cooled the fevered cheek; and yet the deadly paleness and fearful calmness of his brow might have been mistaken for peace—but it was only like the deceitful quiet of the ocean before it is agitated by the tempest. I offered my hand: without taking his eye from the object before us, he grasped it convulsively.

"Aye, broken hearted!" at length he exclaimed, and then a wild uncontrollable gush of tears fell heavily, like autumn rain. The attendants came forward to close the lid upon the maiden—this roused him; he kissed her for the last time, took the wandering curl from its damp resting-place and placed it in his own bosom—stole a few blossoms from the fading garland—and I remarked that on the orange blossom (an emblem of constancy,) had fallen a solitary tear! I made free to rescue one rose-bud from the desolation of the tomb, meet emblem of her who resembled it in purity, in sweetness, in beauty; and, alas! in their fate also they were allied—both called in their hour of promise to wither in the grave!

Years fleeted by me—care and toil added wrinkles to my brow, and blanched my cheek—time scattered his grey hairs upon my head and abated the strength of my youth and, tired with travel and business, I was returning to lay me down beneath the green sod of my native land. The lingering rays of an Italian sunset quietly reposed upon the mountain tops around the Lake Maggiore, and bright clouds passed over its mirror, then fleecy skirts tinged with the mingling glories of gold, purple and crimson; these faded slowly, and at length the intense azure of the eastern heavens was only relieved by the star of evening, gently ushering in the modest twilight with her pensive eye and dewy locks.

The dark sides of the mountains were deeply shaded with groves of tall chestnut trees and clustering vineyards. Little towns and white villas, green pastures filled with happy flocks, and the humble cottage bright to the very roof with flowers and intermingling leaves, peeped out at intervals through the thick foliage; sparkling rills, glittering like pearl and silver, now taking their hue from the blue firmament and anon from the emerald verdure, glided down the hills till their waters mingled with the lakes beneath.

In the midst of such scenery lay Isola Bella, like a fair young child on the mother's bosom, adorned to the water's edge with aromatic plants. Orange and citron trees flourished luxuriantly, and over the supporting branches wandered the wild vines, wreathing their purple clusters with the golden fruit and snowy blossoms and, as if in very mockery of the art and pride

of man, forming bowers and temples and shady places to rest in at noon. Close to the shore, the seeming guardian of this little Eden, stood the ancient palace, but the busy hand of time had left many a mouldering token on the broken arcade and fallen columns.

Our little boat glided gently over the lake, and I gave my soul up to the soothing influence of the scene around me. Past images of corresponding loveliness came before my mind's eye in their pristine lustre,—"I lived over past times again" and forgot at length that I was sadly changed—that they were no longer. The sound of a flute came softly over the waters and recalled me to present life again. A small white monument was now visible on the island and, as we were near the shore, I requested to land. A female figure, cut out of the stone and reclining on a bier, was sculptured on the tablet, a garland was on her head, and one hand rested on her bosom. Above was engraved, "The Broken Heart."

The boatman informed me that her name was Ellen Medici. She was betrothed to a young gentleman of high birth and fortune, but man's love is like the evening meteor, too often transient in its duration and desolating in its departure. Merely to gratify a foolish vanity, he deserted her habitation for weeks, that at his return he might prove her unabated love and faithful devotion to him. Though perhaps never guilty of gross misdeeds, he flirted with one and flattered another, alike regardless of his own honour and her feelings whom he had sworn to love for ever and unchangingly. And is a woman insensible to such in-

gratitude, because she laughs with the giddy and dances with the gay as usual; because she welcomes her destroyer with the smile of former days, when she loved and was happy in the belief that her love was returned,—cherishing, to the last, the consoling hope that she may by kindness win back the wanderer, nor disclosing by word, look or action, the sorrow that is draining her life-blood, drop by drop, from its fountain? I will tell you:—that maiden from whose burial-wreath (which should have been her bridal one) I stole the faded rose, laughed thus, danced thus, smiled thus. But she is at rest, and he for whom my sympathy was awakened, when I knew not half the burthen of his woes, learned at her grave that a *woman's heart may break* while man is rejoicing in his triumph over innocence and beauty,—and that the flower, which is carelessly culled to adorn for a moment his cold bosom, may leave, in its withering, a thorn behind that can never be extracted.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

"Mr Smith's house is in flames!" was the ingenious exclamation of a wag who wished to procure a comfortable seat at the Theatre on a crowded occasion. The anecdote is an old one, but involves a fact intimately connected with the following story; and that fact is, that *Smith* is not only a Proper, but likewise a Common name, in spite of grammatical definition. A catalogue of all North Americans now alive, who have enjoyed the privilege of being christened, would unquestionably show that two-thirds of them claim the cognomens of Abbot, Clark and Smith; and that the last mentioned comprehends two-thirds of the majority. Would to heaven the myriads of Smiths in the world had been diminished by one, and that one myself! for trifling as the circumstance may seem, this name of mine entangled me in an adventure such as seldom falls to the lot of a young person, engaged like myself in the quiet pursuits of literature. Willingly would I have bartered the diabolical epithet for that of Praise-God-Bare-Bones; and often have I anathematized the progenitor who first adopted it. But as it may not be good policy for a writer, in an age of refinement, and on the threshold

of a story, to incur the charge of profanity or coarseness, merely because his name is Smith, I shall bestow no vulgar vituperatives upon that which was given me without asking and afterwards watered at the baptismal font, but simply state the grounds of my antipathy.

At the age of sixteen, being thrown out of employment as a store sweep, I resolved to spend a portion of my time in making better preparation for that heterogeneous office, by learning the art of Book-keeping. The best teacher then in our city was a Mr Timothy Timepiece ; familiarly called by his scholars Old Timepiece. Supposing chronometers to discharge their duties faithfully, there never was a name more emblematical of character. Mr Timepiece possessed what may be well called a romantic affection for the mathematics and a supreme indifference for every other pursuit. Nothing indeed but necessity would have induced him to meddle with a branch of knowledge, even so little removed from them as Book-keeping. Punctuality he worshipped as a divinity, and seldom swerved from its dictates. All men of this character have their favorite hobbies. Some are upon the point of getting the Longitude at sea ; others have driven the square of the circle into a corner ; and others again are just about nabbing the latter end of an infinite series. I was curious to learn what "baseless fabric" was busying the brain of my master ; and the old creature soon gratified me, for he seemed to have taken a fancy to his new pupil.

One day, when I remained alone with him to borrow a little insight into the mysteries of Double entry, he stepped cautiously across the room, unlocked a remarkably nice jointed, beechwood box about twelve inches square, and returned to me with the same caution, bearing in his hand a shining circular contrivance not unlike to a pot-lid.

"This," said, he "is a Sundial, wherein all the common imperfections of that instrument are rectified."

He then entered into an elaborate exposition of his own improvements, talked much about apogee and perigee, and concluded by requesting me not to drop a syllable of what he had confided. "For," said he, should one of my brethren get the slightest clue to the secret, he may ruin the scheme I have in view, and blast in a moment the cherished hopes of twenty years. My plan is this. When I have realized money enough to defray the expense of such an undertaking, I shall embark for Europe and seek, at the court of St. James, that patronage in which our own country is so lamentably deficient." With becoming solemnity I promised not to betray his confidence. His secret, and he was probably aware of it, will go down with me to the grave.

These traits of Mr Timepiece leave him confounded with a numerous class of men. His identity centered in his personal appearance, which seemed to be an exception to the general mutability of human things. His pantaloons were of dingy black broadcloth; so was his coat; so was his waistcoat. The

latter article, the topmost button of which looked like an excrescence of the throat, had deep pockets and no collar. A felt hat, perfectly clean and perfectly furless, seemed to cling with desperation to the back part of a sandy wig, which clung with equal energy to the burnished globe beneath. His neckcloth, though uniformly unsoiled, gave no other indication of ever being changed. As for the protruding collars and collarets of our day, he would have sacrificed his sundial rather than adopt them. Not even the equinoctial gales could induce him to button his outer coat. Two pairs of white-topped boots, which seemed to grow wider as their contents gradually pined away, encountered, in weekly alternation, the mud of winter and the dust of summer. In walking, his body inclined forward at a given angle; he traversed the streets in right lines, and turned all corners in mathematical curves. An enormous ivory-headed cane, that might have served for a leaping-pole, was the sole and never failing attendant of his peregrinations, or, I should say rather, it constituted a part of himself. The unchangeableness of his apparel assimilates him so closely to Dominie Sampson that I shall not dwell upon it longer, for fear of committing unintentional plagiarisms. Suffice it to say, therefore, that no one who had once seen Mr Timepiece would hesitate to swear to his identity at any distance of time or place.

A month after my acquaintance with him as a master, my own prospects suddenly changed. A con-

currence of fortunate circumstances putting it in my power to get an academical education, I gave up all thoughts of commerce and took, as I imagined, an eternal farewell of old Timepiece, never to forget, and never to be forgotten by him.

A year from this period was spent in preparation for College, after which I was admitted to the flourishing institution at Brunswick, in the State of Maine. The reader will perhaps be surprised to find me so little scrupulous about the names of persons and places: he is welcome to continue in his surprise. My name is John Smith: yet I defy all New-England to discover *which* John Smith is here intended. Moreover, any one of that name, has my free permission to claim this narrative, and much credit may it do him.

In the mean time let the reader imagine that three years more have elapsed; that he beholds John Smith a Senior of Bowdoin College, sitting in his room on a pleasant afternoon of the winter term, and poring over a lesson in Butler's Analogy. Such, precisely, was my situation, when some one knocked at the door of my room. I knew by the sound that it must be a stranger, for a student's rap is as peculiar as the countersign of a Freemason; and although unwilling to be disturbed at the moment, I thought it best to say "come in." On turning round to look at my visitant, what was my surprise to see an aged man, dressed in a dingy suit of blackbroad cloth, with a felt hat, perfectly clean, and perfectly furless, stooping at a given angle, and bearing in his hand an enormous

ivory-headed cane. It will readily be supposed that there was no mistaking him.

"How do you do Mr Timepiece," I exclaimed, springing across the room and heartily shaking his hand, which returned my grasp with equal good will. "Why, Mr. Timepiece! this is quite an unexpected pleasure, I assure you—I really thought you were in London, negotiating a patent for your Sundial—but perhaps you have already been there, and succeeded in your application, of course—let me see; it is now four years since we met."

This soliloquy, which is continuous here, was interrupted at the time by considerable pauses. But as my visitant continued smiling and bowing and stepping round with singular cheerfulness and activity, yet without uttering a syllable, I went on talking, to relieve the embarrassment of an interview which threatened otherwise to be entirely pantomimic.—"But, Mr Timepiece, I ask your pardon—suffer me to take your hat and give you a seat." He declined the offer of a chair with an abundance of polite yet unnatural gesticulation, and the same gracious yet incomprehensible smile. Confounded at this equivocal proceeding, I set my wits to work to divine the cause. He has undoubtedly come upon no very acceptable errand. I must have forgotten to pay his bill for book-keeping; or else somebody has forestalled his eternal sundial, and he comes to accuse me of letting the cat out of the bag, when I have never had hold of the strings. By this time, vexation had

got the upper hand of good breeding, and I was upon the point of telling him either to open his clamshells or quit the room, when I saw him shambling towards me in the same uncouth style, pointing down his throat with the fore-finger of one hand and fumbling in his pocket with the other. What! starving? thought I, egad, here comes an explanation in shape either of bill or beggary. He shall get as much for one as for the other. The poor wretch however, may have returned from London with "pockets to let," and don't like to say so excepting by proxy.—These conjectures were speedily set to rest by the appearance of a College Catalogue, upon which he pointed out the name of Smith, and against it "Room No. 8," at the same time looking a note of interroga- into into my face. "Yes," said I, "that is my name, and that is my number. No mistake here Mr Timepiece, and I shall feel unalterably obliged to you, if you will sit down and unfold the object of your visit."

Here he shook his head by way of negation, yet with so goodnatured a look that I began to pity him, begging him to throw off false delicacy, and speak out. At this exhortation, into which I threw all the eloquence of politeness, his mouth opened an inch wider; his smile was transformed into a suspicious grin, and he began to back out of the room. The truth now struck me like a clap of thunder—saving its simplicity. I had been talking to a deaf and dumb man. But how he had got possession of the phiz, costume, manners and ivory-headed cane of old Timepiece,

was to me an unfathomable mystery. It must be, thought I, that my old master has undergone this dreadful visitation of Providence; yet why that suspicious grin?—Another thought struck me. I caught up the catalogue which was lying on the table and the whole enigma was solved. Against the name of my class-mate and name-sake, Jonathan Smith, stood "No. 8, M. H." that is Maine Hall: whereas, against my own was "No. 8, N. C." or New College. It is surprising that my class-mate's name did not occur to me sooner; but with regard to his room, although I was perfectly familiar with its situation, and entered it almost every day, yet the number might have been painted over it till the end of time, without making me the wiser. The knowledge of my own number, therefore, and ignorance of my class-mate's, blinded me to the distinctions of our christian names, and of the two buildings—an oversight natural enough for one provoked as I was, and at the time, wholly unsuspicious of an error. I now concluded that the man was an unfortunate relative of my class-mate; that he had called at my room through ignorance of the place; been confounded at first by his familiar and loquacious reception, and finally satisfied that I was making a fool of him. Anxious to do away the last impression, I advanced towards him with this object in view; for it must be recollected that the train of thought here transcribed, occupied but an instant in passing through the mind. The method I took to persuade him that I now understood the state of

things was not, certainly, the most expert; but had any other person been placed in my perplexing situation, he would probably have acted in like manner. For I unconsciously accompanied the most lively and expressive gestures with a torrent of useless words. But it was too late. The dumb man discovering his own mistake immediately after entering the room, had produced the catalogue by way of explanation; and seeing me persevere in the same mode of treatment he naturally and firmly concluded that I was quizzing. The only effect, therefore, of my best overtures was to fix him more firmly in this belief. He had now reached the door, and was groping for the latch behind his back; scraping, bowing, shading his head and still persevering in his satanic grin. A predicament so essentially desperate, completely nettled me. Patience gave up the ghost. I told the dumb man to go to the d——l, flung myself into a chair, placed my feet over the fireplace and resumed the lesson in Butler; for it was four o'clock and we recited at five. The position I took left the door behind me; so that I could not see my visitant quit the room. But his exit was made known by a violent slam of the door, with a subsequent stamping and rattling of the cane which indicated no very conciliating feeling towards me. It had the effect however to make me good humoured again. Such a manifestation of rage, following such a profusion of smiles and graces, had too much of the ridiculous in it to be resisted. I burst into a loud and unrestrained fit of

laughter, threw aside Butler and ran over, without a hat, to the room of my class-mate and name-sake, determined to get a thorough explanation. The celerity of the dumb man's motions was a fresh source of mirth: for he had scarcely had time to descend the stairs, yet I did not overtake him in the entry. Taking the front side of Maine Hall, I entered the North-western door and dashed into Smith's room—forgetting in my hurry the usual ceremony of knocking.—The room was vacant. Butler's Analogy lay open on the table. Concluding that the occupant had stepped into a neighbour's apartment and would soon return, I sat down to finish the lesson. I was just winding up a sentence on a subject of our perceptive powers when the door opened, and I did not immediately turn to explain the reason of my intrusion. Delay is dangerous says the wise man. Before I got an opportunity to apologize for my ill manners, they were punished by a blow on the head which sent all Butler far beyond the pale of memory, and doubled every object in the room. On looking round to see where the compliment came from, I beheld the counterpart of old Timepiece, foaming with rage, his mouth bloody, and his ivory headed cane in the act of a second descent upon my knowledge-box. Content with the first, I dodged like a beleaguered squirrel, darting through the door which had been providentially left open, and making for my own room with as little deviation as the state of my intellects permitted. A very consoling spectacle awaited me here. Nothing

less than Jonathan Smith sitting at ease in my chair and studying my Butler. At this moment I could have subscribed conscientiously to the doctrine of the direct agency of Satan in human affairs.

"Out upon you!" cried I, "I have seen enough of your family to day. But how in the name of the black art came you here?"

"O! I called in to ask you whether or no a strange looking elderly gentleman, deaf and dumb, has been here to day?"

"Why—yes. I begin to have a feeble recollection of some such person. But what of him?"

"He was introduced to me this noon at the boarding-house, and promised to call upon me at half-past-three this afternoon. I gave him a catalogue for his direction: but after waiting in vain till four, his non-appearance made me suspect he had mistaken the buildings; gone to your room and found the occupant absent. Or, perhaps you sent him packing. If so, I wish to get trace of him again for the sake of civility. He is from the Connecticut Asylum—has a talent for painting, and is travelling through the country taking portraits."

"Very probable. He has just been taking mine: and I will do him the credit to say that he works with despatch. Dont flatter much, I imagine? But how long have you been *here*?"

"Not more than a minute or two."—

"And when did you leave your own room?"

"Ten minutes ago, perhaps. But you are very particular in your queries."

"Yes. But did it occupy you eight minutes to come round the colleges?"

"Not exactly; I stopped awhile in Bartlett's room."

"Did you meet no one on the way?"

"Not a soul."

"This is very extraordinary! By which door did you leave your building?"

"Why really, I can hardly recollect. Let me see though: yes: I took the North-eastern one. But let me know if you please, the drift of this catechising before you proceed."

"Have patience my friend. I am indebted to you for a moderate head-ache, and expect your forbearance while I put a few more questions. For instance, what have you been doing to the door of my wood-closet? Here is the latch bent double, and the hetch in the middle of the room."

"I know nothing about it. It was just so when I came in."

"This is satisfactory. But you must not stay here longer. Run directly to your own room; I will see you again after tea. The dumb man is already there, and you may tell him I wish he had the palsy too."

The foregoing conversation cleared up the whole mystery to my mind; but others may require a more minute explanation. Should the reader ever pass through the snug little village of Brunswick, I will thank him to call at No. 8 New College, and cast his eyes round the apartment. He will then perceive that the door of the wood-closet and that of the room are nearly contiguous. He will see further, that the

former has a latch upon the outside, without any communication from within, so that the closet itself forms a perfect box-trap. Into this "black hole" had the dumb man backed, while he was making his unnoticed bows; and it was a mistake that I believe the reader himself would commit, should he happen to forget this caution; for I never saw a stranger attempt to leave one of those rooms without first opening the wrong door. A person in his right senses and a proper position would, indeed, soon rectify the error. But my dumb friend's intellects had not been sharpened by the occurrences of the afternoon; and he had closed the door upon himself, with all the vehemence of passion. The stamping and rattling, which caused me to laugh so immoderately, was occasioned by his stumbling over the loose wood lying about the closet floor. In this manner also he probably received the bruise in his mouth which I had just seen stained with blood: or it was done in forcing the door. Whether his senses could make him aware of my boisterous mirth, and immediate retreat from the room, I never ascertained. But his indignation at meeting me again at No. 8 Maine Hall, sitting at my ease with all the dignity of a proprietor, and all the coolness of one who had never seen him —is readily accounted for, and seems to justify his summary mode of revenge.

In the course of the evening, friend Smith called upon me for a solution. I gave him the foregoing particulars at which he laughed heartily; advising me

to publish the story and call it the Comedy of Errors. "But," said I, "recollect my broken head." "True," he retorted, "then it shall be the Tragedy of Errors." "So it shall," I replied, "if it is ever printed." With regard to the wonderful similarity of appearance which had so completely deceived me, my friend thought it need not be so strong as I imagined; observing that, as I had not seen Old Timepiece for several years, a partial resemblance was enough to occasion the mistake. But this point I would never concede. The picture of Mr Timepiece had made a distinct and indelible impression upon me. I prefer, therefore, to consider the likeness as a species of miracle and ascribe it to one of nature's freaks. In return for what I had communicated, Smith gave me a further account of his dumb friend: stating that he left the asylum in Connecticut with a view to practise his art, upon which he chiefly relied for a subsistence. His success, I believe fully answered his expectations. He has left several specimens of his skill in Brunswick and the neighbouring villages, which may be seen to this day. Should he ever take a correct likeness of himself, I shall endeavour to purchase and present it to his mathematical counterpart, who will thus have his own portrait without the trouble of sitting for it.

A day or two after the adventure here related, a reconciliation and better acquaintance took place between us through the mediation of my class-mate; when I embraced the opportunity to sound his feelings on the subject of our first rencontre. The re-

sult was a further elucidation. After emerging from the closet, "vi et armis," he proceeded to execute his intention of calling upon my class-mate, in whose domains he found me, and avenged himself as before described. It was during the interval of his departure and my return, that Jonathan Smith had quitted Bartlett's room, to exercise in *mine*, the same liberties I had taken with *his*. One unlucky suspicion still remains in my dumb friend's bosom in relation to the closet scene. He admitted my innocence in every thing else, but never seemed to be satisfied that I was ignorant at the time, of his entrapment.

Our conferences were made at first in writing: but subsequently he taught me the pantomimic alphabet in the use of which I became quite expert. This is formed partly by the fingers, and partly by throwing about the arms and holding them in different positions.

In travelling about the country, the poor man introduced himself by means of letters, explaining his condition and business as an artist.

The degree of culture which a mind so covered by nature may receive from education; the enjoyments thus brought within its reach, and the field of utility thus spread before it, are considerations honorable to a country that supports more than one of the noblest institutions benevolence ever yet devised. There seems to be a peculiar sanctity attached to these establishments. We cannot but regard their object as a humble, yet an acceptable and glorious incitation

of the wonders wrought by Divine power, actuated by universal philanthropy.

The speechless artist remained in Brunswick several weeks, at the end of which time I had become an intimate acquaintance. On taking leave he informed me that he should shortly visit Boston. I replied that our vacation commenced in May, when I also should be there, and that I expected the pleasure of another meeting. To tell the truth, I had little expectation of any such thing, and doubt much whether I should have troubled myself to find him.

On a pleasant day of the May vacation however, as I was strolling leisurely through Marlborough Street, whom should I see shambling towards me, but mine ancient friend of the *palette*. He perceived me at a distance and gave me a look of recognition. Still it was destitute of that familiar expression which our late intimacy warranted me to expect, and clearly showed that he felt indifferent to a renewal of it. But it was too late to avoid an interview, for he had now approached within three feet of me. I bowed—smiled—flourished my arms, and was asking him in pantomime, how he did, when a sudden blow from the ivory-headed cane levelled me to the ground.—Merciful Heaven!—I had been gesticulating before Old Timepiece, who had forgotten neither his pupil nor the authority of a master.

THE DELUGE.

O'er the wide earth was joy. The shell went round,
And song and mirth, not innocent, were there.
The fires upon the altar were extinct,
Or lighted but at pleasure's shrine, they burn'd
With an unholy brightness. There was heard
The sound of revelry, the merry laugh
That peal'd amid the banquet. Men reclin'd
In bowers of roses. On the river's bank,
Lull'd by the sounding waters, and the calm
Of cooling shades, sooth'd by the rushing breeze,
Mingling with music's soft and melting strain,
Flew the voluptuous hours. Then men bow'd,
But nôt to God, and innocence had now
Not e'en a name on earth. The hills, the rocks,
Were not God's altars. Men receiv'd the gift,
But worshipp'd not the Giver. O'er the earth
Was one great festival, one gala day,
Of enervating pleasure. They whose brows
Should bear the helmet, wore the coronal;

The unmanly chaplet of unmanly flowers.
The bowers of beauty were profan'd—the blush
Which, like the ruin'd temple's fire, betray'd
The approach of its disturber, was a scorn.
Men's senses reel'd amid the banquet's joys.—
The wine-cup's poison they had drunk, and who
Should stay the pestilence? the smiling earth,
Where'er they habited, from hill to hill,
From rock to rock, rung with the echoing strain
Of pleasure's orgies, like a trumpet-blast.

What is the rushing sound that swells the air?
Why is the voice of revelry so mute?
Why fly the roses from the blooming cheek?
It is the dash of waters. Hark! again!
As if a thousand torrents were abroad,
Dashing their headlong way, or the wild waves
Of ocean were approaching—while on high
Bursts the loud cry of horror and dismay.
There is the shriek of agony; the groan
Half drown'd in bubbling waters; the deep curse,
And the half utter'd prayer, and hopeless shrieks
For more than hopeless help; and the wild yell
Of the astonish'd beasts—who ply their limbs
In vain to gain some spot above the waves,—
From the proud lion, roaring in his wrath,

To the poor lamb, who struggles for a while,
Then with a silent and appealing look,
Sinks down beneath the waters—and there too,
Still faithful to the last, the generous dog
Spends his last breath to save the one he loves,
Forgetful of himself;—and when at length
The sobbing breath and failing limb proclaim
The effort well nigh over, still enjoys
Affection's proudest privilege, to die
With him he could not save. All else forget
Their natures and their passions, in the depth
Of their calamity. The mountain-top
Affords a moment's refuge—there was seen
The young lamb crouching at the tiger's side
Securely ; and some desperate hand has seiz'd
And wrestled with the monster for his place,
Till the waves close o'er both, and struggling, both
Together sink. The father spurns his child,
Yet clinging to him, in the whirling wave.
The sister's hand has found some frail support,—
A brother's stronger grasp has wrench'd it from her
And dash'd her in the waters—safe on high
The dove flies trembling with the trembling kite
Unharm'd, unharming.—All is selfish now,
Only the mother clasps her frighted babe

In wild amazement closer to her breast,
And shrieks, and perishes. Affection's ties
Are broken or forgotten. The tall tower,
And lofty hill, are peopled with the brutes
And men; some vainly struggling for the place,
Grapple with desperate arm the lion's throat,
Till the wild prey and waters sweep them all
Into one common sepulchre. With shrieks
The wild bird vainly seeks a resting place
Over that shoreless ocean, till at last
She clasps her weary wing, and drops, and dies.

Through the wide earth 'tis deeply silent now!
There is no sound, save of the waters' flow.
The world is one vast grave; and all its caves
And vales and mountains one huge sepulchre.
In his new world the astonish'd dolphin plays;—
The ponderous whale sports now in beauty's bowers,
In stupid wonder at the unwonted sight.
Around the wanton harp-strings serpents wind,
And twine amid the rose-wreath'd coronals.
On the voluptuous couch, o'ercanopied
With fair and fragrant flowers, the slimy eel
And sea-snake knot and nestle, for the hour
Of dreadful retribution has arriv'd;—
God in his power is there!

A sound once more!
The rushing winds are heard, and, joy! again
The mountain lifts its head above the waves.
Wheeling amid the solitary air
The raven now appears—o'er that wide waste
The dove all vainly seeks a resting-place.
Yet not again in vain; for now she bears
The token-branch of mercy—and the waves
And water have subsided; and the deep
Rolls slowly back its surges, and the hills
And dripping forests come once more to light.
Yet mid this scene of horrors is there hope
And pledge of a redeeming mercy. Not again,
Yet not again, oh! God, wilt thou rebuke
Thy children thus. Thy chastening rod
In wrath was lifted up. The cloud past not
Till on its bosom play'd the rainbow's smile.
Still may that pledge be our's; and when the cloud
Of thy rebuke is on us, then oh! God,
In mercy let thy rainbow still appear,
Till the tremendous hour be past away.

THE TWO SUITORS.

—"And that morn
Had Juan from his Inez borne
All woman's prettiness of scorn:
Had watch'd for her averted eye
In vain,—had seen a rival nigh,
And smil'd upon;—and wildly swore
That he would wear her chain no more!—
—And yet she lov'd him—oh! how well,
Let woman's own fond spirit tell."

The expediency of the war of 1812, between Great Britain and America, was not so unanimously acknowledged by the citizens of the latter country, nor was the conflict maintained by them with the same enthusiasm and sacrifices as distinguished that which gave Independence to the "Union."

This aversion to "deeds of arms" did not, however, arise from cowardice, or effeminacy; and though some, no doubt, opposed the war merely from *party* considerations, yet but few, even of these, were indifferent to the glory and prosperity of their country. Many of our best and wisest patriots really believed the appeal to the sword premature, and that friendly negociation might have removed, or at least remedied, the grievances of which we complained.

And many were opposed to the invasion of Canada, as contrary to the genius of our constitution and the principles of Washington ; and they urged that the ambition of conquest, was incompatible with the preservation of republican institutions. Thus, though they allowed the war to be necessary, they contended that insults to our flag would be most effectually and honorably repelled on the theatre where they had been offered. Such were the feelings and reasonings which, unhappily for the reputation of our arms, prevented many of the brave and high-spirited young men of the North from obeying the call of their country, and arranging themselves beneath her standard at the commencement of the struggle. But, as the war continued, the thirst for martial fame, one of the most potent passions of man, or indignation at the atrocities of the British troops and their Indian allies, occasionally overcame the principles or prejudices of this class, and many were found fighting under the orders of an Administration for which they would not have voted. Yet it was not till Sir George Prevost, presuming on the superior skill of his veteran legions, and perhaps hoping the disapprobation of the war so openly manifested by a majority of the New-England citizens would operate to favor his design, made his irruption into the " States," with the intent of permanent conquest and occupation, that the true spirit of Yankee Americans was displayed. Sir George, in his proclamation, showed extreme ignorance of the genius and disposition of independent

Republicans, especially of those he so pacifically addressed. He ought to have known that the sons of those brave men who had compelled Burgoyne to lay his weapons at their feet, would never permit a hostile army to march quietly through their territory.—And he might have reflected that any attempt to separate the people from a government emanating from *themselves*, would be as impolitic as futile; and above all that, from an *invader*, the offer of protection, if *peaceful* and *unoffending*, would be considered a most aggravated insult, and prove the surest means of uniting their councils and rousing their resistance. It did unite and arouse them effectually. At the call of Macomb, the militia of Vermont, without distinction of *party*, rushed to the defence of Plattsburgh, with the same ardour and unshaken confidence in the justice and success of their cause, as their fathers had displayed when they came in the might of Freedom to the field of Saratoga!

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, of September 3d, 1814, that an express from Macomb entered the secluded but pretty village of *******, about 20 miles from Lake Champlain. His warlike errand was no sooner told, than, as if an electric chord had been touched, the hearts of all who heard it thirsted for the combat. A stout drummer, who actually laid down the sickle for the drum-stick, instantly paraded the street, beating most furiously to arms, the train of young republicans at his heels increasing every moment, while the conscript fathers were hastily delib-

erating on the speediest method of despatching their reinforcement to the aid of the American General.—About one half mile from the little village, and entirely concealed from it by an intervening hill, stood the dwelling of Captain Ware, a veteran of the revolution, but now quite too far advanced in years to take an active part in military preparations. Supported on his staff, he was slowly proceeding towards the village, and had just gained the ascent of the hill, when the messenger, reining in his foaming steed as he approached him, exclaimed,—"No doubt, father, you fought Burgoyne, or Cornwallis. The red coats are coming down upon Plattsburgh. Will you not send your sons to the battle?"

"Are the British coming?" eagerly demanded the old man, standing upright, while he advanced one foot, and brought up his staff with what he intended for a fine military air—"Would to heaven I had an army of sons to fight them! But I have no sons hereabouts. Yet stop, stop," added he impatiently—"I want to talk more about it—you can't?—well, well, call at my house yonder,—that one with the maple trees afore it, and tell them young men there to hasten up to the village."

The messenger bowed, gave the reins to his fiery and restless steed,and sprang forward, while the dust rose as if a whirlwind were passing. The house to which the old man pointed, stood on a small eminence commanding the road, and had the appearance of being quite ancient for the country. The low old fash-

ioned porch, and high steep roof, were nearly covered by a luxuriant woodbine, which, being sheltered from the fierce heats of the sun by lofty maples, wore even at that season of the year almost the greenness of spring. A tall, fine looking young man was standing on the lowest step of the porch, his hat on, evidently ready to depart; but probably delaying till the horseman, who came sweeping onwards so furiously, should have passed. On a seat within the porch sat a gentleman and lady, both bending forward to catch a view of the stranger, who, drawing up the rein a moment roared out in a tone very nearly as loud as a trumpet,—"To Plattsburgh, to Plattsburgh, young men!—The British are coming!"—And again dashing forward, was soon out of sight.

"George," said a sweet tremulous voice, that sounded, when compared with the harsh accents which had just died away, like the breathings of gentle music after the thunder-bolt has sped,—"George, shall you go?"

"Go, yes I *will* go!" answered he with emphasis, and a kind of exultation, that, for a moment, seemed to carry a bitter pang to the heart of the young lady.—But her color soon changed from the paleness of marble to a glow as bright as the tints of a summer morning, and her fine dark eyes sparkled with enthusiasm and spirit as she eagerly exclaimed,—"Yes, yes, if the enemy are coming you must—you must all go." And she glanced towards the young man seated in the porch.

He was examining a leaf of the woodbine as intently, and seemingly with as much devotion, as a professor of Botany would bestow on a new plant whose genus was yet undecided, and did not notice her appeal.

"I shall now have my father's consent to join the troops," continued George, kindling with new ardour as he gazed on the animated face before him. "I have often heard him say that, if the British invaded us, every means he could command should be at the service of his country. He did not think the declaration of war, at the time, very wise, and he has thought the management of the war very weak; but he will never sit tamely down while the flag of our enemy is waving over our territory."

"Hush! hark! the drum!"—said Julia, laying her finger on her parted lips.

"They are beating up for volunteers!" cried George, his eyes flashing. "Edward, are you going?"

"Call me *Ned* if you please, sir! Edward sounds too countrified," returned the other, still turning over the woodbine leaf. "I shall be up at the village soon; there is no time lost yet, and I have no idea that my parents will consent I should go at any rate."

Another roll of the drum was borne by on the wind.

"I leave you with agreeable company, Miss Ware," said George, with a tone and manner in which love, tenderness and sorrow seemed struggling with anger, reproach and contempt, "Farewell!" And he stepped on the ground with a firm tread.

"George, George Hopkins," she cried in a quick agitated voice. He paused and again turned towards her. But if she had really intended saying aught to dissuade him from his purpose of joining the army, or appease what her heart whispered was just resentment, his mild, collected air at once, by awakening her pride, restored her self-possession, and she merely enquired when he thought the volunteers would have to march.

"Immediately," was his reply. "To-night, or to-morrow morning, I presume." And bowing he walked, or rather ran towards the village, at a speed that soon carried him beyond the sound of her voice.—She gazed after him till he had ascended the hill, and then, while busying herself in arranging a beautiful geranium she was cultivating, and which George, in the hurry of his departure had nearly overturned, she found opportunity to wipe away the tears which, in spite of all her efforts, would gush when she thought of that youth and the manner in which they had separated, never perhaps to meet again.

"You are mightily concerned about your geranium, Miss Julia," said the knight of the leaf. "Now I don't see the need of young ladies who reside in the country, troubling themselves about raising shrubs and flowers, when they will spring up and bloom every where around them without care or trouble. In the city to be sure, they must have them artificially, or not at all;—but hang me, if I ever liked to see the windows filled with pots and boxes, and all them sort of things. It was quite too countrified."

"I should think the sight of those objects that remind us of home and its associations would always be pleasant;" replied the young lady, regarding him with a very grave air.

"O! yes, to be sure, whatever brings to our recollection the pretty girls we have left in the country is transcendantly beautiful; and when I looked on those city geraniums and thought of your's I could have wished every window a flower-pot. But sometimes they reminded me of a farm, and then George Hopkins always crossed my mind, and you must feel I could not be happy."

"George is an excellent young man, and the idol of his friends;" remarked Julia, apparently unconscious of the manner in which she was changing the conversation, "do you think there will be much danger in the defence of Plattsburgh?"

"I don't think it will have to be defended at all, for I have no idea the British will attack it. They have only entered Champlain village to make a flourish and show themselves. The next thing we hear they will be off, safe and snug in Canada. No, no, they will never try the metal of our Green Mountain boys," continued he, rising and stepping loftily across the porch. "Why I could beat two red coats myself."

"You intend joining the troops under Macomb, doubtless," said Julia, with a covert smile.

"There will be no need of me if George goes," replied he with a sneer. "He is such an *excellent*

young man he will doubtless make an excellent soldier."

Julia bit her pretty lip, and her cheek was again crimson; but she spoke calmly and with dignity.—"Yes, George I am sure will go, though he has never expressed so much anxiety to be a soldier as many others."

"As *I* have you mean, Miss Ware," replied the other, with a quickness that appeared petulant.—"Yes, I have been very anxious to join the army, but my father positively forbade it; and my mother cried over me till I promised never to go without her consent. If I can obtain that———"

"You will go, I presume," said Julia, after waiting in vain for him to finish the sentence; "I cannot believe she will now refuse. Hark! the drum again! How can you linger here? I can hardly stay myself."

"First promise that this hand shall be mine at my return," cried he seizing her white hand, and pressing it to his lips.

"No, no, I shall make no promises," replied Julia. "*Desert*, not *fancy*, shall lead me, as much as it did the Indian princess in the 'Conquest of Mexico.'—And you have often repeated that

"*None but* the *brave* deserve the fair;"

and with a laugh, blush and sigh, she broke from him and vanished into the house.

"Now if George goes, I shall have to march to Plattsburgh, or never hear the last of it," said Edward Baring, mentally, as he slowy wended his way

towards the village. "What a devilish unlucky thing it was for me that the news of this invasion should find me at old Ware's. Had I been at home I would have managed well enough,—been ill, or my mother might have fainted. But now, Julia knows I am in good health, and I fear my mother would not like to have me show less courage than George. I hope, if the British do come, they will pepper him,—I must and will have Julia." And no young gentleman who had seen Julia would have wondered at this determination.

Julia Ware was the beauty and belle of the village, and the pride of her doting grand-parents who had cherished her from infancy and, although they were in the poorer class, had contrived to give her an excellent education, and every advantage which the children of their richest neighbours enjoyed. And they often boasted that she repaid all their care and toil for her an hundred fold. She was so affectionate, and dutiful, and industrious, and sweet tempered. They did not believe she had a single fault, or would even be guilty of a single indiscretion. But women are not angels on earth, the opinion of their admirers to the contrary notwithstanding, and it is only by a life of patience, self-denial, active virtue and piety, that they can hope to attain the glorious state of becoming like the angels in heaven. And though the personal loveliness of Julia was perfect as can well be imagined, yet in her temper there were some faults which she had indulged, thoughtlessly, perhaps, but still to a degree that her

strict sense of moral rectitude would have condemned in another, and she was now to feel the punishment of her vanity and want of consideration, in the loss of a lover whose affection she prized as her life.

George Hopkins and Edward Baring were neighbours' children, of the same age, similarly situated in both being only sons, and they had passed their early years almost entirely together. Indeed, till they were sixteen, whether at school, play or work, they were seldom seen asunder. Neither, to a common observer, was there at that time, much perceptible difference in the intelligence and promise of the two lads.—Both were active, lively and ingenuous ; happy in the present, and anticipating a life of happiness and success. But there was a difference. To conquer those little obstacles and difficulties which, at school, on the play-ground or in the field, were constantly recurring, George always depended on himself and his own exertions, and Edward always depended on George. Thus, though at the hour of recitation, the same commendations for assiduity were usually bestowed on both, it was only by one that they were merited, and one only was much benefitted by the application. Acquiring knowledge by proxy, though quite as convenient for many, will never be found quite so practicable as voting by proxy. But young Edward, while standing by the side of George, felt no lack of knowledge ; indeed his progress was so rapid as greatly to astonish his relatives, who were never noted for deep learning, and an eminent maiden aunt,

who had long pined to see a scholar in the family, was so delighted at her nephew's prodigious genius, that she left him sole heir to her fortune of six thousand dollars, on condition, in the words of her will, that he should go to college if his faculties were graciously continued him, and if he received a call, as she firmly believed he would, become a minister. Edward was now to be a great man. Latin was forthwith commenced, and nothing but "hic, hæc, hoc" was heard from morning till night. But it is much easier to bestow money than to impart intellectual energy, and Edward, before a month had passed, secretly wished his good aunt had taken her gold with her; as he found that confinement to study without the aid of George Hopkins, was a punishment far more grievous than any he had ever endured.

Excepting to those few whose souls are thirsting for knowledge, the confinement to books and study is an irksome restraint, and one which is, in Yankee land, too often inflicted. The pride of holding their sons in a learned profession causes many parents to be very indifferent, or, at least very ill judging concerning the fitness of the course they are pursuing with their children, and its adaptation to their characters and capacities. A good intelligent farmer, or mechanic, is far more useful and respectable, and, I believe, far happier, than a poor—intellectually poor —scholar, who is dependent on his education for support.—But this is a digression.

While Edward's parents were proudly rejoicing at the honorable career thus unexpectedly opened before their only son, he, poor child, was pettish with vexa-

tion, sad and stupid from confinement, and envying every boy he saw at liberty to work and be happy. At length the redness of his eyes, swollen with weeping in despair over a stubborn verb that defied all his efforts to conjugate it, alarmed his mother, she was confident that Edward's excessive love of study was seriously injuring his eyes, and he instantly conceived the plan, for weak minds are prone to artifice, of attributing to their soreness, his daily deficiences in his lessons. And so the weakness of his eyes, notwithstanding the plentiful application of rose-water, eye-water and every restorative that could be heard of, increased hourly till a physician was consulted. He recommended green glasses, and green glasses were instantly procured. But green spectacles, even with *silver* bows, have but little effect in enlightening the mind : and it was there that the *dimness* of which Edward complained was seated. Edward received no benefit from his glasses except the privilege of carrying his head fifteen or twenty degrees higher than usual. This lofty position of his pericranium was by his youthful associates, generally ascribed to the desire of appearing like a dignified student : but the little, lively, laughing Julia Ware always declared it was to look *under* his spectacles, as, instead of aiding his sight, he could not see *through* them at all. His head was next attacked with violent pains, and the physician recommended journeying and exercise. He hinted the necessity of laying books entirely aside ; but Mr Baring was fearful lest his son would, in that case, lose the legacy bequeathed him, as his mother could not endure it should be proved in a court of law, that his

"faculties were impaired." So three years were passed in murdering Latin and Greek, visiting mineral waters and salt waters, showering and bathing—till Edward's appetite and health really failed, and a council of physicians agreed that he had a disorder of the head, which would, if he continued to study, affect the brain; and they gave a certificate, which was decided by a council of lawyers to be ample evidence, that the clause in his aunt's will requiring him to "go through college, if his faculties were graciously continued him," was null and void.

Edward was now freed from the thraldom of books. He had long been anxious to become a merchant, and his father finally procured him a situation in the counting room of a respectable merchant in the city of New York. This was a few months after the commencement of hostilities, and political discussions and excitements ran high in the city. Edward, in the retirement of the country, pursuing, or rather employed in *avoiding* his studies, had thought little of politics; but happening accidentally to form acquaintance with a young gentleman belonging to a club, whose standing toast was "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," he became smitten with the ambition of shining a patriot and hero. He joined their club, rubbed off his rustic bashfulness, spoke loudly in favor of war, was dubbed "brave Ned;" and his letters to his parents breathed nothing but tremendous denunciations against the British, and his determination to join the army if he could only procure a com-

mission. This alarmed his mother, a woman of weak nerves, and shallow judgment, whose injudicious indulgences had been the primary cause of Edward's sore eyes, diseased brain, &c. and she finally persuaded his father to commend him to return home.

He reluctantly obeyed; but his presence brought little comfort to his fond mother. Edward was not naturally inclined to vice, but his mind seemed wanting in *stamina*,—in those first and permanent principles of thinking and action which constitute *character*, or what we mean by that term when applied to the different modifications of the human intellect. He received impressions easily, but arranged ideas slowly, and always adopted the fashionable and convenient, without reference to real usefulness, or future consequences. In the eighteen months spent abroad he had seen much that was new, but had, if possible, reasoned less than when at home. Of course he was confident and conceited; talked loud and long, but was usually his own hero; and except in complimenting the ladies, in which it must be acknowledged he had acquired considerable *tact*, George Hopkins declared there were but *four* subjects on which Edward was heard to expatiate—namely, boasting of his readiness to become a soldier,—ridiculing a country life—extolling the city, and insisting on being called *Ned*.

While Edward Baring thus passed years in vain and unprofitable endeavours to become a scholar and gentleman, George Hopkins, industriously improving

the facilities afforded by our *free* schools and *free* institutions, had acquired a practically useful, and even literary and scientific education. His taste was improved by reading, and his mind by reflection; health guaranteed by temperance, and manly strength increased by exercise, united with a fine form and very handsome features, made him, in personal appearance as well as in solid learning and real worth of character, far superior to his early friend. They were no longer friends. The intimacy decayed from the moment that Edward put on his green glasses and assumed those airs which superficial scholars too often affect, and which observers admire, wonder at, or despise, according to the strength, or weakness of their own character, and their knowledge of the coxcomb's.—George knew Edward's perfectly, and the latter sensible of this, dreaded his scrutiny; from dreading he began to avoid and hate, and finally envy of the superior beauty of George, and envy too of his superior knowledge,—for when with him Edward still felt his inferiority,—contributed to nourish and fix in his heart a detestation which, being compounded of many passions, it was difficult to name, or describe; but no injury could have caused aversion more rooted, or anger more inveterate.

The friendship of George for Edward was from its commencement, as much more sincere as his strength of mind was superior to his companion's, and it was long before he could believe that the latter had entirely withdrawn his confidence; and even when the weak-

nesses and inconsistencies of his early friend were too palpable for excuse or concealment, he still retained the kindly feeling of pity, but it must be confessed it was pity mingled with contempt. Jealousy completed his alienation. Julia Ware returned from a celebrated school at Troy, where she had spent nearly two years for the completion of her education, about the time when Edward arrived from New York. George had loved Julia from childhood. At school she was his favourite,—how his heart would beat when he could obtain a seat beside her, and his nerves thrill, when his hand touched her's! He had never told his love, for he had all the diffidence that attends the tender passion when most delicate, but he fancied she knew his attachment, and flattered himself she encouraged it, and every plan of future happiness was connected with Julia. She was too beautiful to be perfectly free from vanity; yet had sufficient intelligence and principle to despise coquetry; and besides, she loved George dearly, and had no intention of making his term of probation a long one. But Julia was very romantic, and had such a predilection for heroes, that, at times, the idea of marrying a plain farmer appeared humiliating, almost disgraceful.

She was moreover, an enthusiast in her country's cause; and to her ardent imagination the rhodomontades of Edward Baring, were patriotism, and true courage. He had a set of fine speeches and quotations, "learned and conned by rote," which, for a short time, imparted to his conversation an air of

sprightliness and information, that did not belong to his character, and when he saw that his attentions to Julia gave uneasiness to George he was stimulated to exert himself to obtain her favour. Julia knew this well, for a woman is seldom insensible to the manner by which she has obtained her power over the heart of her admirer, and she often determined to discard Edward; yet still, when he talked of battles and sieges, which he did as often as Othello, only that Edward's feats were prospective, she listened, and when he quoted, in the true Sheridan style,

"*None* but the *brave* deserve the fair!"

she smiled and never would give George, although she saw he was half frantic with love and jealousy, an opportunity of explanation. And thus the trio were situated when George, by appointment, called on Julia, determined to know his fate, as he felt the agony of suspense to be no longer supportable. He found her sitting in the porch and Edward beside her, his arm resting carelessly on the back of her seat, and both conversing with gaiety and apparently with much satisfaction. George regarded them a moment in silence, just bowed to their enquiries, turned on his heel and had reached the step leading from the porch with a resolution, little short of a vow, never to seek Julia again, when the messenger from Macomb appeared in sight. George went directly to the village; his father, as he had predicted, was willing, nay, anxious that he should join the troops, and before the morning sun shone, the young volunteer

stood in the fort of Plattsburgh. It is unnecessary to detail the events of the battle; it is sufficient for my story to record that not a soldier beneath the American standard fought with more determination than George Hopkins. He was one of the brave fellows stationed at the *ford*, and he was among the first that joined in the pursuit of the British, when their flight was discovered.

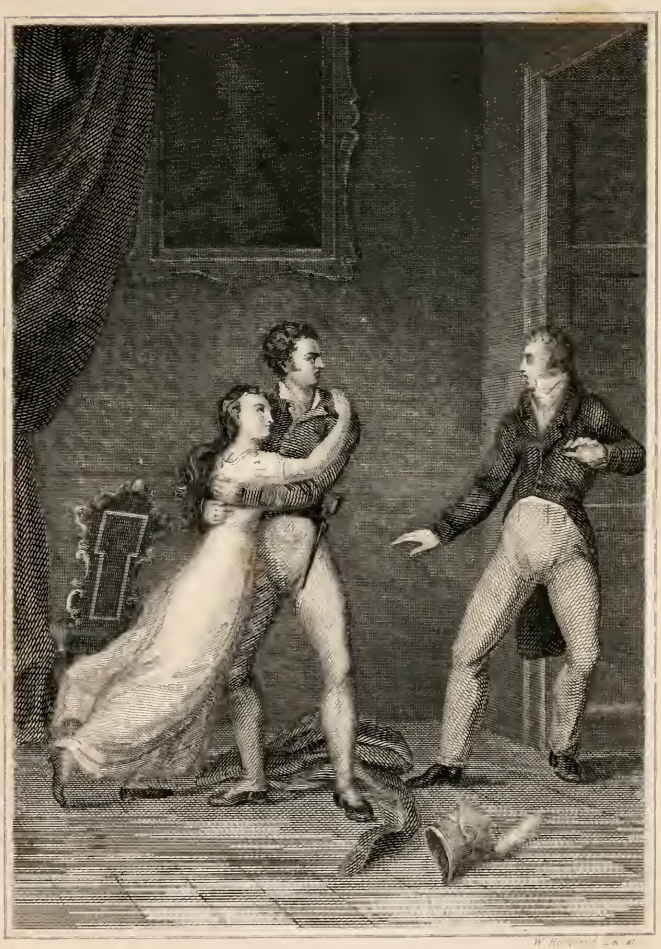
From that hour he was not heard of. All the soldiers who marched from *******, returned, excepting George; and the distressed and anxious enquiries of his friends, and the exertions of Macomb, who had particularly noticed the ardour of the young soldier, could not ascertain his fate. But there was reported to have been discovered in the woods, the body of a youth, corresponding in dress, &c. to him, shot and scalped; supposed to be the work of some Indian that followed in the train of the enemy.

Julia was inconsolable. The parting had shown her the true state of her affections. She found that she cared little for Edward, while the danger to which George would be exposed, deprived her of sleep by night and peace by day. But when he returned, she would meet him with smiles, and remove by her frankness all his doubts, and with her love repay all his toils. These generous resolutions came too late; he had died, and died while thinking her unworthy his esteem; and in the bitterness of self reproach she wept his fall and her own folly, till her cheek was colourless and her fragile form seemed sinking to the grave.

To avoid afflicting her grand-parents, she tried to conceal her sorrow, but the struggle was greater than her spirit was fitted to endure, and she felt that earth would not long be her abiding place. Yet another trial awaited her. Edward Baring was in love, and if she refused to marry him, his life must be sacrificed. After all the young men in the village had marched for Plattsburgh, Edward found that his character for consistency and courage required his departure; even his mother seemed to expect it, and he reluctantly went. On his return he boasted of proud deeds, and though no one recollected seeing him on the battle field, yet no one could contradict him. But if he had gained laurels, they did not impart tranquillity; he seemed disturbed and miserable, and finally his mother, by her pressing enquiries, obtained the secret of his hopeless love for Julia. The fond mother with tears, and almost on her knees, besought the compassion of the fair damsel for her only son, and the grand-parents also advocated his cause. They thought him rich and a gentleman, and that it would be an excellent match for Julia. Overcome by their entreaties, and imagining the misery of wedding one she did not love might be designed by heaven as her punishment, for trifling with the affection of the only man for whom she ever cherished any real tenderness, she determined to reveal the whole truth of her heart and feelings to Mrs Hopkins, and be guided by her advice in the disposal of her hand.

Their tears flowed unrestrainedly while they alternately praised and bewailed George, and Julia's sorsow was softened by the pity of his mother, and her reiterated assurances that she forgave her, and did not believe her fickleness had had any effect in making him expose himself to danger and death. Mrs Hopkins was a good, sensible, plain-spoken woman, with scarce a tincture of romance in her temper.—She did not at all approve of Julia's wish to devote the remainder of her life to consuming grief and useless repining. "No, no, my dear girl," said she, "it will never do. Had George lived, it would have been my pride and happiness to have seen you his wife;—but Providence has ordered otherwise. He died while in discharge of his duty, and it is our duty to be still, and even bless the Power that has afflicted us. You have cause for sorrow and regret, but not despair; and if you think you can only not hate Edward, I think you had better marry him. Nothing will so soon or certainly restore your tranquillity, as the knowledge that the indulgence of grief is incompatible with your duties."

Julia, although her heart rebelled against the advice, finally yielded to this reasoning, and consented, on the ensuing day, to admit a visit from Edward, whom she had never seen since they parted in the porch. As the hour drew near, she became so agitated that her grandmother, fearing she would not support the interview, told her she had better retire,



THE RIVAL SUITORS.

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and she would make an excuse to Edward. Julia was thankfully obeying, when the door of their little parlour suddenly opened, and ere the good grandmother could begin her apology, Julia with a wild shriek, as she uttered the name of "George!"—sprang forward and sunk lifeless on his bosom. It was George Hopkins—though pale and emaciated, he was there, and when Julia revived and met his smile of forgiveness and love, though her tears flowed like rain, they were not those of sorrow. At this crisis Edward entered the apartment; the eyes of the suitors met, and, for a moment, it would have been difficult for the most skilful interpreter of emotions, to decide on the causes of those powerful feelings that seemed almost to annihilate Edward, whom his rival regarded with the fixed expression of pity and contempt. There was the paleness of horror, the quivering of fear, the flush of shame, and shrinking of conscious guilt, mingled with something like a ray of wild joy, in the countenance and demeanour of Edward; till recovering as from a trance he uttered the single exclamation of "O God!" and rushed from the room; while the trembling grandmother followed, to beg he would not hang himself, as perhaps Julia might yet be prevailed on to marry him.

"Be calm, my own love," whispered George, pressing the pale girl closer to his bosom, "Edward will never trouble you more." It was Edward who had wounded George. While the latter was returning from the pursuit of the enemy he encountered the

former, leisurely proceeding to join Macomb, and ardently hoping that all danger would be passed before he arrived. They met alone, the one burning with jealousy, the other with envy. High words soon ensued, and to some severe sarcasms of George, Edward replied by a discharge from his rifle. George fell, and struck with sudden remorse and fear, Edward fled, without stopping to examine whether the wound he had inflicted was mortal. A farmer residing in the vicinity soon discovered George, faint from pain and loss of blood, but still sensible, and with the assistance of his wife, removed him to their dwelling. George never believed his wound a mortal one, and he formed the design of keeping his situation a secret from his friends, letting them suppose him dead, to discover what effect it would have upon Julia. Accordingly he offered his host a reward to be silent on the subject of his guest; the physician was also entreated not to betray him, and the woman, being one of those rare females who manage no person's business save their own, was not tempted to disclose the secret in order to obtain another as important; and George actually passed near three months in that retired place without having his story discovered. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he hastened home, as his conscience had smitten him for the anxiety he had inflicted on his parents, by concealing his safety; but after they had embraced him again and again, and heard his reasons for concealment, they both declared that he had done right, that all their

sorrows were repaid, and they blessed God, that they had been spared those thoughts of vengeance towards Edward Baring which, had they known their son's sufferings and danger, they might have cherished.—Mrs Hopkins then related the history of Julia's affection and grief, and George would not be detained from her another moment.

Every reader, whether Yankee or not, will easily guess the marriage and felicity of the lovers from the sequel of the tale, and to his or her imagination I shall leave the description of the wedding, dresses, ceremonies, &c. and every fair young lady, will doubtless arrange the particulars in as good style as she intends her own bridal ceremonies shall be conducted. But for the encouragement of those young men who have no hope of *legacies*, to help them forward in the world, I will just mention that George Hopkins succeeded very well without any. By the steady exertion and improvement of his talents and industry, he has become one of the richest farmers in the County of ————, is now a member of the Legislature of Vermont and has been talked of as a candidate for Congress.

Edward Baring left his home, the next day after he had fled from Captain Ware's, and has never returned. The last information that could with certainty be relied on respecting his progress, reported him engaged with a company of adventurers in the province of Texas; but a rumour has lately reached his friends that he was killed in the attack made by

the Mexican troops on that lawless settlement. It was the misfortune of Edward, that his friends mistook his character, and their endeavours to force him into a station for which neither his abilities nor habits had qualified him, was the cause of his ruin. Had his good aunt, instead of aspiring to make her nephew a great man, given him a farm with the condition that he must be its cultivator, he would doubtless have lived a very indolent, contented, happy sort of life, and died with the reputation of a clever man; and even with his talents, which were, perhaps, about *mediocre*, had he been from childhood judiciously trained, habituated to exertion and self-command, he might have obtained a respectable station among the learned, and been a useful man. But where there is neither the light of soul nor mind, neither genius nor energy, let not the fond parent and doting relative flatter themselves that the object of their solicitude and bounty, will ever become distinguished.

CASTLE GARDEN.

'Tis sun-down ; and a golden girdle clips
The west's deep hyacinth, and troops of stars
Are shining on a thousand tall white ships
Resting at anchor on the waters. There's
Diana too :—Look, how her new bow tips
The terrac'd castle that was once grim War's.
All's peace : e'en the brave flag, which strikes to none,
Sleepeth in honor to the sunken sun.

And now, while chimes the prayer-bell's silver peal,
And the tir'd sloop-boy blows the mellow horn,
And the smoke-shadows in the moonlight steal
Along the grass the mower hath just shorn,
We'll to the Garden, Lady ! and there seal
The vows we pledg'd in young love's purple morn.
I ever thought thee fairest of the fair—
A gem dropp'd from the sky—but here we are !

Well, is it not a gallant sight, to see
  This gorgeous ampitheatre by night?
The vault of heaven its only canopy,
  Around us, one rich blaze of circling light,
And all so like the magic scenery
  That Fairies dwell in—the rapt gazer might
Believe himself one of the happy band,
Who tread in glory the Elysian land.

Pictures and statues, flowers and green leaves,
  And music breathing sweet airs of the past,
And mimic meteors, (whose rushing cleaves
  The clear blue sky) falling in star-showers cast;
And a faint murmur as some billow heaves
  Its life away—like a girl's voice when last
Her lips are parted—O,—who feels not these,
While blows, as now, the evening ocean breeze?

Look on the waters! How that frigate sits
  Swan-like, as sounds her tamborine and drum:
On either strand a white-wing'd wind-mill flits
  In the pale moon-beam, and a half-heard hum
From the war-islands comes in soothing fits
  Of melody; and lo! through flashing foam,
Behold the element's proud conqueror,
As if on fire, dash boldly to the shore!

Two heavens shine before us: one above,
Where spirits live; and one, as fair, below,
The other's mirror, where the snowy grove
Of coral bends, and sea-flowers bud and blow.
Two rival goddesses, in beauty, rove
The marble clouds, save when some long-gone prow
The image breaks; and o'er the clear abyss
Hang sailors, thinking of their sweethearts' kiss.

Methinks to-night that all the world is here;
Wave after wave, the crowds seem rolling on,
With grey-hair'd couples, full of things that were,
And younger ones, whose beauty's not quite gone;
School-girls, half titillation and half fear,
And pensive youths who love to walk alone
Romancing;—unlike me, whose dearest mirth
Is woman's face—the poetry of earth.

An ivory hand faint hanging on one's arm,
A zephyr voice replying to our own,
Eyes that would make the dead with life grow warm,
A slender waist—'twere heaven to be its zone,
A little foot just peeping but to charm,
And a whole form, which were it on a throne
You'd bow and worship,—are a paradise
Delightful in soft summer's moonlight skies

To hearts like mine.—But hark! heard you that growl?
A storm is coming, and the tost trees nod
Their branches to the hurricane's wild howl:
And see the chariot of the thunder-god!
On wheels of fire, and in an awful cowl
Of clouds, like Nature's pall, he shakes his rod,
And with an eye whence death's blue bolt is hurl'd,
Glares, as he rides across the rattling world.

Gay hearts are sad now, and light tongues are still:—
Shall we go home, fair lady?—Do not weep—
'Tis ever thus on earth, go where you will,
Our joys and woes a hair apart scarce keep,
And grief is natural—Yet do not fill
Thine eye with tears, for He, who in thy sleep
Brings glistening angels to thy vision'd view,
To-morrow, will refresh the flowers and you.

A HISTORICAL TALE.

It was in the commencement of the year 1792, that in a corner of the common room of an inn at Gefle, sat a man of commanding stature, but whose dress denoted him to be a peasant. His light red hair hung in straight locks half way down his shoulders, and thick masses covered his forehead and almost his eyes.—He wore a fur cap, the long lappets of which, tied over his chin, entirely concealed the lower part of his face. A peasant's jacket of sheep-skin, with frieze small clothes and woollen stockings, completed his dress. He seemed to shun observation, but was an attentive listener to three other peasants who sat at a table a little distant, and whose appearance did not materially differ from his, excepting that their caps were thrown aside, and that their free and jovial manners courted, rather than avoided notice. Their conversation turned upon the Diet which was to commence its sitting in a few days.

"I think," said one, "our nobles will feel more than ever their loss of power, and Gustavus will make them acknowledge him king, with heavy hearts."

"Bless him!" said another, "he has made the peasant as secure in his cottage, as though he were lord of a castle. We are no longer the oppressed beings we were, but can now claim and receive justice, as well as the highest noble in the land."

The third looked round him cautiously and then spoke. "Did you hear that there had been dark whisperings among these nobles, and that they have even named a deed which it were sin to speak of? Some say they have leagued with evil spirits, and with them hold converse in the cave of Friea. Some aver that they have seen the unearthly beings flit before the entrance, and it was only a few nights since that a boat, rowed by no mortal hand, landed its passengers within a few rods of where I stood. The boat as it glided over the water left no wake, and the oars fell noiseless. I had been fishing and was drawing my nets on shore, but when I saw this boat and the dark forms it contained, I thought myself a lost man, but collecting all my strength for a last effort, I fled with what speed I could to my hut."

They drew closer together as he spoke, and were so intent upon his story, that they did not perceive the entrance of another, who listened to their discourse for a moment, and then with a smile of doubtful meaning turned to the peasant, who still remained separated from his companions. The dress of the new comer was unlike that of the others. It was plain and bore no marks of rank, yet his air and manner belonged to one of the "*privileged order*." He was

young, and his locks of gold, straying from beneath his cloth cap, did not conceal his face, which was one of beauty, but was now shadowed by a sad expression, and as he glanced at the peasant in the corner he involuntarily shuddered as he said, "We wait for thee,"—as though he were doing an unwelcome errand. The other rose and followed him from the room. They directed their steps to the cave of Friea. Neither of them spoke, but the youth turned often, as if to watch the movements of his companion.

In the cave they found about forty persons assembled. Amongst them were seen several of the most distinguished nobles of Sweden, who from their age and rank, seemed to sanction the proceedings of the others. Many young men were there, and some who had been exiled from the court which their disorderly conduct had disgraced. They hailed the two that entered with acclamations, and the peasant throwing off his cap and the false locks he wore under it, stood amongst them in his native form. His hair was dark as the raven, and his eyebrows, thick, bushy and closely met, gave a dark and sinister expression to his countenance.

"Anckarström," said one, "we feared that you would not come."

He smiled grimly.

"And did you think I would be away from spirits like yours, who were planning the revenge for which I have panted for years? My hate towards *him* is deadly, and may the fates ordain that mine be the

hand to rid this land of the tyrant." One of the elder nobles now approached him, and said,

"We have decided that the lot shall be cast by three. You, Anckarström, are one."

The other two now came forward, and deep silence pervaded the cave. All eyes were fixed on the three. In the faces of some, was horror mingled with fear; others bore a triumphant look, but the young man who had entered with Anckarström, turned from them and passed his hand across his forehead to wipe away the drops of agony that stood there.

In the three who occupied the fore-ground, there was seen deep resolve unmixed with remorse, and the torches as they flashed over their grim visages, gave them such deathly paleness, that they seemed beings called from the grave, rather than mortal men. With one accord they thrust their hands into the fatal vase which was to terminate their doubts, and when they drew them forth, disappointment was silently expressed by all but Anckarström. With a shout of victory he exclaimed, "I have it; death to Gustavus!" and rushed from the cave. The youth turned slowly round, his eyes rested on the figure of a man of commanding aspect, but in whom might be seen some slight convulsion. He rushed forward and caught his hand.

"You cannot, my father, sanction this!"

The elder looked on him for a moment and seemed to recal his sterner feelings; with a frown he said.

"Adolphus, remember your oath!" With a groan that burst from his heart, the younger one closed his eyes, as if to shut out forever the recollection of all that surrounded him.

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In a splendid chamber in one of the noblest houses in Stockholm sat Adolphus Leuvenheilm. His head rested on his hands, and he seemed buried deep in thought. At last he started from his reverie and exclaimed, "I cannot see him die! But if I disclose the dreadful secret, my father, my friends, will be the victims,—and then my fearful oath forbids it. Why was I led on to join them? With specious reasoning they almost made *me* believe him a tyrant. They told me of the power they had lost, of the rights which belonged to me by birth, but which he had wrested from me. And it was only to oblige him to give back that which was justly our's that the dark league was formed. But now that their fearful purpose is known, all his bright and glorious qualities rise before me. Throughout the land, the peasant blesses him; by surrounding nations he is feared and respected, and on me he has showered innumerable benefits,—yet have I basely joined his murderers! But it must not be,—there are surely means for me to warn him of his fate without betraying others. Now I will meet Clara—yet I dread a glance from her mild eye. It seems as if lately she had looked upon me as though she thought there were something to discover, and that she would read my soul. How suspicious

is a guilty conscience! I dread the sight of her, who was to me the bright star that shed light and gladness over my path. But I will make one effort to regain my former self, and then, Clara, I can return thy smile as in the first days of our love."

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"Why will you not tell me good Ulrica," said Clara Rosen to a tall and strange looking woman who stood near her, "Why will you not tell me what is to be my fate? Men say you have the power to look into the secrets of futurity, and I would know all that will befal me. I feel sadder to-day than usual, and there seems a weight on my heart that I never felt before; tell me if it portends evil."

The spae woman looked earnestly at the fair being who addressed her and replied,

"When a child, I bore thee in these arms. I often wished that to me had not been given the power to read the stars of destiny, and that the dark line which crosses thy path in life, had existed only in my imagination. When I have looked upon thy fair beauty, I have doubted whether sorrow *could* come near thee, and I have vainly refused to spell thy fortune, as if that could avert it. But it may not be. The cloud that hangs over thee will soon burst, but the lightning will not blast thee alone. Wild will be the desolation around thee, but the heaviest stroke will not fall on thy head. Poverty will be thine, and yet those nearest thy heart will be with thee to soften its stings. I can read no further, my vision is clouded

by an intervening mist, and I may not seek to pierce it."

"But I would know," said Clara trembling, "why the brow of Adolphus is darkened—the brow that used to be bright with love and hope?"

"The fairest works in nature would be belied, could treason smile serenely," said Ulrica.

"Now may heaven forgive thee, Ulrica Arvidson, for joining that word to the noblest name and the most loyal heart that Sweden boasts,—*I cannot.* Leave me. Thy presence is loathsome, and I would fain cheer my thoughts with dwelling on him whose sight brings joy to my heart."

Ulrica looked at her sadly and left the room. Adolphus came, and the charm he shed around him, chased all gloom from her mind, and she wondered she should have thought for a moment that aught could mar her fair prospects. Adolphus was standing near a window, talking gaily with her, when casting his eyes towards the street, his countenance changed, he forgot what he was saying, and overcome by his feelings, he sank into a seat near him.

"Why did that dark figure cross my sight even now? Nought good can be where he is, and seeing him seems to destroy all my hopes of counteracting the evil he intends."

He spoke low and unmindful of Clara's presence, but she listened with a fearful interest. All that Ulrica had said crossed her mind, and in the change of

her lover's countenance, she imagined that some fearful purpose could be read. She took his hand.

"Will you not tell me what moves you thus?" she said; "I have thought there was some dread secret which you would not reveal to me, but when I looked on you to-day, your brow was clear and then I regarded my fears as the mere whims of fancy; now, you are unlike what I have ever seen you before; can you not trust the heart that loves you?"

"Do not torture me thus, Clara, I am not worthy of thee," replied Adolphus, "I cannot tell thee now, but soon all will be known," and with a look of despair; he fled from her.

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Gustavus III stood in the recess of a window in the palace of Drottningholm. The Melur with its calm waters lay before him, and he seemed to watch the swans that proudly sailed on its bosom. In his hand he held a letter which he had been reading. In a distant part of the room were two or three nobles apparently in deep discourse. They cast their looks towards him from time to time, as though he was the subject of their conversation.

"Well my lords," said he, at length to them, "what would ye counsel us to do? Now I warrant me, ye would advise us to abide by the wild warning of this letter, and not pursue our intended pleasure at the masquerade. But I say it were cowardice to heed the anonymous ravings of some mad person, for what

can harm us amid our loyal subjects? Were evil intended, it would be in some more obscure place than a lighted ball room."

"But your majesty forgets that a mask may conceal some who would not otherwise venture in such a presence, and I have heard that there be such abroad."

"Does not your majesty remember," said another noble, "that the witch woman, Ulrica Arvidson, predicted danger to your royal person when you least expected it, and warned your majesty against attending masked festivals for one year? The time is not yet expired, and I pray you sire to remain this night in Drottningholm."

"Brake, Guildenstein, I thank ye both for your well meant advice, but it must not be. It shall not be said Gustavus feared aught when surrounded by such loving friends as ye are. I will that we proceed immediately to Stockholm."

The gay cavalcade set out;—some of the conspirators formed a part of it, amongst whom was Adolphus. His heart was heavy, but still he hoped something would occur to prevent the horrid deed. He rode by the carriage of the king, who looked at him and said, "Methinks Count Leuvenheilm thou hast seen a ghost, who has warned thee also, to beware of masquerades; cannot the smile that will soon greet thee from the lips of the lady Clara, dispel the gloom that overshadows thy brow?"

"Your majesty will please excuse me, but I am ill to-night."

"I thought so," said Gustavus, "for surely there never was a more woful visage than thine. Methinks I feel an unwonted heaviness myself, to-night, and it seemed as I looked on the fair towers of Drottningholm just now, that I saw them for the last time, nay, I could almost fancy a branch of the willow that marks the fate of our family, was decaying as I gazed on it. But away with such thoughts, and may we dwell only on the smiles that beauty will beam on us to-night."

The ill-fated monarch rode on, but the recollection of his sovereign's confidence haunted Adolphus for many a year. All know the death of the gallant Gustavus, and the fate of his assassin Anckarström. Many of the conspirators were exiled and among them were Adolphus and his father.

Clara mourned over the dimmed brightness of her lover's reputation, but forsook all to follow him in banishment. Her smile could soothe him, and for years after they wandered from their native land, she was his ministering angel who shed peace around him.—At length he was recalled; and Clara placed once more amidst the court she was formed to adorn, became its brightest ornament.

THE LOZEL.

With a cold brow unblanch'd by shame,
A silent triumph of the eye,
A heart that spurns all honest fame,
And glories in its infamy,
Thou hurriest to the work of death,
The deeds that damn the soul the deepest,
And having twin'd the serpent wreath,
Unstarting from thy visions, sleepest.

And thou can'st sit by beauty's side,
And gaze on heaven's best image there,
And glut the rancour of thy pride
In thoughts that have no hope in prayer,
While she,—her fair face lighten'd up
With love that blooms like Eden's isle,—
Drinks madness from the poison cup,
And greets thee with a cherub smile.

Yes, thou can'st blanch the virgin brow,
And dim the eye whose glance is bliss,
And steal what worlds cannot bestow—
Ay, steal and murder with a kiss!
And from thy blasted spirit breathe
No thoughts that would the wretch revive;
No pulse thrills through thy heart of death,
Whose throb would bid the ruin'd live!

But, like the Samiel o'er the waste,
Thou passest, leaving death behind,
While scorn smiles darkly o'er the past,
The haunted ruins of the mind;
And men will hear thee tell of deeds,
Whose lightest meed is years of pain,
A rifled heart that breaks and bleeds,
That ne'er can hope on earth again.

Dishonour'd and forsaken now
By all she lov'd in other years,
Gloom in her heart, guilt on her brow,
A life of unatoning tears,
A weary way she can but tread,
Mock'd by the vile, shunn'd by the good,
Alone is left the lost—the dead,
Whose lot is shame and solitude.

Ere life became a joy to her,
Ere fragrance follow'd on the flower,
The spoiler smil'd—the branded slur
Of shame hung o'er each fatal hour.
And thus, dark Lozel! dost thou leave
The beautiful beneath the ban,
Thus holy wedded hearts bereave—
This is thy pride! art thou a man?

But thou shalt feel, and she shall know,
In realms where guilt will find no gloom,
The fiery Ætna of thy wo,
The desert of thy burning doom.
She hears a voice none else may hear,
It bids her burning spirit pause;
It bids thee, Lozel dark! appear
And bow to Heaven's eternal laws.

THE EFFECT OF A SINGLE FOLLY.

When Henry Landon was twenty-five, Caroline Wilton was a wild, lively girl of twelve years of age. She had a brilliant complexion and a pair of sparkling black eyes, full of fire and intelligence ; and when she laughed with all the glad feelings and unchecked spirits of happy childhood, her white and even teeth formed a most beautiful contrast to her ruby lips. Free from care, and blest in the affection and indulgence of her parents, she felt no envy toward those who were raised above her by the mere caprice of fortune. Vain of her personal appearance, and knowing nothing but that she was handsome, she was perfectly satisfied with herself—and had she been left alone with her ignorance and her beauty, she might have missed a few fleeting moments of exquisite and refined enjoyment, and escaped after years of misery and repentance.

Young as she was, it was her fate to attract the admiration and attention of Henry Landon, an elegaut and accomplished man of fashion. With fine talents, a liberal education, and a heart alive to every sentiment of virtue and generosity, Landon was still

eccentric, and possessed a mind strongly tinctured with romance. His walk in life was far above that of Mr Wilton, the father of Caroline—but that was, in his opinion, the circumstance of accident, and neither detracted from the merit of Wilton, nor added to his own.

Landon had just arrived at the age when the society of a gentleman is most sought by the ladies—when a man is calculated to be most agreeable, most ardent, most generous, most confiding—when the flashing sparks of genius in a youthful mind shine forth with the greatest brilliancy—and ere the best feelings of the heart have been warped by the coldness and treachery and selfishness of the world. Many a bright eye fell beneath his glance and followed his receding form with looks of admiration—and many a sweet smile met his approach and threw a light on the blush occasioned by a passing compliment from his lips. It was in vain—his heart was invulnerable—or rather it was long thought so—yet it was at last surrendered to a child.

Caroline Wilton, he fondly thought, might be formed into the very creature of his imagination, and when once this idea had taken possession of his mind, he could see no beauty, no attraction, in any other being. With a fortune not only independent, but sufficient to gratify every whim of his enthusiastic and romantic disposition, he determined to educate her for his wife—to bend her young and pliant thoughts to those pursuits which he most loved and most admired—to give her

naturally gifted mind the highest polish of cultivation and improvement—and then, to claim her sensitive and grateful heart as his reward.

A proposal so advantageous, an alliance so flattering, could not fail to meet the approbation of her parents, and was soon communicated to the gay and youthful Caroline. She listened silently and attentively, as if endeavouring to comprehend all that she was expected to perform; and then, turning to Landon with all the candour and *naivet'e* of her happy disposition, she suddenly exclaimed, "Mr Landon, are you sure you will like me, after you have spent so much money, and I have learned all that you wish me to be taught?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied he, "but why do you ask such a question?"

"Because I am not certain that I shall like you as well, when you get to be so much older."

Landon was forcibly struck with the answer. It was the simple reflection of a child of nature, and a deep shade of thought passed over his brow. "It is a wild scheme," sighed he to himself—"I have embarked on a sea of experiment, in which not only my own happiness, but that of another, is involved; and there are moments, when I fear that I am only laying up sorrow for an innocent and lovely girl, and bitter disappointment for myself—yet a few years," thought he, as he accidently saw his fine form and handsome face reflected in an opposite mirror, "cannot alter me so much as to preclude all hope of my gaining a young lady's affections."

Caroline's quick eye saw the change in his countenance, and with an intuitive sense of giving pain or creating displeasure, she said in a tone of earnestness, and with the most artless manner, "Mr Landon, I always say any thing that comes in my head to Papa, and he only laughs at me—but you look serious, and make me think you are angry. You must not mind me—I dare say I shall love you when I am grown up, for I love Papa now, and he is a great deal older than I am."

"But why cannot you love me before you are grown up, Caroline?"

"Oh, because I can't love every body at once. You are very good to me, and I will try to like you as well as I can—but you are not a bit like Edgar Morris, and I can't help liking him the best—for he brings me flowers, and turns the rope for me to jump, and climbs the trees after fruit, and does every thing I want him to do."

Landon smiled—yet he went away from the house of Mr Wilton, less sanguine as to the result of his plan than he had entered it.

Edgar Morris was the son of a neighboring gentleman of small fortune, who contrived to live genteelly, and even with an air of elegance, on a very moderate income. He was two years older than Caroline, and had been her play-mate from infancy; and her words were literally true, that he would do every thing she wanted him to do. They were attached to each other as brother and sister, but were both too

young to know of any other kind of love ; and ere a childish affection had had time to ripen into a deeper and more absorbing feeling, they were separated by the new destiny and employments of Caroline.

Six years had passed away in a constant and often fatiguing round of studies, and the beautiful, spoiled, and ignorant child, was metamorphosed into the lovely, polished and accomplished woman. Those who had known Caroline Wilton at twelve years of age, could scarcely have recognised her at eighteen. An intellectual expression of countenance had added a surpassing charm to her native beauty—her step had become graceful and elegant, instead of springing with the wild, elastic bound of early days, and her mind had received and retained the fair impression of virtue, refinement and delicacy.

Landon was her constant friend and adviser, and not only the director of her studies, but of her teachers. He saw the change which her mind was gradually working, and watched its progress with delight : and loved her better for being himself the means of making her what she was.

Her feelings toward him were of a nature altogether different from common. She looked up to him as her benefactor and her best friend : and she gave him her heart in full confidence of his worth and nobleness, and with the deepest sentiments of gratitude and esteem. Her love had none of that romantic fervour which characterized his attachment to her, but it was pure, and true, and steady, and

really capable of *great* sacrifices, while through pride and folly, it refused a trifling one.

Landon loved with an all-engrossing passion—yet he knew that the beautiful object of his idolatry was not quite perfect. With an amiable disposition, she had a spirit that would not brook control, nor bend to aught but her own sense of right and wrong.—But neither was he himself without his faults. His temper was often hasty, and sometimes difficult ; and his ideas of propriety in others were carried somewhat too far for a world where much must be overlooked, and much forgiven.

Caroline was not generally fond of amusements nor of attending public places, but for once she had set her heart on going to a masquerade in a neighbouring city. A little doubtful of the approval of her friend, she determined to mention it to him and ask his advice—yet resolved at the same time not to be guided by it, should he prohibit her gratifying what she considered an innocent curiosity. He came as usual in the evening to pay his accustomed visit, and she began by playing and singing his favorite tunes, in order to soothe every discordant feeling, and prepare him to grant her request. Animated with the thought of novelty and pleasure, she was all gaiety and good humour, and her young heart anticipated nothing but happiness in the years to come : but her lover was unusually grave and thoughtful, and when the music ceased, to which he had seemed to listen as if it had

been for the last time, the silence might have remained long unbroken, but for her.

"Landon," said she, with the familiar voice and manner of a privileged favourite, "will you go with me to the masquerade, next week ?"

Landon had been thinking of the masquerade, which as a novelty had occasioned much conversation among the gay and fashionable, and many of his friends were preparing to throw off their natural characters for the time, and sustain, or *fail* in some other. It was a species of amusement, that, in his opinion, was calculated to produce pernicious consequences ; and he had determined in his own mind, neither to go himself, nor to suffer Caroline to join the party.

"Masquerades are dangerous places, my dear Caroline," said he in reply to her question, "and I shall be sorry to see you there : but you are not serious, I know—you cannot really think of going ?"

"Indeed I am very serious," replied the lively girl, with one of those smiles which had often beguiled him of his better judgment—I not only *think* of going, but *intend* to go ; and if you are afraid to trust me with Miss Sinclair and Colonel Graham, why you must absolutely go with me yourself—Come now don't look angry, and sentimental, and so much wiser than every body else—Where is the impropriety ? I can see nothing wrong in it."

He was not in the humour for trifling, and Caroline spoke without her usual tact.

H. Corbould. D.

W. [illegible]land

The Effect of a Private Folly.

Boston, Published by True & Greene.

"It would be useless for me to point out the impropriety, "said he, in a surprised, and rather an offended tone, "if you are resolved at all events, on going. Indeed it would be only causing you to disoblige me under more aggravated circumstances. I should have scarcely believed that *you*, Caroline, would have ventured to *decide* on any thing of consequence, without first consulting me, and paying some little deference to my feelings and opinions--but I have perhaps over-rated my claims on your gratitude and observance of my wishes."

The last words were spoken sarcastically, and had their full effect. Caroline's lofty spirit flashed from her eyes, but she was silent; and for the first time, the weight of her obligations to Landon pressed heavily on her heart. They were both to blame, and both felt and thought wrongly; yet neither would condescend to make the first concession to the other. Caroline did not speak again, and Landon rose to take leave. He approached her and took her hand—

"You will think better of your resolution, Caroline," said he with a softer manner—"I am sure, after all, that you will not lose a friend for the sake of the world and its votaries. The time has now come when you must either give up the world for me, or me for the world.—Let your own heart choose between the two."—Had he stopped there, he would have gained the victory,—but he proceeded—"If you persist in your determination of going to the masquerade, we part, from that time, *forever*."

"Then farewell," said Caroline, with a sudden emotion of pride and anger—and thus, in one hasty moment, she broke the band of years, and by a single folly, estranged a noble heart. She stood for some time on the spot where he had left her, and then burst into tears. "Oh!" said she to herself, "how foolish, how ungrateful I have been!—but I cannot recal my words—I have voluntarily thrown away my happiness—and for what?—To appear for one eveeing in a fictitious character at a masquerade. Be it so then," continued she mournfully, yet proudly—"I shall probably assume a new, if not a false character, for the rest of my life."

The masquerade was over—and Caroline returned weary and wretched to her father's house. The pleasure she had anticipated was all ideal; but the misery and remorse which succeeded, were a sad and lasting reality. Landon came not to welcome her return, and solitude was too irksome to be borne. She went into society, and put on the mask of gaiety, to hide the canker-worm of disappointment, which was secretly preying on her heart and undermining her health and spirits.

Rumor, with her hundred tongues, soon spread the report that Miss Wilton had discarded her noble and generous lover, and many others crowded round her to supply his place: but she was cold and distant to all, till she heard that Landon was going to be married. Too hastily believing a story that was fabricated only to deceive her, she waited not its com-

pletion, but in a moment of pride and resentment, almost of delirium, she gave her hand to one whose artful persuasions had chiefly induced her to commit her first, great folly, of throwing off the guiding care of her early friend and benefactor. But she knew not herself when she made the solemn vow to love and honor another. She knew not the strength of her attachment to Landon till she had severed, with her own hand, the last remaining link between herself and him, and found too late, that her heart could not thus be forcibly torn away from the only one to whom it had ever been freely and fully given.

It was less than a year from the time of the masquerade, that the public papers announced the marriage of Colonel Graham with the beautiful and accomplished Caroline Wilton: and from that hour the disappointed and disgusted Landon foreswore all intercourse with the female sex.

Graham had once been among the number of his friends—but he was the man, of all others, whom he would have warned her to avoid. Handsome and insinuating in his manners, and apparently all that was good and amiable, he was in reality, selfish, designing and tyrannical, and altogether incapable of loving. Vanity was his ruling passion—and vanity, once gratified, becomes a cold and heartless feeling towards its object.

Caroline had lost her mother, and her father, though indulgent even to a fault, was a man of business, and too much occupied with the affairs of the world, to

think much of those of the heart. He had been led to believe that Mr Landon and his daughter had broken their engagement to each other, by mutual consent, and though exceedingly mortified at so unexpected a termination of the projected alliance, he said little on the subject: and when Caroline assured him that it was her choice to marry Colonel Graham, he kindly told her to consult her own happiness, and act according to her wishes. He did not live to witness the trials and vicissitudes of her future life: and she rejoiced in the midst of her sorrows, that he was spared the pang of knowing that she had sealed her own misery, by her hasty union.

The flowers of three summers had bloomed and faded since the fatal barrier had been placed between Landon and his love: and time had worn out the first bitterness of feeling, and destroyed much of his resentment towards Caroline. He began to judge calmly and rationally of the past, and acknowledged to his own heart that he had been greatly to blame. It was the blind impetuosity of his own disposition which had dictated his last words to her, and provoked the proud reply which had separated them forever. He felt that he should not have utterly forsaken her for a single folly. So young, so beautiful, so full of joyous spirits and so free from the world's guile, how could he thus abandon her!

She had left her native place, and gone with her husband he knew not whither. He made no enquiries concerning her fate, and his friends never men-

tioned her name in his presence. Indeed he kept up but little intercourse with those who knew him. He either spent his time in travelling, or secluded himself within his own walls, and the once brilliant, fascinating and elegant Landon seemed changed to the morose and gloomy recluse.

He had been wandering through the country during the summer months, impelled by a restless spirit that haunted him incessantly, and in one of his excursions, he missed his way, and found himself, late in the evening, apparently in an unfrequented place, and probably far from any habitation: but after riding on rapidly for half an hour, and suffering his horse to take his own course, he discovered a light and turned toward it. As he approached, he found it came from a small cottage surrounded with shrubbery, and dismounting, he walked slowly and cautiously on, till within a few yards of the window whence it issued. It was a still evening in the month of June, and the moon was just rising in a cloudless sky. Landon stopped for a moment and contemplated the scene with an indescribable feeling of melancholy. Suddenly the sound of music came from the house. He listened. It was a low, mournful voice, yet sweet and soft. The air was "The last rose of summer," and awakened many painful associations in his mind. It was the last song that Caroline had ever sung for him on that eventful evening when a "trifle light as air," had made an everlasting breach between them.

He approached nearer and distinctly heard the following words:

'Tis the last blooming summer
These eyes shall behold—
Long, long ere another,
This heart shall be cold;
But ah! its best feelings,
On earth have been chill'd,
And I grieve not, that shortly
Its pulse shall be still'd.

Alone and in sorrow,
Dark hours roll by,
Forsaken and friendless,
Why should I not die?
The turf will lie lightly
Above the lone spot,
Where the heart-broken stranger
Is laid and forgot.

With the last stanza, the voice seemed to falter, and there was a slight pause, apparently from uncontrollable feeling, in the concluding line. Landon stood as if chained to the ground. The image of Caroline flitted before his imagination, as he had last seen her in her innocence and loveliness, and he could not divest himself of the idea that he had again heard the sweet tones of her voice. Deep interest was mingled with his curiosity to catch a glimpse of the musician before he applied for admittance, and he was accidentally gratified. The curtain which shaded the window was suddenly drawn aside, as if to admit the air, and a youthful female dressed in black appeared to be the only inmate of the apartment.—

Landon was concealed from view by the shrubbery, and gazed with an intensity of feeling which absorbed every thought. The lady passed her hand to her forehead, and walked from the casement. He could not mistake—it was surely the step, the figure of Caroline Wilton—and as she turned again, the light fell full on her face and removed the last shadow of doubt. Yes, it was indeed she—but oh! how changed from the blooming beauty of other days. Consumption and sorrow were fast performing their work of death—and her song seemed prophetic of her early doom. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and her eyes had lost their once joyful expression; but nothing could dispel the charm which the soul of virtue and intelligence diffused over her lovely countenance.

Landon rushed forward and would have forced himself into her presence; but as he laid his hand on the latch of the door, the thought darted across his mind, "she is married!"—and he turned hastily away. "Ungrateful, misguided Caroline," said he to himself, "why hast thou again crossed my view? It is not for me to soothe thy sorrows now—and the husband thou hast chosen, where is he?"

These thoughts nerved him to quit the spot, and discovering a beaten track, he pursued his way and soon found a shelter for the night. The next morning he departed, without asking a single question concerning the cottage or its inhabitants: but the memory of that pale face and wasted form, haunted him wherever he went.

Summer had glided away, and the falling leaves of Autumn cast a deeper gloom over his mind. In the romance and eccentricity of his disposition, he had buried all his painful thoughts and feelings in his own bosom: but they became at length too bitter to be borne, and he determined secretly to revisit the lonely cottage.

Evening again cast her shadows on the surrounding objects, and a dim light shone faintly from the same casement window. Landon reached, unobserved, the very spot where he had last stood; and what were his sensations to hear again the notes of music. It was a voice of sorrow, and seemed a requiem over the dead. Wildly and solemnly it floated on the Autumn blast—and the words which fell on his ear, harrowed his soul with anguish.

Sleep on, sleep on—thou wilt not wake,
Although poor Ellen's heart should break
To see thee thus so calmly lie,
Unmindful of her tearful eye.

And art thou gone, my Caroline?
Oh! art thou now, no longer *mine?*
Then fare thee well—why should I weep
To see thee thus so sweetly sleep!

This world was never fit for thee—
It was not meant thy home to be:
Thou wast to us a season given,
But thy abiding place is Heaven.

The strain ceased, and sobs were heard audibly in place of the music. Landon was much affected, and

as he had once known Ellen Sinclair, the bosom friend of Caroline in the days of her happiness, he entered the apartment where she was sitting by the remains of her youthful companion.

Ellen started at his well remembered form, and then with a look of coldness, haughtily said, "You have come too late, Mr Landon. Why do you intrude at such a moment? Would you take a last look at those still, cold features, beautiful even in death? but oh! 'the spirit is not there.'"

Landon spoke not, but turned to the bed, and knelt by the side of his departed love. Long did he gaze in silence—till at length in a voice choked with strong emotion, he exclaimed, "Sleep on, beloved Caroline! Sleep on, in thy calm, unbroken rest! Far, far happier art thou now, than he who is gazing on thy senseless form, with a broken heart. Oh! that I had left thee under thy father's roof, beautiful and innocent and happy as thou wast when I first saw thee. Sweet flower! thou mightest have bloomed wild, and lived out thy days—but, transplanted, and fostered with too much care, thou wast unable, like a green-house plant, to bear the pitiless blasts of the world. Why did I take thee from the protector which nature had given thee? Oh! too severely have I been punished for my presumption and vanity. Thou art gone! and this work of death is all the effect of one single folly in me."

The heart-stricken mourner rose from his knees and left the room: and it was many weeks after the

turf had been laid on the grave of Caroline, ere he could bring himself to inquire the particulars of her history since her marriage.

Her tale was a common one. It was the story of a woman disappointed in her first love—-marrying from other feelings—fulfilling her duties to her husband with fidelity, but with a broken heart—neglected by the man for whom she had sacrificed her happiness, and at last forsaken and left to die in the spring-time of life, with injured feelings, withered affections and blighted hopes.

She left a few lines for Landon, written just before her death. They were as follows:—

"To my early benefactor, I would devote a few of the remaining moments of my life. They must indeed be few, for I feel that I am dying. Ten years have passed, Landon, since I was first taught to look up to you as my protector, adviser and *best* friend. I dare not look back on the first six, because I must not now indulge those feelings which ever come with the recollection of that golden part of my life. My foolish heart sometimes whispers me, "how happy I might have been!" but believe me, my friend, the happiness of this world, after all, is but a dream.—The last four years have been to me an age of sorrow; and young as I am, I am contented to die. I feel that I have lived long enough to have had my full share of good and evil—but the evil has been better for me than the good. It has turned my thoughts from the joys which pass away, to those which en-

dure forever; and it has taught me to seek the straight and narrow path which leads to a brighter and a better world.

Had it been the will of Providence, I should have rejoiced to see you once more; but it may not be—we can never meet again in this world. A few short hours will probably finish my brief career and close the scene of life forever. Your noble and generous heart will mourn, I know, for my early fate, and my last earthly thought will linger with the benefactor of my youth. There is a feeling that will not die, but with the last spark of my life. There is a deep and enduring affection, which is often found in woman's heart. If unfortunate, it may be concealed, and struggled with, and schooled into submission, amidst other cares and duties; but when the hour of death approaches, it will assert its power, and swallow up every other earthly feeling.

I know too well, that the bright prospects of my early days were all blasted by a *single folly*—and the effect of that one has caused me to commit a hundred others which have brought misfortune, and misery, and death in their train—but I mourn not now, for *myself*—I grieve only for the sorrows which I have inflicted on the best of men. Oh, Landon, forgive my ingratitude to you—forgive the cruel disappointment of your hopes, the desolation I have spread around your path, and drop one tear

to the memory of the wretched

CAROLINE."

Weeks, and months, and years glided on, unheeded by the desolate and heart-broken Landon—but time at length softened the violence of grief, and wore away the heavy gloom of disappointment. In the very prime of life, rich, handsome, and accomplished, with splendid talents and brilliant genius, he could not fail of being an object of attention and interest. He began again to smile with the light of other days —to charm with his conversation and delight with his various accomplishments; but his heart was buried in the early grave of his Caroline. Landon had loved, not as *men* love. Surrounded and courted and flattered by the young, the gay, and the beautiful, he was still true to his first passion and passed on through life, a solitary and isolated being, the victim of a single folly and its fatal effects.

There was many a youthful heart whose warmest and best affections would have been gladly devoted to him, had he given the slightest encouragement:— but, "the heart requires a heart, nor will be satisfied with less than it gives."

ELEGY

On the death of a youthful and neglected Poet.

Sweet Bard! thy harp, by Death's rude grasp unstrung,
No more shall wake the strain of grief or joy;
But o'er thy grave in silent sadness hung,
Shall mourn thy fate—poor hapless Minstrel-Boy!

The world, to thee ungrateful and unkind,
Had nought to charm thy love or win thy praise;
Too tender was thy heart—too proud thy mind—
To seek for gold amidst its thorny maze.

Like some crush'd flow'ret withering on the wild,
Whose wafted perfumes tell its dying hour,
That harp in tones that spake thee Sorrow's child,
From Death's cold shadow breath'd thy spirit's power.

But man, e'en while he lov'd and prais'd thy strains,
Left thee to share the trampled flow'ret's doom,
Thy songs enjoy'd but would not soothe the pains
That wrung thy heart and press'd thee to the tomb.—

Yet Death to thee in pitying mercy came
To free thy spirit from its wasting clay;
And seraphs, rob'd in light and wing'd with flame,
Bore back to Heaven the bright celestial ray!

THE SACRIFICE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

O'er grassy mount and flowery vale
  Shone twilight's latest ray—
On violet, rose and lily pale,
  Like pearl, the dew-drops lay!

The gales were fill'd with Gilead's balm—
  The young moon's crescent light,
Gleaming through parting groves of palm,
  Made Jordan's waters bright!

But *other* sounds salute the ear—
  More *fearful* sights—the view—
Than crystal fountains murmuring near—
  Than moonlight, flowers or dew!

For Ammon's chosen men of war
  Encamp upon the plain;
Countless as yonder host of stars—
  Or summer's falling rain!

And Israel hath no valiant chief
To lead her army now—
In every heart dwells speechless grief,
Dismay clouds every brow!

Yet in the race the swift *may* fail—
Who never fail'd before;
The stoutest heart in battle quail,
And pause—to throb no more.

And ye who hither proudly came—
And in your might defy
The great Jehovah's awful name,
Your *bravest* ones *shall die*!

'Tis noon—comes forth a chosen lot
From Mizpeh's tented field,
Whose bended bow returneth not
Until the scornful yield!

And God hath heard his servants' prayer—
Upon the plain and wave;
Foot may not tread, nor eye rest, where
Their foes have not a grave!

The Bride may twine the laurel wreath
To crown her warrior's head—
The mother's fondest prayers may breathe,
These will not wake the dead!

The child, earth's loveliest flowers may bring,
The richest spices burn—
Yet little thinks the offering
Must deck his father's urn!

Sing Israel! sing to Him, whose arm
Hath led from age to age
Thy hosts—and quell'd with powerful charm
The heathen's boundless rage!

Come forth—come forth, ye virgin band,
With timbrel, dance and song,
To meet the saviours of your land—
The conquerors of the strong!

The sun is rising o'er the hills
Of holy Palestine,
To dry the tears which night distils
On cedar, rose and vine!

Each silver fount and azure lake
Smiles in his golden ray—
And beauteous birds the boughs forsake
To chaunt their matin lay!

The groves of Lebanon rejoice,
Low bending to the gale—
And Sharon's flowers, with gentler voice,
Day's glad returning hail!

Oh! why are Zion's daughters mute—
Why are their bright eyes dim?
And why from cymbal, harp and lute,
Ascends no morning hymn?

No songs of joy are in their bowers—
The grass no sandals press—
No fair hands gather budding flowers,
Their ebon locks to dress:

No glittering chains nor jewell'd braids
Upon their necks of snow—
No silken robes of rainbow shades
'Neath broider'd mantles flow!

And *why* doth Judah mourn so sore,
When God hath given her peace?
Hath bless'd in basket and in store,
Made wine and oil increase!

The conqueror vow'd to sacrifice,
If God would raise his name,
Whatever first should meet his eyes—
And lo! his *daughter* came,

With joyful heart, and smiling eye,
And music on her tongue:—
Alas! alas! that *she* must die
The Fond—the Fair—the Young

On Hermon's mount a mournful train,
In sackcloth clad, appears—
The virgins' joy is chang'd to pain—
Their smiles forgot in tears!

And each fair maid hath stoop'd to cull
A *lily* from its stem,—
Meet emblem of the Beautiful,
Now lost to love and them!

THE VOW OF THE TROUBADOUR.

To the lover of letters, every revival of learning and every dawning of literature is deeply interesting. To the poetical and imaginative, no period can be more so, than that of the Provençal literature. Sismondi observes that the high reputation of the poets Provençaux, and the rapid decline of their language are two phenomena equally striking in the history of the culture of the human mind ; he considers this revival as the spirit of the age, and not of individuals ; as revealing the sentiments, the imagination and the genius of modern nations in their origin ; as diffused through the whole mass of the people, and not the work of a superior genius like Dante, or Petrarch, or Boccacio, triumphing over the dark age of letters ; as resembling that beautiful season which the spring announces by the flower-enamelled meadow, and not by the cultivated gardens in which art and the ingenuity of man have seconded the works of nature.

Among the poets of that time, none was more distinguished than Rambaud de Vaqueiras. He was born at a time when Chivalry existed in all its romantic ardour, and when every Troubadour felt bound to

consecrate his life to his mistress and to his honor.—The homage he paid to the former was refined and elevated, and something of mysticism blended with the sentiment; he considered the Lady to whom he vowed fidelity, as an angelic being rather than an earthly one, whom he was proud to serve and defend as if she had been a divinity upon the earth. Joined to this high respect, was often united a force of passion that nothing could conquer.

Vaqueiras was early in life attached to the person of William de Baux, his prince, whom he served with a zeal and fidelity that could not but ensure him a warm return of friendship. He not only fought his battles, but sung his victories in the beautiful poetry of Provence; he attacked his enemies in verse, as well as by the sword, and he celebrated even the trophies that he won at the tournaments, for the love of his prince was the ruling passion of Vaqueiras' soul. He was obliged, however, in obedience to his father's wishes to quit De Baux and enter the service of Boniface III, Marquis de Montferrat. It was not without the most bitter struggles that he parted from his friend, and he took a solemn vow, that his life, his sword and heart should be eternally dedicated to him, and that for his sake he would *renounce his dearest wishes.* Vaqueiras could not remain long with Boniface, without being distinguished by so competent a judge of bravery and military skill. He loaded the Troubadour with honours, and in return, the latter sang the martial deeds of his new lord, to whom he felt himself bound by another

tie, and this was the sister of the Marquis, the beautiful and accomplished Beatrice. Though yet in the first bloom of youth, the fame of her talents had spread through Provence, and animated the Troubadours in their tournaments, and she had already composed verses in honor of her brother's victorious crusade to the holy land. The poets of that day, whether male or female, sang always of love and chivalry,—not so Beatrice; she spoke not of sentiments which her young heart had never experienced. She dwelt on the glory of the Crusades, of fighting under the banner of a divine master, of redeeming the holy sepulchre of Christ from the dominion of the infidel. "Are ye more insensible than inanimate nature," said she, "that ye go not forth? The earth quaked, the rocks trembled and the sky was darkened, when the Redeemer of the world bowed his head,—yet ye, brave warriors, bend not the knee--*ye* tune your flowing strains to earthly beauty." Vaqueiras caught the enthusiasm of the young poetess and strove to animate the Troubadours in the cause of the holy land.—When the Marquis was chosen chief of the christian army, Vaqueiras broke forth in glowing strains—"God is pleased," said he, "to recompense the brave; he has elevated the glory of the Marquis Montferrat so far above the most valiant, that even France and Champagne have chosen him as the champion of the cross and the recoverer of the holy sepulchre; and he has given him faithful vassals, magnificent lands and great riches, to insure his success."

The gentle nature of Beatrice was moved by the congeniality which existed between herself and Vaqueiras, and when the poet sometimes touched upon his passion and said "I know not whether for you I take or renounce the cross, I am so happy when I see you, and suffer so much when I see you no longer," her eyes were cast down and her bosom heaved with emotion. The noble nature of Boniface was moved by the character of the Troubadour; he created him a Chevalier and encouraged him in his passion for his sister.—Vaqueiras now openly celebrated the charms of Beatrice; "every thing," said he, "portrays her to my mind; the freshness of the air, the fragrance of the meadows, the colour of the flowers, in recalling some one of her attractions, invites me to make her the theme of my song. Thanks to the exaggeration of the Troubadours, I can proportion my homage to her worth—I may say, with impunity, that she is the fairest beauty in creation.—If they had not lavished such praise on those who do not deserve it, I should not have the temerity to give it to *her I love*, for it would be declaring her name to the Universe." Vaqueiras followed Boniface to Greece, and fought by his side at the assault of Constantinople. After the division of the Greek Empire, he accompanied him to Thessalonica, and received from him fiefs and signories, but ambition could not obliterate his love. "Of what avail," said he in one of his songs, "are my riches, my conquests and my glory! how much more wealthy did I esteem myself when I could gaze upon *thee*, and imagine my-

self beloved—I know no other pleasure than love. In vain are my possessions,—the more my power and wealth increases, the more sorrow I feel in my separation from the Mistress of my soul." It was after a long and glorious campaign, that Vaqueiras returned with Boniface, and was once more blessed with the sight of his Lady. Beatrice received the hero with emotion, and after a *year of solicitation*, allowed him to press his lips on her fair hand, as the seal of their union.—All was gaiety and elegance—Boniface was the foremost to do honor to the lover of Beatrice, whom he always styled his "Preux Chevalier." The week on which the bridal ceremony was to take place, was ushered in by splendid tournaments; the eyes even of the timid maiden sparkled as she beheld the martial figure and noble bearing of Vaqueiras. Whether he pressed forward with spear in hand, or stood with lance in rest, still he was distinguished from the Chevaliers around him—he was alike beautiful and brave; the valiant and poetic; the hero of war and of song; he had gathered his own laurels, and they overshadowed the hereditary glories of his birth and ancestors.—One Knight had appeared in the field who neither broke lance or spear—his visor was down and he mingled not in the scene. Vaqueiras marked him and approaching him, courteously, threw down his glove and said, "I challenge thee, noble guest, to a trial of skill." The stranger turned away and retreated,—Vaqueiras gazed after him, and suddenly followed.

The sun was just setting in the splendor of its glory, and promised to rise the next morning, the *bridal* morning, unshorn of its beams. The festival broke up and Vaqueiras had not returned. Perhaps Beatrice would not have rejected the parting salute of her lover, had he come to take leave of her—but he came not. Her maidens took off her snow-white robes and laid them aside, for in the morning they were to be exchanged for the bridal paraphernalia. The cheek of Beatrice was flushed, and she dismissed her attendants with an air of impatience. Approaching the lattice, she gazed upon the vine-covered hills and inhaled the fragrance of the orange blossoms—she took her harp and touched the strings with a faint and languid hand,—it was a stanza of an old ballad:

"Why silent now my own true Knight—
Wilt thou not swear by the moon so bright,
That thou wilt love me ever?"
"Yes, I will swear—the deed is done—
Witness pale moon, and thou bright sun,
Witness, 'we part forever!'"

Was it imagination, or did a faint whisper steal on her ear, like the breathing of an invisible spirit, repeating the last line "we part forever?" She started and called "Vaqueiras!" but all was silent.

She threw herself on her couch, but no refreshing slumbers visited her eyes; disturbed dreams and melancholy presentiments haunted her imagination. The image of the strange Knight appeared continually before her, and past recollections haunted her thoughts. With the first dawn of morning she arose, and throwing her loose robes around her, walked out on the ter-

race. As she stood enjoying the breeze, her sickly fancies were gradually dispelled. A young page approached the terrace,—she knew him to be the confidential messenger of Vaqueiras—he ascended the steps, and according to his usual custom when he brought "*sirventes*" from his master, bent his knee and presented a sealed paper. Beatrice retreated to her chamber and broke the seal: the contents were as follows.

"Lady, the time has come, when I must part from thee forever—my dream is over and I awake—I go to perform a vow I have made. When thou shalt hear of thy devoted servant shedding his best blood for the redemption of the holy Sepulchre, thou wilt not blush that he has dared to wear thy colours—thou hast divided my heart with its *first idol*—it returns now to its allegiance. Fairest and most virtuous, 'we part forever.' VAQUEIRAS."

What was the astonishment of the neglected Beatrice as she perused this note! She was roused by the entrance of her woman, who came with fresh-culled flowers, to deck her beautiful hair—Beatrice put them aside.

"Carry this note," she said, "to Boniface."

All was commotion when the contents were made known. The knights who had assembled to witness the bridal ceremony, besought permission to prove the unworthiness of Vaqueiras by combat—but Beatrice came forth like the moon veiled by clouds of mist. "I thank you," said she with dignity, "but I want no champion."

There were no more tournaments. Beatrice was seldom seen, and though many a verse was composed and sung to the Rose of Provence, she never rewarded the minstrel with a smile. When she appeared in public, at her brother's request, there was nothing that marked any change in her character or feelings; she was still affable and kind to all, but never spoke of Vaqueiras, and no one mentioned his name before her.

A year had passed away, when the prince of Orange appeared at the court of Boniface. Though not in the freshness of youth, there was a manly and energetic dignity in his manner, that commanded the deference of all beholders. Boniface received him with cordiality, and was eager to prove, that no distrust, arising from a former feud, remained. He honoured merit wherever it existed, and his own noble and enthusiastic mind often imagined it where it did not exist.

William of Orange well knew how to turn his high endowments to his purposes, nor did he fail to exert all the powers of his mind to secure admiration; he could appear generous, disinterested and self-denying, and Beatrice could not refuse her brother's request, that she would sometimes do honor to his guest. He had, when she was just coming into life, distinguished her at a tournament, and crowned her as Queen of the day; her young heart had beat high at this distinction, but there was another source of interest that Beatrice scarce admitted to herself. She had heard Vaqueiras speak of William with en-

thusiastic praise. It was not long before his attentions to Beatrice became marked, though not obtrusive. Many younger knights still paid homage to her charms, and many a Troubadour still composed verses not inferior to those that had won her heart, but she turned from them with cold indifference. When William solicited the hand of Beatrice, Boniface warmly seconded his views, and perhaps womanly pride conspired to make his task less difficult.

With a heart chastened by disappointment, Beatrice was still alive to every tender and holy affection, and the opportunities which this connection would give her of succouring the unfortunate and relieving the afflicted, operated upon her youthful imagination. She became Princess of Orange and repaired to her own principality. But William bore no resemblance to the gallant Troubadours ; he was cold, stern and suspicious. Woman, with him, was clad in no imaginary power—Beatrice in her castle was a slave, yet one pleasure she still possessed,—it was to wander forth among hill and dale, and drink of the pure air of heaven. No one who had seen Beatrice in her solitary rambles, would have recognized her as the Lady of the Castle, who when its Lord was there, was never allowed to make her appearance without a numerous retinue in her train—but Beatrice loved to ramble by the stream, to listen to the wild dashing of the waterfall. She visited the serfs and dependants, among whom her countenance diffused joy and serenity. When she appeared, the children clustered

round her, and forgot that she was a Princess and the wife of William.

And did no remembrance of Vaqueiras steal over her solitary hours? It might be so, but not a sigh, not a wandering or distracted glance told the tale—her cheek was pale, and she could no longer be styled the Rose of Provence, but her smile was serene, and a holy contemplation seemed to rest upon her brow.

It was after a successful campaign, that William returned to his lady, but he came not alone. Noble Lords and belted Knights followed in his train.—Beatrice was again distinguished for her courtesy and beauty, again she distributed the prizes at the Tournament, and for a few days, her husband exulted in his treasure; but when he saw the eyes of the youthful gazing upon her and sparkling with admiration, when he compared their jetty or chestnut locks with his own whitening hair, dark suspicions rankled in his breast. One, in particular, excited his deadly hate; it was the young Marquis de Villeno, the cousin of Beatrice. He had been her early play-mate and companion, and when she saw him, her heart felt an emotion which had long slept. It was delightful to her to return again to the careless and happy days of her infancy. When she talked with Villeno, ten thousand associations mingled in their conversation, and she laughed with free and childish gaiety. It was a new sight to William. His presence had repressed the flow of her spirits, and he marked with a wary eye the effect her young kinsman produced; yet he care-

fully disguised the working of his mind, and with that infatuation which accompanies a diseased imagination, contrived, continually, to place them together. "I will convince myself," said he, "before I take desperate measures."

One bright morning, a hunting party was proposed, but when the time came, William pleaded indisposition, and declared his intention to remain at home.

"And I too," said Beatrice, "will not go forth."

"For shame, Lady," exclaimed William, sternly, "is this the way you do the honors of the castle to the guests of your husband?"

"My cousin, the Marquis, will represent us both," said Beatrice, "let me stay as your nurse."

"By no means," he replied, "that is a menial's office."

"No office of friendship or affection belongs to a menial," replied Beatrice.

"You do but trouble me," exclaimed he impatiently: "Villeno," he added, "I commend the Princess to your care. I shall not go forth to day."

The countenance of the young Knight brightened with pleasure; he dearly loved his cousin, and felt that it was a relief to escape from the dark piercing eyes of the Prince.

The Lady rode on her white palfrey, and was only a spectator of the chase, or followed at a distance in the train. Villeno kept by her side—their conversation was long and animated.

"I have heard many rumors," said he, "of past events, but I was away from thee, sweet coz, when

all occurred ; wilt thou not tell me something of thy past adventures ?"

They were far behind the hunters, and the Lady commanded her attendants to fall back. Villeno approached her and, throwing the reins over the neck of his horse, took her bridle and rode slowly by her side. They entered into deep and earnest conversation. Once, one of her attendants advanced, and saw that her eyes were humid with tears: "I called you not," said she, and he retreated. Little did she suspect, that her husband had meanly personated the office.

It was years since Beatrice had recurred in conversation to the scenes of former days. She returned home sad and thoughtful ; her eyes were red with weeping, and her ill suppressed sighs could not be concealed. The Prince cast ferocious glances upon her.

"Hast thou had pleasant pastime fair mistress ?" said he.

"I have mingled but little in the chase," replied Beatrice, "my cousin and I have talked of by-gone-days."

"Methinks from thy wo-begone countenance," returned he ironically, "thou hast not found sport in thy recollections."

"How should I ?" exclaimed Beatrice, "he knew me when I was yet under the wing of my mother, when I nestled in her lap and hid my face in her bosom. Oh, what can supply the love of a mother !"

"Are there no relations that seem *almost* as near?" said William, fixing his stern eyes upon her. Beatrice would have exclaimed, none! none! but she remembered that there was a time, when the prospect of wedded love had filled every void in her heart, and she cast down her eyes in silent embarrassment. At that moment the young Marquis approached, and drew from his pocket a diamond cross which Beatrice usually wore suspended by a chain.

"See, Lady," said he, "how prodigal thou art of thy gauds—I redeemed it from under the foot of thy palfrey."

It was the gift of her husband; perhaps the consciousness that its loss was like disrespect or indifference to him, spread the crimson glow over her face and neck. She took the cross, to suspend it to the chain that still hung upon her bosom, but William, springing up, seized the bauble and flung it to a distance. Villeno, with an involuntary motion, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword,—it was the forgetfulness of a moment, for bowing low to his cousin, he retired.

From this time the pangs of jealousy struck deeper and deeper into the heart of William, and he meditated deadly schemes of vengeance against his innocent wife and the unconscious Marquis. It was obvious that all was not right with the Lord and Lady of the castle, though none knew why gloom and restraint were engendered, and the guests departed one after another, mourning the fate of the fair Rose of Provence, blasted and withering before its time.

Villeno, possessed of the high and gallant spirit of the age, would gladly have spent his heart's blood in the service of his cousin, but he could do nothing for her, and his duty called him to his post.

Had Beatrice whispered a word of complaint to her brother Boniface, he would have forsaken even the glory of arms, and have flown to her aid, but she felt that her lot was fixed, and bowed her head in silent submission. The passion of William had been transient: he was incapable of that high and exalted affection which belongs only to virtue. It was the exquisite beauty of Beatrice that had haunted his recollections from the time he had first seen her, but he remembered well the unholy fire which had burnt in his own heart, and believed that every man must gaze upon her with licentious passion. For himself, a new object had caught his fancy,—Blanche of Monto,—a lady who bore no resemblance to Beatrice, except in beauty. While William revelled in his castle with this fair minion, for whom he gave feasts and spectacles, Beatrice shut herself up in her apartments, and spent her solitary hours in prayer and holy exercises.

Yet there was one, who amid the din of war, and shadowed by the blood-stained banner of the cross—who on the dark and tempestuous ocean, or under the bright and sunny skies of Italy, thought only of her. It was Vaqueiras,—he who had dashed the cup of happiness from his lips, just as it was foaming to the brim. He had returned victorious from the Crusades for the third time—his harp had long been si-

lent,—he was no longer a gay and gallant Troubadour, but was now styled a defender of the cross, a consecrated Knight of Malta! Rumors had reached him of the tyrany of William, and some had said that Beatrice was sinking to an untimely grave. Why was it that Vaqueiras felt his whole soul in commotion at this intelligence, or that he hastened to the principality of Orange? He came not as an inferior, but with victory on his crest, and demanded an interview with William. Their conference was long, and only terminated by the Prince's granting permission to Vaqueiras to see Beatrice alone and wholly unrestrained. It was an agitating moment to Beatrice. "Yet why should I tremble?" thought she, and she came forth from her anti-chamber to meet him with mild, yet commanding majesty—but Vaqueiras sunk on his knee before her,—he covered his face with his hands, and his bosom heaved with emotion, almost to bursting.

"Rise, Chevalier," said Beatrice, "it becomes not a defender of the cross to kneel to a timid woman."

Vaqueiras arose and uncovered his face, but seemed wholly unable to repress his anguish, as he gazed upon her altered and wasted form. Her cheek was bloodless, and excepting the glistening of her eye, there was nothing to mark the inward workings of her mind.

"I speak to you," said he, as soon as he could command himself sufficiently for utterance, "with the permission of your husband. Rumors have reached me,—forgive me Lady,—that you were not happy."

Beatrice cast on him a thrilling look of dignity.

"I understand that glance, but this is no time for ceremony. It is with the knowledge and permission of William, that I now offer to convey you, with the ladies of your train, to the court of Boniface in Thessalonica—you will receive there the homage that your virtues deserve, and next to my God and the holy vows I have taken, my life shall be consecrated to you."

"*My* vows too," said Beatrice, "are holy vows, they bind me, while life shall last, to him I have wedded."

"Oh, Beatrice," said Vaqueiras, throwing himself at her feet, "it was I that doomed you to misery. Hear but my fatal story. I was born in this fair domain and became not only the follower of William, but his distinguished and confidential friend. He heaped favors upon me, and I grew with an absorbing devotion to his cause, yet one secret he only half revealed to me; it was his love for some fair creature that haunted his imagination, and embittered the tide of prosperity that flowed in upon his life. When I quitted him to enter the service of Boniface, I did not know that my father's commands were issued at his instigation: he deplored with me the necessity of our separation,—'you go, said he, to devote your life to my enemy—you are severed from me forever.' In the ardor of youthful enthusiasm, I took a *solemn vow*, that my life, my sword and my heart should be devoted to his cause, and that I would *sacrifice the dearest wishes of my heart in his*

service. You know, Lady, how indefatigably I laboured to effect a reconciliation between your brother and my prince—but it was only on the fatal day of the Tournament, that I learnt that you were the object of the passion which he had so long confided to me—I felt that a violated vow would sit heavy on my soul—I still thought him the most perfect of human beings,—his very tyranny, I now perceive had enthralled me. Oh, Beatrice, to the friend and patron of my youth, I relinquished the choice of riper years, the sweet companion of maturity, and the solace of old age. I foresaw, as he did, that Boniface could not but favour his views, and when he claimed my fatal vow, I had nothing to say. Did I not know that the vow of a Troubadour and Chevalier could never be cancelled, I might be led to suppose my observance weak and superstitious; but his vows are recorded in heaven; they are written on his sword and his forehead, and must be observed at the expense of what is dearer than life! That night, that dreadful night, when I saw and heard you for the last time at the lattice of your room, I reiterated my vow. When I learnt that all was accomplished, that you had become Princess of Orange, then horrible thoughts entered my mind. William is not immortal, thought I, if he goes to sleep with his ancestors, who will claim his bride? It was the grace of God that enabled me to take vows of celibacy. I became a Knight of Malta—-from this time my mind was tranquil, for I ceased to hope. I performed pilgrimages for your hap-

piness, and wearied heaven with my petitions. It was not till I met your young kinsman, the Marquis de Villeno, that I learnt how basely William had deceived me. I hastened to meet him, and he trembled at my presence. Leave him with his minion, Blanche de Monto, and let me convey you to your brother!"

"Chevalier," replied Beatrice, "I absolve you from all reproach: you could not have acted otherwise; but a woman's vows are as sacred as a Troubadour's. I decline your offer. There is one boon however, that I implore from William, it is that he will permit me to be the lonely inhabitant of this castle, and seek for himself a more splendid residence."

William was glad to shield himself behind this permission, and Beatrice had gained all she wished. But Vaqueiras felt it would be dangerous to see her again, and he departed without taking leave. Once more peace and serenity visited the heart of the Lady; happy in her duties, and again enjoying, unmolested, her favourite haunts, if recollections ever came over her, they were sweet, though mournful. It is said that she then resumed her harp and sung her own verses, and that, as formerly, they were of Palestine and the defenders of the cross.

It was late one evening, as Beatrice was reading to her maidens while they wrought with their needles, that one fair-haired, laughing girl stood by and leant upon her knee:

"Lady," said she, looking up in her face, "will you tell us a tale of your youth? those were brave days when you were young."

Beatrice smiled,—she could already count six lustres, and the last one had flown as a dream. A horn was at that moment sounded, the Lady trembled and turned pale. She well knew the bugle-horn of William. All was in commotion. Beatrice repaired to the hall of state to receive him like a stranger.

"I have come," said he, "to inform thee that our union is annulled. I have received a dispensation from the Pope, and am now on my way to wed Blanche of Monto."

Beatrice bowed her head, perhaps to conceal the glow of pleasure that darted over her face.

"My stay must be short," said William, as he took the golden goblet from the page and swallowed its contents. "My people shall slake their thirst to-morrow in Champaigne." He arose and the Lady stood erect.

"Thou art changed for the better since I last beheld thee," said he gazing upon her, "fair Mistress, I promise thee a nuptial present, when thou art united to Villeno." Beatrice turned away, and the Prince departed.

There were many who spoke now of Vaqueiras. A Knight of Malta, said they, can be absolved from his vow of celibacy—but Beatrice knew no earthly power could absolve *him*. Two years after this event, she heard that he had returned from his last crusade, to die in that spot where he first drew his breath: it was not many miles from the castle. Beatrice visited him often, and was to him an angel of comfort. After his death, his body was removed to a Mausoleum which she erected for him. It seemed as if

the vital principle that had animated her, expired with Vaqueiras—she drooped daily, and at length gently closed her eyes to open them in another life.

The same Mausoleum contains the ashes of the lovers, and on it may still be traced the inscription which Villeno placed there,

"THEY ARE UNITED! GOD HAS ABSOLVED THEM FROM THEIR VOWS."

A NEW-ENGLAND VILLAGE.

There stand the holy spires of prayer,
  Devoutly looking unto heaven,
Like moral telegraphs, to bear
  The upward thoughts of the forgiven;
And, as the sun-gilt windows gleam
  In their unstain'd transparency,
Chaste thoughts come o'er me, as I dream
  Of that soft hour, when tenderly,
The gray-hair'd pastor cross'd my brow
With water from the font of snow.

How sweetly every mansion lifts
  Its clean white front among the trees,
While the blue smoke, in curly drifts,
  Sails off before the healthy breeze;
Behind each roof, long meadows slope
  In swards that blush with clover blossoms,
And new-wash'd clothes swing on the rope,
  Just hung by maids of swelling bosoms.
And there the yellow street is seen,
Ribbon'd both sides with virgin green.

With what a gay and tidy air
The tavern shows its painted sign!
Causing each traveller to stare,
And cypher out the gold-leaf line;
And yonder is the merchant's stand
Where, on the benches round the door,
Gather the story-telling band,—
And all burst out in hearty roar,
As some wild wag, at his tongue's rote,
Deals the convulsive anecdote.

Why is the dust in such a rage?
It is the yearly caravan
Of pedlars, on their pilgrimage
To southern marts, full of japan,
And tin, and wooden furniture,
That try to charm the passing eye,
And spices which, I'm very sure,
Ne'er saw the shores of Araby.
Lord! how the women start and run,
To catch a glimpse, ere they are gone!

Close underneath yon gentle hill
The district school-house wins the view,
Where jabbering urchins, 'gainst the will,
In swinging rows their task pursue;

And there 's the turf on which they play,
  And tan their open-collar'd necks,
And there 's the brook, where, every day,
  Their paper barks meet sad shipwrecks
Of little hopes, that now endure
The coming world, in miniature.

These scenes are pleasant, but there's one
  More precious to the heart than all:
It is,—when on the ear the tune
  Of mellow bells, with gentle fall,
Proclaims the sabbath morn is come.
  Then, every road and path 's alive
With young and old—none stay at home!
  But, clad in best attire, all strive
To fill their places, lest they hear,
In private, from the minister.

And when from some wood-waving height,
  Upon the moss at leisure thrown,
I view the sylvan shade and light,
  And know the landscape is my own,—
Dear native land! when I behold
  The orchard lawn, the auburn wheat,
The mill, the foaming fall of gold,
  And hear the pastoral song and bleat—
Oh, how I bless, with streaming eyes,
That heaven which gave the paradise!

THE TALISMAN OF TRUTH.

The mortal gold returns to clay,
The polish'd diamond melts away ;
All is altered, all is flown,
Nought stands fast—but *truth alone.—The Monastery*

Who art thou, that steppest between heart and heart?—*Byron.*

It was in one of the beautiful groves of Arabia Felix, that a dervise was walking with a youth, whose impatient gestures and flushed countenance indicated the language of complaint, if not of passion. He was followed by a dog of a large and powerful frame, the gravity of whose deportment appeared in strong contrast with the vehemence of his master's, on whom, from time to time, he seemed to cast a glance of wistful inquiry, not unmingled with surprise. The old man stopped on the bank of a clear stream over which the stately palm lifted its head, and the pomegranate and date hung their rich fruits; while innumerable birds and blossoms were filling the air with songs and sweetness. The leaves of the tall trees, over whose heads century after century had passed, till they had lifted their huge arms to the

very heavens, now, even at that eminence, quivered not. The gales slept in the branches. The broad bosom of the Red Sea, which stretched far away behind them, was disturbed by no upheavings. The black rocks that overhung the waters, lay piled cliff above cliff, giving a degree of solemnity to the scene. A single cloud, that hung lazily in the serene air over the disk of the setting sun, threw the two figures into temporary shadow; while the rays of light, breaking out along the edges of the cloud, illuminated the neighboring landscape with a peculiar mellowness.—The dervise gazed earnestly at the scene. There is something in the quiet of nature that is soothing to the mind, even when agitated by the wildest passions. It is the repose of the giant, and we gaze with the more interest, that we know not how soon the slumber may be shaken off, and a terrible strength developed. And when we stand in the presence of the mighty productions of nature, there seems to be an influence coming over us, which can lull the murmurs of the restless spirit. The very trees whose boughs long ago shaded our fathers, and whose leaves, for years to come, will wither on our children's graves,—appear to tell the tale of human insignificance. Apparently, it was the object of the sage to produce some deep impressions upon the youth, before he addressed his understanding; but the charm that dwells with nature, and lives in her external beauty and glory, had lost its power. His fiery eye rested for a moment on the beautiful scene, and for a moment his

glance softened, and his spirit bowed before the majestic serenity around him ; but his mind soon recurred to the subject that weighed most heavily on it.—The sage turned with evident reluctance from the fair prospect, like one forcing his attention from attractive contemplations, and fixing his eyes upon the young man, shook his head with a sad and thoughtful expression. "It is ever thus," said he,—"the sun sinks behind the mountains, the winds sleep on the waters, the eagle slumbers in his nest. The trees, the ocean and the storm, all have their hour of repose. The unquiet spirit of man alone, is never at rest. Unhappy youth ! what is the object of your desire ?"

"Truth," was the reply, "my mind is constantly cramped by ignorance or saddened by error. I am continually wounded by the false, and deceived by the treacherous. I am unhappy from my mistakes, and am mistaken from my ignorance. Could I know more, I should suffer less. Could I read the minds of those about me, I should know how to regulate my conduct toward them. Could I discover their real feelings towards me, I should no longer be deceived by the artful, nor humbled by finding myself the dupe of those, who are my inferiors in all but treachery and cunning. Teach me, father, how I may avoid the evils that beset me. Teach me the wisdom that belongs to length of days,—to the sages of Yemen."

"My son ! wisdom is not happiness : the mind is constituted with a capacity for a certain portion of

it and in every situation is that degree attainable. He who multiplies its inlets, multiplies also the fountains of bitterness. To the most refined minds, the perceptions of happiness being most exquisite, so also must be those of suffering, which is and ever has been the attendant and the friend of genius. Under the pressure of calamity, have the treasures of the mind ever been brought out. You complain, as if the ills which you endure were unheard of. But no! my son; it is not that you suffer more, but that you can support less: not that your feelings are more acute, but that your spirit is less manly. If complaint be useless, why complain? Reason teaches better."

"Will reason teach me how to avoid continued calamity, father; if not, what *can* it teach that I would learn?"

"It will teach you to *endure* calamity—to meet it as a man should, calmly, fearlessly, proudly;—yet more, if you can look back with conscious rectitude, and feel that you have not deserved the evil that has fallen upon you. You regret that you should be the prey of the base and the designing; do you regret that the lion knows not the wiles of the serpent?—that the lofty spirit, whose upward path is in the full blaze of the sun's broad eye, should sometimes be baffled by arts of meanness and guilt? To spirits like these, when you are brought in contact with them, you *must* become the victim or the slave. An honorable mind will not hesitate in its choice. You would tear away the limits which heaven has placed

to the march of the mind. If you acknowledge the wisdom which planned the motions of worlds, their economy and laws, to surpass your own, is it not probable, to say the least, that your own conceptions of the workings of that wisdom may be erroneous? Impatient boy! acknowledging this wisdom, learn to reverence where you do not understand."

"You mistake me, father. I wish increased knowledge as a shield, and not as arraigning the wisdom of Allah. Secured by age and experience from passion and from weakness, you make no allowance for their effects. The herbage withers when the Simoom passes by; and the most virtuous mind will sometimes pause in its career, when assailed by the deadly arts of the secret foe. Our passions may be but weak ligatures, and yet our strongest efforts to break them, serve often but to draw them to the quick.—And is it possible, father, to find one's self the object of the unprovoked sarcasm of the worthless, and of sneers which insinuate every thing while they assert nothing; to find one's self sinking, step by step, in the opinion of those we most value, without the power of defence, (for who can answer a sneer?) and yet philosophize over the evil? No! he who can do this must first cease to be a man. Ah, father! could I but read men's minds, I should be happy."

The old man shook his head mournfully. "It is ever thus," he at length replied. "We first feel wrongly, till we learn to think wrongly; to act

wrongly comes last, but it comes. The slanderer is known as surely as he practises his pitiful business; and as surely despised as known. The true character *will* break forth at a thousand unheeded avenues and crevices of the mind. Meet the insinuations of such persons, only with silence. Dignity of character *will* be respected; and if you fearlessly trust the refutation of calumniators to the proud but silent testimony of upright conduct, fear not but that it will be triumphant. Yet when did the young ever profit by the experience of the old? Infatuated boy! your wish shall be gratified. You must drink from a bitter fountain, but the waters of healing may yet flow. Do you observe the hollow in yonder rock, where the waters have scooped for themselves a basin? In that basin is a ring. Take it; and when you wish those with whom you converse to speak the truth, breathe upon it, and they will unconsciously reveal their most secret thoughts in reply to whatever question you may propose. You will observe that on the stone is represented a rose-bud. Whenever you consult your ring improperly, or in consequence of having consulted it, act unwisely, that rose-bud will wither. When, on the contrary, you employ it judiciously, and after seeking its assistance, are guided in the right path, it will expand into full bloom. But before accepting this dangerous present, remember I warn you against it. *Truth has no talisman like a fearless spirit and a spotless conscience.*"

The impatient youth waited not for the last words to be uttered, ere he stood over the sparkling basin; in his eager haste scaring from the topmost boughs of the tree above, a large raven, which, with a loud scream, heavily winged its way through the clear blue air. He drew the ring from the basin, and placed it on his finger. Hardly was this done, ere the grove and the sage and the whole scene disappeared from before him, and he found himself standing before his father's tent. The sun was just rising over the distant hills of Yemen, and the trees stood motionless and glittering with dew. The bees still slept in the blossoms of the Sephalica; the nightingale hung slumbering over the rose, whose bosom, in the language of the eastern poets, he had rent open with his thrilling songs. Nothing around the restless youth bore the stamp of life; save when some startled bird flew shrieking from her nest, or the gazelle, roused from her slumbers, bounded fearfully away from the unwonted intruder. Well said the sage, "all sleep save man's unquiet spirit." But the agitation of the young man's mind was now of a different character from that which he had felt in the presence of his guide. It was like the tumult in the leaves of the elcaya, when the breeze that has past over the beds of the bidmusk, comes sweeping by. The young man delayed not at his father's tent; but passing on toward another which was pitched under the fresh foliage of a broad acacia, seated himself at the foot of a palm-tree, as if willing at last to seek that repose

which all but himself had been enjoying. The huge animal that followed him, crouched at his feet, equally ready for action or repose, and in a moment seemed lost in that sleep which his master was courting in vain. He had been sometime in this position, and the sun and all the animated creation had gradually wakened into life, when the light drapery of the tent was drawn aside, and there issued from it the slight, upright form of an Arabian maiden bearing a pitcher in her hand. Her dark locks curved gracefully round her brow, and the deep black eye that glanced beneath it, was marked by that stedfast, serious look, which seems to fasten its gaze on the object of its notice, as if to read the soul. The young man instantly rose to meet the maiden, but his lofty bearing was gone, and the constrained and subdued, yet anxious, and even tender watchfulness of his manner, evinced the presence of one who held mastery over his spirit. A sudden change went across the countenance of the maiden, like the flying cloud over the face of the moon; but the emotion, or rather its display, was too transient to betray its character; for immediately recovering her calm and dignified manner, she said "Banâd has been a stranger of late in the tents of his tribe."

"Yes! Schânah," replied the young man, "I have been to the sage of Yemen to obtain a remedy for my ignorance; I have been in search of knowledge."

"And what have you gained?"

"*The talisman of Truth.* Shielded from duplicity and deception, I shall no longer be the prey of the artful, nor the dupe of the designing; for I have a key to unlock men's minds, and read their secret thoughts. This is the key of wisdom, and wisdom, Schânah, is happiness and truth."

"Had it always dwelt in your own heart, Banâd, methinks you had hardly journeyed so far to seek it."

"That remark, Schânah, was neither your's, nor from you. The infamous Nayelah, who has already poisoned your mind against me, I find is still busy; and you, as well as Banâd, will be her victim."

"Her friend, Banâd; that I shall ever be. The friend of Nayelah must be the friend of virtue."

"May Schânah be its foe then; since she and I attach such opposite meanings to the word. Mistaken girl! you fling away the heart that would still be true to you through every change and trial, to gratify one who never regarded any but herself; one who would rejoice more at having made you the abandoned wretch she is, than a mind pure and generous as your's can possibly imagine; one who, like the serpent, will sting the deepest, where she has drawn her folds the closest."

"Banâd," replied the girl, "if you respect not Nayelah, respect your own professions; respect *my* friend. I shall not remain to hear her slandered thus;" she turned to depart.

"Stay, Schânah," said the young man, "for I will be heard. Oh! have you forgotten the days of our

childhood, when we roamed about together? how I climbed the full date tree that I might shake its rich fruit into Schânah's lap? or scaled the loftiest precipice where a wild flower grew, that it might deck her hair, or the deep coral beds amid the dark waters for ornaments for her brow? or at the twilight hour, how I have listened to her voice, whose tones were poured out, sweeter than the nightingale's when he sings to the rose-bud? are we not of the same tribe? have we not eaten at the same board, drunk from the same cup, bowed at the same altar? and is all forgotten?—The tried and the loved, the friends of your youth, and the years of your childhood—all but the despicable Nayelah? If the ties of friendship and affinity are so easily broken, where shall happiness be found?"

"In truth. Said you not that knowledge of the truth alone was adequate to happiness? Yet," added the relenting maiden, "I would not seem harsh. No! Banâd, I have not forgotten those days; nor the fairy dreams that then floated in my mind, like the golden clouds in the distant sky. Those colors have faded now and have left—clouds."

"Unhappy girl!" thought the young man; "I will know how your words correspond with your feelings. I will learn the worst"—and he breathed upon his ring. The charm took effect, and the young man thus proceeded. "Why are you so pleased with Nayelah?"

"Nayelah," she replied, "takes so lively an interest in my welfare, and so constantly advises me when

she thinks me wrong, and looks so unhappy, that I cannot but believe her to be sincerely attached to me. And if I persevere in my opinions, in opposition to her's, she ridicules me so pleasantly out of them——"

"That you suffer your understanding to be vanquished by a sneer, when reason cannot be brought to convince—-you yield the attribute of divinity, to the attribute of devils. Sneers, Schânah, are invariably the weapons of weak or depraved minds. They are not used but by those who cannot, or who dare not, meet the truth with fairness and uprightness.—But tell me Schânah, have you been happier, or have you oftener found yourself right since you have followed the counsels of Nayelah, than when you obeyed the dictates of your own heart and judgment?"

"No! I know not how it is, but I am now often sorry when sorrow is too late; I rejoice without joy, and nothing now comes from the heart but tears."

"Distrust Nayelah, then—distrust any who would promise you that happiness in which the heart has no part. It exists there, or no where. I will not suppose actual sorrow to be present, but, if positive happiness be absent, in the state of indifference that must then exist, there will be no charm in what the world calls pleasure. Nothing then will waken the slumbering feelings, but the arrow that is driven to the quick. You say well, Schânah, that nothing comes then from the heart but its tears. You have often watched with me when at sunset the Bay of Basra lay asleep, how the rich warm coloring of the clouds

floated in the still waters beneath, and have almost wondered that they should still be as cold, and their thousand rocks as deadly, as when foaming and roaring in the tempest. It was because the smile was only on their *surface*. In this state, the mind resembles the face of nature deprived of the sun's light. The flowers and the birds and the blossoms are still there, but the flowers have bowed their heads and folded their leaves together; the silent birds cower under the foliage; the beautiful variety of coloring is lost. But let the sun appear, let the heart—the heart be roused, and the flowers lift up their heads and unfold their bosoms to that kindling beam; the birds spread forth their wings and raise their voices once more; and the thousand colored blossoms laugh into beauty again. Has your own heart never taught you this?"

"Yes!" replied the unconscious girl, "I loved you once, but Nayelah convinced me that I had mistaken your character, and I endeavor to love you no longer. It is difficult, but I have almost succeeded."

"And in what do you think you had mistaken my character?"

"Nayelah persuaded me that your attachment was not disinterested. She thinks you cowardly, mean, suspicious."

"Suspicious! yes, because I suspect her; and with deep and bitter cause. Mean! cowardly! Were my conduct like her's, I should indeed merit the terms. Well, Schânah, I will yet hope to destroy this fatal

illusion, and convince you that while guilt envelopes itself in armour, the upright mind wields no weapon, and needs no buckler, but truth."

As the youth uttered these words, a consciousness passed over his mind that his own conduct in thus arriving at the truth, hardly accorded with the proud sentiment he had uttered. He glanced hastily at the ring. The rose-bud was withered. As he turned thoughtfully away, he met the subject of their late conversation approaching.

"What!" she exclaimed, "Banâd returned! The tents of his friends will then once more be gladdened with the voice of the welcome one."

"I fear Nayelah," he replied, "that my friends will have hardly missed or regretted me. I am perfectly aware that I do not wear the deceitful smile which often makes the villain a welcome guest."

"Banâd has grown modest in his absence. You have journeyed in search of truth, and I presume have found it."

"And has mine then been so forward a bearing, that you think the truth would humble me ?"

"Far be it from me to suppose that you need have journeyed among strangers, to acquire what was always characteristic of your mind. Have you yet seen your friends."

"I have just parted from Schânah."

"And do you rank her among your friends ?"

"I should be sorry to consider her among my enemies."

"Yet you have enemies who would gladly make her your foe. It is with difficulty I can still persuade her to regard you with friendly eyes. But I do and shall labour hard in your cause."

"Miserable hypocrite!" thought the youth, "I will place your character in its true light;" and he breathed upon his ring. Her smiles were immediately changed into a malicious frown.

"You seem in haste, Nayelah," said the young man, as she turned to depart.

"Yes!" she replied, "I am going to Schânah to abuse you."

"But why? I have never harmed you."

"They who receive the wrong may forgive; they who commit it, never."

"And what slander will you frame?"

"None. That would be both unwise and unsafe. I have a surer method, by hints and insinuations. I can suggest meanings to your most trivial remarks; I can make your most innocent words, nay your very thoughts and looks traitors. This I am going to do now."

"I never flattered myself that I was a favorite with Nayelah."

"No! I hate you."

"And do you love Schânah?"

"No!" but when I was young as Schânah, no one wished to marry me; and I do not wish her to succeed better than I do, unless I can make her success profitable to myself, which cannot be if you marry her, because you at least suspect, if you do not know me. Besides, it gives me a kind of importance among

my friends, and a claim on their gratitude, when I seem so busy in their service."

"*Your* friends! a fiend like you can have no friend."

"You are wrong, for weak minds mistake my satire for wit, and therefore they look up to me with respect; and as I do not speak ill of any to their faces, each one is flattered with the idea of being excepted from my general slander; and many mistake the freedom of my rancor, for the confidence of friendship; while others are my friends through fear of becoming the objects of my enmity."

And this then, thought the youth, is the demon I have to encounter. Well; I will seize the first opportunity with the aid of my ring to expose her character to Schânah. At this moment his eye accidentally glanced upon the ring, and to his astonishment the rose-bud had entirely withered. Is it not right then, he thought, to expose guilt, and thus aid the cause of truth? The sage would deceive me. I will not believe that I am not applying the ring to an honorable use.

"Nayelah, meantime, was proceeding to the tent of Schânah's father, when she met the maiden approaching. "Well Schânah," she began, "I met Banâd on my way hither."

"Yes! he has been to the sage of Yemen in search of truth."

"It is common for men to seek for that which they have not."

"Banâd I think is too proud, if not too just, to deceive."

"I forgot! the favorite of Schânah, should be admired by her friend. He is doubtless noble and high-minded. The difficulty must lie in my slight acquaintance or want of penetration. I *will* admire him."

"Not because he is my friend, but because he deserves admiration. This justice I will do him."

"Well!"

"Why do you say well?"

"Because it is not well. It is not well that Schânah should esteem the unworthy."

"Ah! Nayelah; it is very difficult to give up the prepossessions and feelings of years, and think harshly where we have felt kindly. If we are forced to doubt those whom years have tried, and trials stronger than years have not shaken, where shall we find truth?

In the fervor of interesting conversation, the two damsels had gradually strayed beyond the confines of the encampment and entered a deeply shaded thicket. The proximity of their friends, they would have deemed a sufficient safe-guard against dangers, had fear held a place in their breasts; and the seclusion of such a place was adapted to the subject of their conversation.

"Are you sure," replied Nayelah to the last remark of Schânah, "that Banâd never has wavered—that his trials have been severe? Methinks that your coldness toward him would hardly justify his constant

adherence to you as the idol of his heart, if interest did not sway his mind. How is it possible that he should still feel a regard for one who so long has slighted him. No! for *Ghifar's daughter* he may bear what for Schânah's self he would spurn."

"I think not so, Nayelah. I know that the heart will not so readily relinquish its hold. I know indeed, that it is often like the shrub we see shooting up and basking in the sunshine, and which when a slight breeze passes over it, lies uprooted and withering on the sands. But let the same shrub spring up where the winds are eddying, and the frosts visiting it, and it will strike its roots far and wide;—the storm will not loosen, nor the winter freeze it; every gale that visits it, will but add to the vigor with which its tendrils and fibres cling to the soil it sprung from. This is the nature of the heart."

"Schânah, I perceive, speaks feelingly. Well! perhaps your husband may be all that Banâd is not."

"Say rather may he be all that Banâd was, or, at least, appeared. Could the talisman he boasts of possessing but teach me his own character, it were invaluable indeed."

Could it in other words make him all that a young imagination unchastened by judgment had painted him, it were indeed invaluable. But rejoice that you cannot bring his character to a test which would prove it not as you imagined, nor as I have permitted it to be esteemed; I have spared him for Schânah's sake."

"He would feel but little gratitude for your clemency. I cannot help believing in the sincerity of his attachment, as well as your's."

"Childish girl! to believe in a worthless man's sincerity, and even compare it to the friendship of Nayelah. Let but the hour of trial or of danger come, and we shall see which will soonest rush to your aid, or shrink from your side."

At this moment the countenance of Nayelah suddenly changed. She stopped, looked quickly and anxiously round, like one suddenly compelled to adopt a decided course of conduct in a desperate emergency. Schânah eagerly and anxiously inquired what was the matter? 'Nothing," she replied ,"stop here a moment for me ;" and turning, she fled with the utmost precipitation. Schânah remained looking after her with astonishment; but while vainly and anxiously endeavoring to conjecture the cause, a low rustling among some bushes at a little distance, attracted her attention. Looking toward the spot, she saw between the branches of the shrubs two eyes of fire which were fixed upon her in that intense earnestness with which the lion regards his prey before springing upon it.

"Thoughts from the lips but slowly part,
But glance like lightning through the heart."

And this then, thought the maiden, is the love that would encounter danger for me ; and which manifests itself, not merely by not giving me the alarm, but by desiring me to stop here, that thus, by securing the monster

his victim, she may more securely escape. Would Banâd have done this ? Such comparisons are apt to be dangerous. A young woman's heart can seldom withstand the flattering answer that *will* arise. Meantime Schânah stood gazing, as if held by the power of fascination, upon the eyes that were thus fixed upon her. To attempt flight would have been vain: and with the desperate calmness with which the mind makes its decision in moments of deep and sudden emergency, she resolved to die there. For a moment then she remained motionless, but at length the instinctive love of life prompted Schânah to move. Apparently, it was but for this stirring that the animal waited; he immediately broke from his lurking place, and leaped towards her, clearing at the first bound more than a third of the distance between them. Already were his jaws thrown apart; his white teeth were visible, and she fancied that she could feel his hot breath upon her neck, and his claws in her creeping flesh, when his path was suddenly crossed by an unexpected assailant. This was no other than Yäûk, Banâd's dog, already mentioned, who sprang upon the furious beast, and with the well known sagacity of his race, buried his long sharp fangs, scarcely less formidable than the lion's own, in his throat, so directly beneath the jaw, that it was impossible for the lion to seize him with his mouth. At first, he attempted to shake him off as an obstacle too insignificant to detain him for an instant from his prey. But the deadly gripe of the devoted animal soon com-

pelled him to cease from his pursuit, and attend exclusively to his own defence. It was in vain that he attempted to shake him loose from his mortal hold. The breath of the infuriated monster already began to come in thick sobs, when suddenly rearing himself, he seized the dog in his claws, and dragging him from his hold, dashed his comparatively puny enemy to the earth. Yet not even then did the dog relinquish his grasp, but bore away the greater portion of the flesh by which he had held, and left only that part which broke away as his iron jaws passed through, thus completely tearing open the lion's throat. The blood that followed in a torrent, sufficiently showed that poor Yäûk would be well avenged. Schânah meantime remained rooted to the spot, watching the progress of the contest, but totally unable to assist her generous defender. It was just then when he lay hurled to the ground, and the lion reared as if to bring down his whole force upon his prostrate foe, that she saw something glance by her, but too swiftly to distinguish what it was,—and before the enraged lion could reach her, the long shaft of an Arabian lance stood quivering in his side. At almost the same instant, Banâd, armed with the short straight sword of the Arabs, stood over his fallen ally. Had there been time for fear, Schânah might have dreaded lest that lance should have pierced her defender instead of her foe; but the weapon was launched by a hand too practised to err, and too strong to do its work lightly. Through hide, and muscle, and bone

the glittering point drove its way, till the whole head was buried in the monster's heart ; nor did it stop in its career, till the rounded swell of the shaft was checked by the close-knit ribs, which had readily admitted the flat spear-head. The wounded beast made one bound into the air, uttered a low short growl and fell—and in a moment every nerve was convulsed with the pangs of death ; yet not before the active youth had twice buried his sword in his side. Banâd hastened to assure himself of the safety of Schânah, but she cut short his inquiries, pointing to the spot where side by side lay the victor and the vanquished, stretched on their last field. They immediately hastened to the generous and heroic Yäûk who lay bleeding by the side of the vanquished lion, whom he seemed to be wistfully observing, till exhaustion compelled him to lay his head upon the ground. As Banâd and Schânah approached, and knelt over the dying animal with unavailing efforts for his relief, he raised his head and seemed to recognize the kindness of the intention by licking their hands, feebly wagging his tail, and suspending for a moment the low, suppressed whine, which indicated the pain he suffered ; and when exhausted nature could sustain no more, the faithful animal fixed his eyes upon his master's face and died licking his hands. "My poor Yäûk," said the young man, "*your* life at least has not been useless. You have fallen nobly in a noble cause, and have enjoyed the proudest prerogative affection claims—to die for those you love. Do not think me unmanly

Schânah," he added, as the involuntary tear stood in his eyes; "the love that is faithful unto death, is too seldom met with to be lightly lost."

"And too valuable to be lightly given," replied the maid; "yet surely Banâd, if any, may command it."

"To be deemed not altogether unworthy by Schânah, is happiness indeed," he replied. "But where is Nayelah? She left the encampment with you."

"She fled."

"And why did not you fly too?"

"Because I knew not of the danger."

"Did she not tell you of it, then?"

"No!" replied Schânah, over whose mind the influence of Nayelah again began to assume its accustomed power. "In the confusion and agitation of the moment, she fled, probably, without herself knowing what she said or did." For since her rescue from her dangerous situation, such was the opinion she had actually formed of Nayelah's conduct.

PART II.

The frequent and exterminating warfare, carried on among the petty tribes of the Arabs, is well known, as well as the trivial offences which often produced hostilities of the most inveterate and sanguinary character. Such was now the situation of the tribe of Koreidha, to some of the members of which we have now been introduced. In their immediate vicinity, the hostile race of Aws was encamped, who had repeatedly committed depredations on their neighbors which they could have been enabled to do, only

by means of information obtained through some treacherous Koreidhan. The property or plunder of the tribe of Koreidha, however or where-ever secured, was sure to be seized by the children of Aws, who seemed to obtain immediate knowledge of the motions and plans of their enemies, and were enabled to seize every opportunity when the warriors of Koreidha were out on any expedition and the encampment left with a small guard, to make their attacks. These excursions, however, were commonly confined to plunder, and by some mysterious means, the warriors of the Aws always selected the very spot which contained precisely what they sought. The two tribes were separated from each other only by a thick and extensive palm-grove, and to prevent, as far as lay in his power, any communication between the individuals of the two tribes, the chief of the Koreidhans issued an order, prohibiting any, on pain of death, from entering this grove.

It was on the evening of the day on which this order was promulgated, that Banàd was walking in the vicinity of the forbidden grove, when he saw Nayelah advance within its confines, apparently buried in her own musings. The laws of the tribe, depending on the will of an individual, were, what laws have been sarcastically defined in more modern days, cobwebs in which only the weaker flies were caught; while they whose favor with the chief, or reputation with the tribe, was such as placed them beyond suspicion, were accustomed to take liberties which they

knew would be readily winked at. The circumstance therefore would probably have made but slight impression on his mind, had he not at the same moment perceived Schânah at a distance, crossing over to her father's tent. It immediately occurred to his mind that, could he but prevail on her to join Nayelah with him, under pretence of warning her of her danger, he might by the aid of his ring unmask to Schânah the genuine character of her friend. Scarcely was the thought conceived, ere the youth stood at the maiden's side. Upon his carelessly mentioning to her where he had seen Nayelah, she anxiously inquired if he had not warned her of her danger. Banâd replied that he had only seen her at a distance, and had not spoken to her.

"Let us then hasten to her," said Schânah, "before she is seen." The youth joyfully assented to a request that he had artfully contrived should come from her, and they immediately proceeded to join Nayelah in the limits of the forbidden grove. As they approached her, Banâd breathed upon his ring. Nayelah immediately hastened towards them, and warmly grasping Schânah's hand, with a most complacent smile of intended welcome she exclaimed, "My silly Schânah, how vexed I am to see you; what could have brought you where you are so little wanted?"

"What!" said the thunderstruck Schânah, imagining that she must have misunderstood her friend, or that she was in jest. But looking steadfastly at her,

and seeing in her countenance only the smile and manner with which she always welcomed her, she simply replied, "I should be sorry indeed to vex the friend who so constantly has sought my happiness."

"*Your* happiness! I never cared for your happiness. I sought only my own, which was entirely incompatible with your's. Here have I been lying and cajoling you, weak girl, for months, to prevent your marrying Banâd; and here you come together. Had he been what I represented him, depend upon it I should not have interfered." Then thinking to express to Schânah an excessive joy at the meeting, with the same fixed smile she continued, "you cannot imagine how provoked I am at this unlucky rencontre."

"Banâd," replied the astonished girl, "told me that he saw you enter this grove; and supposing that you had forgotten the prohibition, we readily agreed to come and remind you of it. We may easily escape unperceived."

"Heaven grant you may not! Here am I waiting to betray you to Hamah, and you will not go."

"And are you then," said Banâd, now astonished in his turn, "the traitor to whose guilt the prohibition is owing?"

"Certainly; and as soon as you are gone I shall summon Hamah and tell him all that I have learnt to day."

"And who is Hamah?"

"One of the tribe of Aws that I am trying to make fall in love with me and marry me."

"Methinks," replied Banâd, "he need hardly have recourse to so desperate a step, if I may judge by the circumstances in which I met you."

"No! I should be unwilling to frighten him by any show of coyness."

"Banâd," said Schânah, "she is crazy. Let us endeavor to prevail on her to return to the tent."

"No! Schânah," he replied, "she is not crazy; but for the first time she speaks the truth, or at least the genuine feelings of her soul, compelled by the talisman of the sage. Now be convinced by your own senses of the utter worthlessness of Nayelah." The maiden seemed agitated and grieved. She had readily attributed her desertion and the attending circumstances in the adventure with the lion, to the terror and confusion of the moment; but for her present conduct there seemed no apology. She privately intimated to Banâd her wish that he should endeavor to withdraw with Nayelah to the tent. It was readily effected by him; Nayelah glad of any excuse to separate them. Schânah meantime proceeded to the banks of the stream, where she seated herself to meditate on what had just passed. For some time her reflections were obviously distressing. At length, however, as if a sudden light had broken upon her, she started and exclaimed. "Yes! a power that could make her unconsciously speak truth, must surely be able to

make her speak falsehood; and he who *would* do the one, would not scruple to do the other. Nayelah's opinion, I fear, is but too well founded; and this circumstance instead of being a proof of her treachery, is only one of his duplicity, against which she so often warned me. Oh! on what a reed would I have leaned!"

Meantime Banâd, as he retired, consulted his ring to see if at last he had employed it wisely; again the rose-bud had withered. But he had met this reproof too often to be disturbed by it now, and soon dismissed the thoughts of it from his mind as too trifling to merit attention.

In one of the tents of that far-stretching encampment, the chief of the tribe of Koreidha sat in deep consultation with three or four old men, who formed a sort of private council, destitute indeed of any nominal authority, their voice, however, having great influence in the decisions of the chief, who was himself a man somewhat different in personal appearance from the majority of Arabs. His large black eye was destitute of that expression of malicious cunning, so common to them; nor had it their quick and restless glance. His was rather a tranquil countenance, indicating thought and reflection; and it was only when his mind was roused by some external stimulus, that the kindling eye was lighted up, like the dark cloud by the flash behind it. Yet, in ordinary moments, his countenance was one which indicated inflexible resolution and calm determination, rather

than sudden or violent conduct. It was upon this assembly that an Arab suddenly entering, announced that a young girl had been taken in the forbidden grove.

"Who is she?" inquired the chief.

"I know not," replied the young man. "She acknowledges every thing; that she was aware of the law and the penalty attached to its violation; but demands to see the chief."

"I will not see her," replied he. I should only be compelled to listen to pleadings to which my own feelings may incline me, but which the sternness of duty *must* deny. Her confession is her doom."

"And a just one," said one of the old men. "We must respect the law ourselves, if we would have it respected. The sentence is now impartial." This opinion was approved by all the rest. The girl was therefore condemned to the bow string.

After the young Arab had retired, all sat some time in profound silence, each one apparently wrapt in unpleasant reflections. At length the old man who had first spoken remarked, "If we suffer this offence to pass unpunished, what pledge have we for the safety of the tribe, or for the observance of any laws it may become expedient or necessary to form?" He was here interrupted by the return of the young man, who had before entered. "The maiden," he said, "is so earnest to speak with the chief before the execution of the sentence, that I dared not proceed till

I had mentioned the fact. She says she has something important to communicate."

"Well! let her come in then." The young man retired, and in a few minutes approached with the unfortunate Schânah.

"Daughter!" exclaimed the astonished chief, as his eye rested upon the form of his child; and in the bitter agony of that moment, he buried his head in the folds of his mantle and wept.

"Father!" said the undaunted maiden, "you have decreed that I shall die. Is there no hope?"

The chief paced back and forth a few moments in his tent, in deep and visible agitation. His strong efforts to smooth his brow at length succeeded; and at last, with a countenance from which all trace of passion seemed to have passed away, he calmly seated himself opposite to his daughter, and with a firm voice replied, "none! Schânah, none!"

"Yet pause, father; judge not hastily. Think of the hour when the hoary hairs shall cover your brow, when age shall have bent the iron frame, and they who follow the strong chief shall desert the weak old man.

Pause ere you lightly fling from you the hand that would support, the love that would follow you, even to the gates of the grave. Father, not for myself I plead, but in mercy to yourself,—to my poor mother,—spare me."

"Daughter, should I merit the confidence of my people were I to yield to the weakness of my own feelings, or do for myself what I would not for the meanest of my tribe? Were you alone?"

"No! father."

"Who were with you, and why were you there?"

"To explain why I was there, would be to tell you who was with me. One victim is enough. I can die alone. Enough that there was no treason in our purpose. The laws were not always thus rigidly enforced."

"Ah! there was not always this deep necessity.—Had I always been as true to my duty, as to my feelings, this had not been. Your doom was pronounced before I knew who was to be the victim. It has been confirmed by the wisdom of the tribe, and though my heart break in the effort it must be executed."

"Father, the time will come, when to have spared one life, aye, to have saved one pang, will give you a deeper joy than all the vain applause your tribe can give you. But I forbear. The father *cannot* inflict, what the daughter *dare* not suffer. One request only I have now to make. Let me see my mother before I die."

"It shall be done my child. Could I die *for* you how joyfully would I offer my neck to the slave!—Could I die *with* you——"

"It may not be. Allah preserve and bless you!—Kiss me once more, my father, and then farewell. Think sometimes of your child; and if the waywardness of her younger years should ever intrude upon your mind, remember that while she lived she loved you. Farewell!"

"Not yet!" exclaimed a woman, who at that moment entered the tent. "What is this that I hear? My daughter, do you go?"

"To death, mother."

"You! to death! death by *his* order! by a father's doom? It cannot be."

"How is this," said Ghifar sternly! "Methinks the place of an Arab's wife is hardly amid the councils of men."

"The place of an Arab mother, chief, is at her daughter's side. Hear me!"

"I have already heard too much. Chief! the title sounds strangely on a wife's lips; from Kholaâk to Ghifah!"

"No! you have heard the voice of your child and the voice of nature—heard them in vain; I will not add mine; that will soon be dumb. But there is one that you have yet to hear—-that of your own conscience, which will speak in thunder when our's have been sealed in silence; which, while it tells you what you are—a murderer—will tell you too of all you were—of all you might have been."

"Men!" said Ghifar, "she is a woman and a mother; forgive her."

"Men! the human *form* does not constitute man; else were stone and marble man;—it is what ye have not—a human spirit. Forgive her! yes! rob the mother of her young, and then forgive her! May Allah dispense upon your own heads your tender mercies, in an equal retribution. But you, Ghifar, *you* to have doomed *her!* speak, tell me it is not true."

"It *is* true."

"Revoke the decree then. Oh! it was not always thus; not always would Kholaâk have pleaded, and pleaded in vain with Ghifar. Oh! husband, have you forgotten the vows, with the days, of our youth; would you rob us of this first, this last surviving pledge of that deep and constant love? I wept not for my sons, for they fell as Ghifar's sons should fall; I wept not for them, when the boys lay in their father's tent with "death" written on their fair young brows; for they slept in the shroud of their glory, in the light of an unspotted name. But this fair flower, spare *her;* here on my knees I pray you. Think how often you have borne her in your arms, played with her, listened to her, loved her, for you *have* loved her. Oh! for *my* sake, for your soul's sake, if ever affection stirred, or prayer moved you—hear me!"

The lofty spirit of the chief was wrung, but not subdued. His pale cheek and bloodless, quivering lip, alone marked the unutterable agony with which his spirit wrestled; but his resolution was unshaken. Slowly withdrawing his face from his mantle in which he had buried it, and mournfully shaking his head he replied, "I must forget that I am a chief, if I remember that I am a father."

"Forget it then. Is there aught in that empty name that can fill a daughter's place in a father's heart?"

"I shall transfer my love to my tribe—henceforth they must be my children; and you, unhappy woman! forget that you have been a mother."

"Can I forget the pangs that made me so; all that a mother loves to think of? That were a father's part. It was not *you* who ministered to her unuttered wants; hushed her in your bosom; watched, wept, prayed over her. Oh! if ever prayer would move, or mercy find a place in that iron heart, revoke your cruel sentence. Spare the withering root and the springing branch."

"Mother!" interrupted the maiden, "forbear. My father does his duty. Yet do not forget me as he counsels you, but love my memory, when my memory is all of your child you will have left to love. And judge not harshly of my father; he but fulfils a stern, and tremendous duty. Add not reproaches to its bitterness. Darken not my last moments with the knowledge that my death can have broken or weakened ties, that should have bound you to the last. You will but the more need each other's love, when the place of your child is deserted in your hearts. And father, mother, think of me then; think of me as in winter you think of the amra flowers, that have left nothing behind them but their fragrance and their memory!"

"*I* shall not think of *you* Schânah," said Kholaâk, "for I too shall be with you. A mother's love stops not at the portals of the grave. And can you, Ghifar, still persist in your horrid sentence?"

"My heart is bleeding too," replied the chief; "but it *must* be."

"*Your* heart! can a man doom his child to death and dare but to name a thing so holy as the affections? If

but their shadow ever dwelt within you, this could not be!"

"Kholaâk" said the chief, "you can add bitterness to the bitter cup that we must drink, but you cannot change it. Spare me then; spare yourself; and spend these few last moments in speaking comfort to your child. Her doom is spoken; Shcânah must die."

"Go then, cold and heartless man! go to your deserted tent; sit down at the lonely meal which no hand of affection has prepared, whence the form of love has departed; and when no eye will brighten at a husband's or a father's presence, when the voice of love has passed away from your solitary tent, and in the long lonely hours you hear only the howling winds as they sweep through the palm trees, or your tent flapping to the night winds, when the evening song is silent on the lips you have sealed, or you hear only the moaning voice of the wind as it breathes over the untuned lute; when disease shall have laid the proud one low, and wrung your burning brow, while the deadly fever of a burning conscience is busy within; when only the hand of the hireling shall minister to your unheeded wants, and you feel that all you have, is nothing to what you have flung away; when in the deep desolation of your soul, you would barter the world's wealth but for one look of that love which gold cannot purchase, nor kings take away; when that hour shall come—and it will come; when the bitterness of late remorse shall arrive—and it will arrive; when the samiel shall have passed over your

soul—and it will pass over it—then tremble at the thought, it was *my* work. I could have saved them, and did not, dared not—and when in the frenzy of your spirit, you turn to Allah, then will he be to *your* prayers, as you have been to mine, to nature's, and your child's.

At this moment the light drapery of the tent was suddenly drawn aside, and Banâd entered; his face glowing, and his brow covered with sweat?"

"Banâd," said Ghifar, "why come you here?"

"To die," replied the young man.

"Banâd," said Schânah, "you cannot save me; you will but throw away your own life."

"I shall indeed," he replied. "It is for that purpose I am here. Hear me chief. I am the cause of all this evil. Not content with the capacity for knowledge that Allah gave me, I sought by means of a fatal talisman to increase the power. And wishing by its means to display to Schânah the true character of a worthless woman, I betrayed her into the forbidden grove. Alas! I am not the first who has plucked from the tree of knowledge, and found that its fruits are death. I,—I only am guilty. Release your daughter, and take another victim in exchange."

"Your purpose is generous," said Schânah, "but unjust to yourself. I went as voluntarily as Banâd, father."

"It may not be," said the chief. "The circumstances you mention, mark more deeply this dreadful necessity, but cannot alter it. Schânah must die."

"She must *not* die," replied Banâd. "I *compelled* her to go."

"This," said the maiden, "is the first falsehood that ever past the lips of Banâd! let it be the last. Father, I repeat, I went voluntarily. For you, Banâd, I at last know your character as it really is. Your talisman produced no conviction on my mind, and your increased knowledge produced no happiness. The lesson has come late, but it has come—and you have learned that it is virtuous conduct, an unshaken spirit, and unspotted truth, that *will alone* triumph over duplicity and meanness. They may indeed be borne down for a time, but they will rise gloriously at last."

"And who," said Ghifar, "is the person you allude to?"

"I should leave her to the punishment of her own conscience, and not to your judgment, but that she is already beyond the latter. It is Nayelah; who has now taken refuge with the tribe of Aws—and she it was who betrayed you to them."

"Rash, unhappy boy!" said the chief. "I would willingly have spared you, and should certainly have never sought you out; but thus forced upon me, I am constrained to sentence you too to share the fate of Schânah."

"Had I wished to avoid death," said the young man, proudly, "I had not now been here. But I would die alone. To me, the only bitterness of death is in the thought that I have brought it upon her I loved—

her for whom I would have gladly died a thousand deaths."

"Think not of me Banâd," replied the heroic maiden. "The fault is not your's. We must die together."

"And I would rather die such a death, Schânah, than live ages of common life, were it not for the appalling thought that I am *your* murderer."

One of the old men, who had hitherto all sat silent spectators of the scene, now observed to the chief, that thus to prolong it, was but to prolong the sufferings of all.

"I thought," said the chief, suddenly rousing "that my sufferings were over now, and that I was already childless. Slaves lead them forth."

At this order, Kholaàk, who since the entrance of Banâd had sat in a stupor, now suddenly rose and throwing her arms around her daughter's neck, exclaimed, "come, my child, we will go together." Then after earnestly regarding Schânah's countenance, and seeing her calm, resolute and collected, she exclaimed, "What! not one tear, Schânah?"

"Mother," said the unshaken girl, "I would not wrong my brothers' memory, nor my father's name. Tears are for the feeble or the guilty. And now once more,—think of me; love me, visit my grave sometimes; and now father, mother, farewell forever!"— Then, followed by Banâd, the high-spirited maiden, with firm step and lofty bearing, walked from the tent. Yet as she passed out, she turned again and

held aside the drapery for an instant, to take one more last look at those whom she was leaving forever. Then, for the first time, a tear started in her eye, and the convulsive tremor of her lip announced the agony of her spirit. She hastily dropped the curtain, and turning to Banâd, took his arm, saying, "it is the last time, Banâd," and with a loving smile added, "and the first, that I ever took it, unasked." The unhappy pair proceeded mournfully on their way, accompanied by the slaves who were to be their executioners, to the spot where Schânah was discovered; which was the stream, on the bank of which she had seated herself after the exposure of Nayelah's duplicity, and which, not being sufficiently deep in the wood, was easily discovered from the encampment. Arrived here, they kneeled together upon the bank and prayed for strength from Allah. "And now Banâd," said the maiden, "we too must exchange farewells." For the first time, the young man pressed her in his arms and kissed her cheek, and without rebuke.

"Schânah," said he, "in the execution of this sentence, the arms of the prisoner are necessarily confined. Let *us* die holding each other's hands." This proposition was agreed to, and face to face, and hand in hand the unhappy couple knelt on that green bank, beside a little mound which Schânah silently pointed out to Banâd. It was the grave of poor Yäûk, whom Schânah, in the fulness of girlish gratitude, had buried there. "It is well," said he mournfully, "on the grave of fidelity, affection may well repose."

"When you wept, Banâd, over that noble animal, and observed how rare was the love that is faithful unto death, how little did I think that you would be its next victim, and I its object! Surely at an hour like this, without shame I may acknowledge that my love is not less than Banâd's."

The eye of the young man kindled as she spoke, though the slaves were then fitting the bow-string to their necks; after which they stood waiting for a signal from Banâd. Face to face they knelt, that each might be the last object in the other's sight. As he put forth his hand to take Schânah's, the fatal ring, the cause of all this dreadful misery, met his eye. Indignantly he tore it from his finger, resolving to hurl it into the brook near which they knelt. As he drew it from his finger for this purpose, he was astonished to perceive that the rose-bud was in full bloom.— "Yes!" muttered he, "it is fatally true. Every action for which I have consulted this ring has been fraught with evil, and it has still faithfully forewarned me that it would be so. The only resolution it has approved is, that I but now made, of casting it away forever." And suiting the action to the word, he hurled it into the rippling waters beneath him. In an instant the whole scene changed. The brook, Schânah, and the palm-grove vanished from his eyes, and he found himself stooping over the basin whence he had first taken the ring. The sage was still standing at his side, calmly but attentively watching him. Yâûk lay stretched in a quiet slumber near him. The

sun was just about to disappear behind the western hills, and seemed to have delayed his setting, as if curious to watch the result of the search for truth.—The young man gazed round him for an instant with a look of silent astonishment; then bursting forth into the most violent exclamations, he accused the sage of cruelty and deception, and earnestly demanded to be restored to Schànah and to death. "Schànah," replied the sage mildly, "is safe in her father's tent; she has not been in danger, nor have you moved from this spot, whence but a few moments since you took the ring, which you but now dropped again into the basin. Look there"—and he pointed where in strong relief against the distant sky, a black spot was gradually disappearing. "Yonder," said he, "is the raven, which but now you frightened from the tree over your head. I was willing to give you an enduring lesson, without the bitter consequences of reality. What say you now, my son; are you willing to receive so fatal a gift, or are you at length satisfied that Allah is wiser than man?

"And was all this illusion?" said the young man, still endeavoring to arrange his ideas, like one suddenly awaked from deep sleep; "It cannot be."

"My son," said the sage, "you have heard of him who, doubting an occurrence in the life of our holy prophet, was convinced by a doctor of our religion in like manner as you have been. You weakly thought that you could improve what infinite wisdom executed. Your presumption made you a murderer—a

murderer too of that very person, whom of all others you most profess to love. You would have deprived a mother of her child; a father of his daughter; a husband of his wife, by your mad attempts to improve on Allah's work. You would have made a father the judge and executioner of his own child; you would have set at war all the elements of our nature; and like him of yore, who would guide the chariot of the sun, you have found that what, under the guidance of infinite wisdom, produces only life, light and joy—in the hands of ignorance and weakness, brings death, desolation and dismay."

The youth stood silent and rebuked, not daring to look in the face of him, who had taught him so deep a lesson at so light a price; and whom but now, spite of his grey hairs, he had assailed with the language of disrespect and abuse. At length, however, like one who had made a sudden resolution, he raised his head and addressing the sage, "Father" said he, "I confess my error, forgive me."

"Forgiveness, my son, is from Allah, not from man; not man has your presumption offended. When Schânah was in danger from the lion, what a lesson for you was there! That devoted animal who so generously interposed, was bound to her by no ties. What was she to him, that he should sacrifice his life for her? It was not *her* hand that fed him, nor *her* tent that sheltered him. He knows no authority higher than your command; yet at that command, in the face of danger and of death, he boldly grappled

with the lion for his prey. *He* did not stop to learn *why* he should encounter peril, and if he liked not the reason, to endeavor to obey your orders in some form modified to his own inclination; but at the command of wisdom, which to him doubtless appeared infinite, he obeyed you; heeding not, fearing not. How greatly has he surpassed you—you, who to throw off the temporary endurance of a light evil, have dared to arraign a wisdom which you know could not err, to avoid the ills with which you dared not contend. Presumptuous boy! go—and when next you falter in the path of duty, think of that animal and blush."

"Is there then no way, father, to meet the insidious cunning of a character like Nayelah's? Must we become the silent, unresisting victims of falsehood and malice?

"No! my son. But he who constantly acts under a consciousness of the dignity of his own character, will commonly triumph at last; and if he fail, he has still that proudest of all consolations, that he has deserved success. You are vexed that Nayelah should hold such ascendancy over the mind of Schânah, and that from having mistaken *her* character, she should next misjudge your's. But your line of conduct is still plain before you—let it be that of high, fearless, undeviating integrity. Let not her crooked policy and low wiles, induce nor betray you for a moment, from the straight and forward path. Attempt not to meet the wily with wiles, nor the secret foe, secretly. You *may* render ineffectual a few attempts, but you *will*

compromise the dignity of your own character. Be respectable, and you will surely be respected. Nayelah may triumph for a time, she may ultimately succeed,—she probably will. The effect of a sneer will often remain, even when the character of a sneerer is known and despised. But though she may succeed with Schânah, her character will be, nay at this very moment, is, as well known generally, as if the ring had exposed her to the whole tribe. They who thus attempt to deceive others, commonly find themselves to be the only ones deceived at last; like the hunted ostrich, plunging his head into the sand, and because he does not see, imagining himself unseen. Let it be your part so to conduct yourself, as never to give real ground for its truth—for it is a truth, that resentment for an injurious sneer or slander, will often cause a man actually to deserve it. Remember, too, in your unavoidable intercourse with Nayelah, let your conduct be marked with civility. That is due to *her* sex and to *your* character; and a contrary deportment would only give specious ground for further satire. I do not mean that you should either by words or actions profess great friendship; nay! the contrary. Speak of her character enough to let it be known that you are not ignorant of her malice;—but let it be openly and before her friends, and not secretly and to her enemies;—but having done this, stop. The respect due to your own character will not permit more."

"Father," said the young man, "the words of age, of the sage of Yemen, are doubtless the words of wisdom. Yet I would there *were* some talisman, which would shield us from enemies whom the strong arm may not approach."

"My son, such an one there is."

"Can you obtain it for me, father?"

"No! yet you may win it for yourself."

"Tell me where, father. My sword shall be a stranger to its scabbard, till I have obtained it; though it be single-handed amid the children of Aws."

"My son, not with sword or spear, or in earthly warfare, is this glorious jewel to be won. From the deep well-springs of a pure heart it must proceed—in the quiet serenity of an unsullied conscience, whence shield and buckler, sword and lance may not rend it, does that pearl of great price dwell."

"What is it, father?"

The talisman is—TRUTH!"

Edgar *Lith. of Pendleton.* *Cheney*

BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.

THE MEMORIAL.

PART II.

CONSISTING OF COMMUNICATIONS

NOT OFFERED FOR PRIZES.

SERENADE.

Go! in your light wings blest,
Breathe on her dreamy rest,
Spirits of sound!
Stir the dark flashes, hid
Under the marble lid
Slumber hath bound.

Tell her the stars are waking,
Moonlight like silver, breaking,
Cresteth the sea—
Nature the spell hath felt,
All things to beauty melt—
Rock, tower and tree.

Look! she hath heard us now—
Dark eye and snowy brow
Steal to the light—
See! she hath bent to hear—
Touch the flute lightlier!
Still is the night.

Stars with soft lashes laden!
Eyes of yon silent maiden!
See ye the sky?
Stars for a while may gem,
Ye may adorn like them—
Both yet shall die!

Now to thy pillow creep,
Sink to thy dreamy sleep,
Maiden, again!
Shroud, in thy silken lash,
Dark eye and beaming flash—
Hush'd is our strain!

RUINS OF A HUGUENOT FORT,

AT OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Was this *their* fortress,—this *their* place of rest,
Who from the genial vales of smiling France
Went exil'd forth? Yes, lofty brows were here,
In manhood's daring,—and meek woman's eye
Bright with the courage of her soul's deep love,
And childhoods' innocence, that shuddering mark'd
The dark, red visage, and untutor'd cry
Of the wild forest-babe.

Rude, ancient wreck!
Thou gav'st them refuge when their own proud realm,
Like an unnatural mother, cast them off
From her fair bosom.—Savage hordes roam'd here,
And heathen arrows through the dreary waste,
Wing'd their dark way,—but yet no tyrant king
Arose, in perjur'd majesty, to slay
The trusting flock that 'neath his shadow dwelt.
Cold was thy welcome to that pensive train,

My native land!—For the glad rush of streams,
Dancing in tireless measures down the vale
To their own murmuring music,—for the blush
Of purple vintage, and the breath of flowers,
Thou gav'st them thunders of thy wintry winds,
The moan of sunless forests, and the frown
Of icy-fetter'd, melancholy floods.
Yet still they clung to thee. There bad'st thou strike
The harp of liberty within the soul,
And this was all their wealth. For this they blest
The trackless wilderness,—for this they dar'd
The ocean-surge, and, with exulting joy,
Rear'd their turf-altar to the King of kings.
Vine! that dost mantle in thy green embrace
Yon shapeless stones, say, did thy parent germ
Drink the rich dews of France?—I see *her* hand,
That dark-hair'd maiden, who so gently twin'd
Thy timid tendril round the stranger props
Of this far land, sighing, as thy soft leaves
Shudder'd at autumn's chill, and treasuring deep
His every tone, who in thy native bower
Touch'd the sweet lute, and won her listening heart.
That love was with her on the stormy wave,
And in the desert, yet a chasten'd guest:—
For he who woke it, held that prouder faith

Whose stern hand lighted persecution's fires,
And far away, perchance, her care forgot.
So she must root his cherish'd image thence,
Though clasp'd with every thought. Yet his warm sigh
Still made deep music in her secret soul,
And gliding o'er the nightly dream, he press'd
Her yielding hand. Pure tears of morning prayer
Wash'd the illusion out,—but ere the shade
Of eventide, oft banish'd, oft recall'd
Was the bright semblance of that youthful form,
While the wild glances of those ardent eyes
Drank up her spirit.

So she lock'd her love
In the close urn of a meek, virgin heart,
To keep it for the grave,—and bow'd to bear
Her lot of hardship, with unmurmuring lip,
And pale, pale brow, the early bride of death.
—Vine of Roussillon! tell me other tales
Of that high race, who, with a martyr's smile,
Rear'd their rude cabins 'mid this snow-clad wild.
Were there not fond regrets and pining hearts,
When the sweet voices of their distant homes
Swept fresh o'er memory's harp-strings?—No, there [came
Such darken'd imagery of buried hope,
And faithless royalty, and murder'd peace,

That, from the chestnut shades and rose wreath'd bow-
And flute-led dances on the moonlight wold [ers,
Where their youth revell'd, to this foreign shore
In gratitude they turn'd, and, with the swell
Of these strange waters, blent their hymn of praise.
Now 'neath the shadowy pall of years they rest,
Low in the noteless tomb,—yet many a son
Among the noblest of our land, looks back
Through time's long vista, and exulting claims
These as his sires.—In mouldering clay they sleep,
But thou, fair vine, with freshen'd vigor bloom'st
O'er man's decay. Wooing thy tendril green,
Springs the wild rose, as though it fain would twine
Garlands of love with thee. And well it may,
Here on this soil, where every stranger tastes
Our cup of liberty. The simplest hind,
Whether he homeward guide his weary team,
Beneath the evening star, or, whistling, lead
To morn's green pastures, bears upon his brow,
"*Knowledge is power*,"—and lifts the ardent eye,
Free as his proudest brother, to the faith
Which guides man heaven-ward;—with the unfetter'd
Of conscience and of hope, seeking that clime [wing
Where earth-born mists in deathless glory fade.

ANTONIO AND LAURA.

In the autumn of 18-— I was rambling leisurely, with a staff in one hand and a sketch-book in the other, among the green vales and sunny hills of Tuscany. For the benefit of my health, I was spending the finest season in the year, in the finest province of Southern Europe, and the unencumbered manner in which I chose to travel, gave me every opportunity of learning the manners and condition of the Italian peasantry. At the close of a long day in the month of October, I was wandering, in pursuance of these ends, by the borders of a narrow streamlet, whose capacious windings I had followed for many hours.— The waters were so bright and beautifully clear, and its course through shaded glen and dell seemed so tastefully selected, that it had at first charmed me from the public way, and had now become a sort of travelling companion, directing me to the choicest scenery of the country, beside relieving my weariness by its beauty, and my solitude by its noise. Every thing around me, near and distant, inanimate and living, proclaimed that I was gazing on an Italian landscape, and beholding it at that silent, sober hour, which clothes it in all the luxury of its charms. Not

an object in the surrounding prospect, from the least leaf that quivered in the whispering breeze to the tall hills, by whose summit the view was bounded, but shone in the glow of a brilliant sunset. Groups of birds were fluttering and swinging among the tree-tops, to carol their curfew songs in the last kisses of the setting sun. The clouds, that, like a court, attended his decline, were rich with the wreath of colors poured from his golden urn. There was the music too of the insect world, basking in the air and buzzing in the blossoms; and even the chrystal streamlet at my feet, seemed to sing more blithely to its green sedges, and to dance more merrily than ever over the enamelled stones that sparkled in its channel. It was a scene for a poet or a painter,—one that Cowper would have chosen to embalm in song, or Claude to have immortalized with his pencil. Delighted with its beauties, and lulled by the harmony of winds, and waves, and living things, that rose like a jubilee around me, I seated myself, almost unconsciously on a low rock, grey with the gathered moss of years and shaded by a youthful myrtle, that had sprung up gracefully at its side. There I had resolved to wait till the last bee had ceased to hum, and the last bird was weary of her strain; but a clamour of human voices, becoming every moment louder and more distinct, disturbed my reverie, and ruffled the still current of my thoughts. It was a group of Tuscan peasantry, composed of both sexes, and of almost every age; all were clothed in what appeared

like holiday finery—the men in their finest cassocks and flaunting hats, and the females, generally in bodices of satin, covered with scarfs and ribbons; the long flowing hair of the latter was profusely decorated with ornaments of pearl and coral, and some of them wore silver crosses suspended from their necks. They were conversing earnestly together, and laughing with much gaiety. From these circumstances, together with their whole appearance, I conjectured that some interesting festival was either just past or else about to be celebrated. Familiarly accustomed to their language, and relying on their well-known easy and communicative manners, I resolved to participate freely in their rural pleasures, by mingling sociably with the throng. They gave me a cordial welcome without wondering at my intrusion, and renewed a cheerful and animated conversation. It was soon evident that my conjectures had been correct, for a young shepherd, who was clad even more gaily than the others, and seemed to be both the leader and favourite of the throng, informed me of their destination, at the same time that he repeated his former welcome. "There are but few of us," said he, "and those not over cheery, for we hear that the enemy are likely to give us more trouble soon. A rumour has reached the neighboring village, which lies a mile above us, where you see the smoke, that they are on their march for us now. But we have heard too many rumours to be terrified by such a vague one as this. Aye, and worse than all that too, have we known

bloodshed in this little village of ours,—when the Franciscas were driven from their old home on the hill. We are going to be married, sir, (I need not blush to say so,) while there is time, and opportunity, and a single priest left to bless us, and friends to be merry at the festival. Another day may even call me to the field. Welcome him, dear Juliet, (he addressed a rosy girl, dressed in white, who had been blushing at his side while he spoke,) welcome him, love, he is no Frenchman, for he carries no sword by his side, and no murder in his countenance." "You see the convent, sir," said Juliet, taking her lover's arm. "It stands on the hill's summit at the left, with the old elms growing before it, and the vines climbing over its windows. It is well nigh deserted now, as a single glance may tell you, but there is one worthy father still stays there, and to him, sir, we are going. You are come in good time, for our company is but small, and some of our hearts too sad for mirth and music." I repeated my gratitude for their kindness, and we walked on together. There was a strange variety, as I have said already, in the composition of this festive group, but there was one among them, whose graceful manners and melancholy expression soon attracted all my attention. She was a girl of slight and delicate form, with a pale cheek and pensive eye. It was manifest at first sight, that sorrow had been preying like a canker-worm on the bloom of her youthful beauty, but she was still fair enough to excite admiration in the most careless that beheld her.

She was dressed like the rosy bride, with the exception of a robe of blue silk, which waved loosely from her shoulders; a pearl necklace about her neck was half hidden by a rich flow of raven tresses, and these again by a bonnet of snow-white straw. In all this there was nothing more than chaste and elegant simplicity.

I had scarcely had that time to observe her appearance which is already taken up in description, when a round-faced, smiling little urchin, who had been running before us with some half-score children of his own age, turned suddenly back to the sad and silent girl, looked up full in her face and cried out without a moment's warning, "Is Antonio come, then, dear sister—is this the Antonio you always talked to me about, when I sat upon your knee?" I looked towards her for an answer to the question, but she only took the boy's hand in her own, tenderly, as if to quiet him, without exciting farther observation, and walked on in silence. "But Laura, the gentleman has blue eyes and long light hair like his,—must it not be he?" She whispered something in his ear, then raised her hand to her head and sobbed; a subject had been touched, which it gave her no pleasure to speak of before so many witnesses, though it was plainly no stranger to her thoughts. I now saw for the first time, that she wore in her bosom a single pale and faded flower; it brought tears to my eyes. How touching a memorial, was that frail blossom, which some cold wind or gnawing worm had long since withered, of those better and

brighter days that she herself had seen! how fit an emblem of her own drooping health and blasted hopes! As I admired, with increasing interest, the loveliness of her form and features, I could not but feel a wish to learn the origin of that cureless sorrow which had dimmed her lustrous eye, and planted the death-like lily in her cheek. It would have been a sort of sacrilege for a stranger to have intruded, even with sympathy, on the sacred meditations which she was then indulging, and I saw no one disposed to acquaint me with her story, till a grey-headed peasant, who walked with a staff, and wore a mourning-badge in his hat, observed and gratified my curiosity. "You need not wonder at her grief, sir," exclaimed he in a low and faultering tone. "She was intimate with my son Antonio, and loved him like a brother; they were even betrothed, and a few weeks would have seen them living happily together in the new cottage which Antonio had already built, in yonder olive-grove beyond the brook, when a band of Florentine soldiers, quartering one night at the village-inn above, urged him to bear arms in the Duke's service, and he, poor lad, was too brave and gallant to refuse. Even my own entreaties were unavailing, and his sister Juliet hung upon his neck and wept in vain. As for Laura, she seems, since that moment, to have lost all desire to live, all disposition to be happy. He promised to be with us at the vintage, but vintage is long since passed, and the vine leaf will soon wither with the frosts of autumn; but no Antonio has come, and no news has

reached us from the army, except of one bloody battle, which they fought a month or more from the time he left us. His mother is broken down with sorrow, and poor Laura! alas! alas! she will soon be,—(he crossed himself and muttered a prayer, before his feelings would suffer him to proceed) she will soon be like him she mourns for—mouldering in the grave." The old man was interrupted here by the inquisitive and restless boy, who renewed his thoughtless prattle with unabated earnestness. "Was it Antonio," he inquired in a loud voice, "was it Antonio who used to hold me on his knee when you were tired of holding me, and play with my hair, and carry me to the village on holidays?" "Yes, brother, it was he."—"And gave you a ring, Laura, and a kiss too, when he listed with the soldiers?" "Hush, hush," said his sister, "go trifle with your noisy playmates." "But he promised to be here when the grape was ripe, and it's a twelvemonth now, since you have had any one but me to gather your nosegays, and walk with you in the vineyard, and sit with you in the summer evenings by the brook; will he never come, dear Laura, from the army?" She turned a look of kindness on the boy, who had innocently stirred up a long train of tender recollections, covered her face, and burst into tears.

Juliet ran towards her and took her kindly by the arm; "O Laura, we have wept month after month together for my poor brother, but let us not weep to day. O! do not be so sorrowful at my marriage." The

mourner was soothed by the affectionate sympathy of her friend: at least she seemed to be, for she wiped the tears from her eyes, and gradually recovered her composure, while he who had innocently caused her emotion, surprised that she would not now converse on a subject, which, in solitude she had perhaps made more familiar to his ear than any other, again ran forward to rejoin the happier throng that he had left laughing and sporting before us. It was not long, however, before we saw them all returning. They had gone on in their reckless merriment, chasing the gilded butterfly, or culling wild-flowers for Juliet from the fragrant turf, while the rest of us had stopped by common, though tacit consent, to admire the still splendid beauties of the western sky. Standing on the extreme border of the horizon, the sun seemed lingering there but to shed one last, gorgeous flood of light and colors on a land of elegance; to enfold in his warm embraces every object, around and above, that stood within the reach of his farewell rays; the verdant hills, the moss-grown convent, the grove of scattered chestnuts that overhung the brow of the long green slope before us, the wreaths of many-colored clouds which alone spotted the glowing canopy of Heaven. When we pointed to all this, as the children came back to learn the object of our curiosity, they clapped their hands, and shouted with delight, and wondered why *they* had not been the first to discover a spectacle so grand. In the midst of all this joy and admiration, I could not but notice the poor

girl who had been weeping for her long-lost wanderer. It might be that I could suggest some real consolation, and I resolved, at least, to employ these few moments of delay, in expressing my sympathy in her deep and solitary distress.

In the centre of this happy throng, she was most evidently alone—her eye first on the scene, which they admired, but her soul absorbed in melancholy recollections, dwelling even then, perhaps, on the ever present image of her youthful lover. I saw that she endeavored to conceal all that she indulged herself in feeling. Her's was a mind of such exquisite mould, as could not suffer that sorrows which ought to affect her own happiness alone—sorrows long treasured silently and sacredly in the recesses of her own heart—should be displayed to those who could but half participate in what she felt so fervently; or obtruded even on the many friends who truly loved her. Oh! how much more would they have loved and pitied her, if they had completely understood, how much she generously endured in silence—not to smile and sport as in brighter days, but to be, and to appear, resigned, when her heart was bursting; to confine within herself the fever-fed, vestal flame of her inextinguishable grief. I began by telling her of my love for the beauties of nature; of my admiration of every thing that I had seen in the soil and scenery of her own fair land: but on topics like these, she could not bring herself to converse, for she could not break the spell of hopeless gloom that had fixed itself upon her desolate

soul. Lost to the bright world that breathed around, memory with his magic wand kept her mind forever encircled by brooding images and vain regrets, which while they charmed, consumed her. A casual mention of the army, enforced from her pensive eye a glance of lively consciousness that soon was cold again. Once more she listened with increasing animation, when I spoke of the fascinations of a warlike life, for the young and brave adventurer; of the chance that such an one, however fondly he might love his friends and remember his home, would pant still more fondly for a soldier's glory. His youthful fancy would be dazzled by the boundless variety, and romantic dangers of his new profession; his ambition would court distinction, even from the jaws of death, and in struggling nobly for his bleeding country, his gallantry would be excited, not disheartened, by the memory of distant friends—of the green and sunny fields where his father's cot stands, by the borders of his native river. The lapse of time and the length of absence are forgotten, in waiting for some opportunity of acquiring scars and honors, in the hope of one day returning, with a brow wreathed with laurel, to the blessings that await him at the hearth of home. His friends may, perhaps, see him after years of impatient expectation, or it may be, they will hear, instead of seeing him, that their young hero has offered up his life on the altar of his country. There was no necessity for saying that all this was meant for her.—She was evidently pleased with the praise indirectly

bestowed on the fine qualities of her lover, and finding that I knew something of her own history, and of his, she regarded me more as a friend, and less as a stranger. "Oh! if I could but have been with him a single hour, (these were the last words which I heard her utter) to have assured him by looks and words, and all the kind offices of love, that he never was forgotten! he might have leaned his soul on me in the agonies of dissolution. All wounded, faint and speechless as he was, (her hands were clasped, and her voice lowered, as if she thought herself even there with the dying soldier,) he would have waited—I know he would have waited patiently, till his pangs had ceased, and the last throb of life was still. But oh! God, thy will be done!" Laura was relieved by this utterance of feeling, that had been so long suppressed; a burden was thrown off, that had lain heavy on her heart, and when the sudden flood of passion had subsided, and her eyes were turned from the image of her lost Antonio, to the living group around her, they were sparkling with new life, and wet with tears of gratitude. We soon reached the convent, and on the green flat before its door, with no altar but the turf, and no covering but the foliage of an ancient chestnut that shaded the whole building with its giant arms, the marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the whole party then returned, with hearts as joyous as sympathy for poor Laura would allow, to spend the evening in the bridegroom's cottage.

Many months after these events had taken place, when the vintage of the ensuing year was almost over, I stopped at this self-same cottage, on my way from Rome to Florence, to learn whether Laura was still alive. I found her all joy and happiness, with a cheek as fair with the flush of health, as the rose-bud which had taken the place of the faded lily in her bosom.—The war was over, and her lover had returned. In one word, she was Antonio's wife, and the mother of a beautiful and blooming boy.

Prudhon Pinx.t *T. Kelly Sc.*

ÇA BRULE

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ÇA BRULE.

Young Love once, on a summer's day,
  Crept slyly into Beauty's bower,
While wrapt in slumber's trance she lay,
  And stole away her choicest flower.

Within a censer which he bore,
  The sportive urchin plac'd his prize,
And scatter'd over it his store
  Of tender looks, and gentle sighs.

Then from his own bright orbs, a gleam
  Met one from Beauty's eyes that came,
Threw o'er the flower their mingled beam,
  And straight it kindled to a flame.

Poor Beauty woke, but sought in vain,
  With prayers, and tears, and frowns, by turns,
To win her floweret back again—
  Love laughing, cried, "*it burns; it burns!*

Ah, Beauty's *smile* is all too late!
  Love frighten'd by her *frown* is gone:
In vain she weeps her floweret's fate,
  But still the little fire burns on.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

All hail—ye scenes of calm delight!
  Where Quiet weaves her silken bower.
Where Ease, and Health, and Joy unite
  To deck the Muse-awaken'd hour!
Where Reason holds her temperate sway,
  And Plenty fills her pouring horn;
Where the pure lips the heart display,
  And honest smiles the face adorn.
Far from Fashion's pallid train,
Haunted by the spectre Pain;
Far from Scorn's insidious sneer,
Feeding on the bitter tear;
Far from Envy's gorgon eye,
Hither all the Muses fly.
Here their wearied child, at rest,
Leans on Fancy's aery breast,
Culls the snow-drop's bashful bloom,
Courts the rose-bud's young perfume,
Or skims the plain, with fairy feet,

And woos the wild bird, warbling sweet.
On thee no clamorous cares intrude,
Heaven-protected SOLITUDE!
Thine are the joys reviving Spring supplies,
And thine the painted Summer's glowing dies;
For thee, the clover's fragrant flowers unfold,
And the rich orchard gleams with ripening gold;
For thee, the streamlet flies from hill to dale,
Till, in the bosom of some verdant vale,
It meets the winding brook with culture gay, [play.
Or forms the sparkling pool, where the last sun-beams

Let me, when gaudy Summer reigns,
And Noon uplifts his ardent brow,
Still loiter near the branching plains,
Protected from the vertic glow;
While Silence folds her languid eyes,
Save where the flocks disorder'd stray,
And, fenceless from the searching skies,
With frequent bleat disturb the day.
While all the slippery herbage feels
Oppressive Leo's rolling wheels,
The sultry Virgin seems to shun
The near contagion of the sun,
And Sirius with distemper'd ray,
Pants up the burning steep of day.

Far from the peopled rounds of care,
With lucid robe, and folded hair,
Where Neatness—simple power—is seen,
Ah! lead me to thy bowery green,
There heedless of the vain and rude,
Be mine the calm of SOLITUDE.
Or, while the dazzling day's resistless force
Breaks on the bright wave's undulating course,
To the thick foliage of the banks repair,
And taste the coolness of the fluent air.
There—by the quivering poplar's chequer'd shade—
Be the light willow's floating locks display'd;
There may the full elm's pendent arches rise,
And the dark oak embrace the fervid skies.

I love the wild wood's sweeping shade,
That woos the swift descending stream;
I love the balmy-breathing glade,
Illumin'd by the sinking beam;
The sober ox, with neck reclin'd,
The sportive heifer's lengthen'd low,
The rustic accent—rough and kind—
The warbling milk-maid's pail of snow;
The feeding vales, the cultur'd meads,
The paths where jocund Labor treads,
With notes that fill the healthful air,

And soothe *all sadness but despair:*
I love, upon the tall hill's side,
To see the phantom shadows glide,
To see the soften'd eve advance
And catch the young moon's timid glance;
To ponder on the distant scene,
When smiling with benignant green,
Till from the fading sight retire,
The vapoury town, and clouded spire,
And o'er the long-perspective plains,
One undivided azure reigns;
Till every note forsake the weeping gale,
And lingering echo quit the silent dale;
The forest's pride, the garden's tinted boast,
Hills, vales, and flocks, in dark oblivion lost.
So when man's full meridian hour decays,
And his faint twilight showers its soften'd rays,
Life's evening comes, array'd in age's gloom,
And brings the last long midnight of the tomb.

I love when pensive breezes sigh,
And evening rolls her shadowy car,
To gaze upon the glorious sky,
And hail the peopled orbs afar;
With THEE through heavenly regions stray,
While Hesper's leading splendors roll,

Seek distant Saturn's feeble ray,
And court the star that gilds the Pole,
Or curious range the milky coast,
Spangled—as with a shower of frost—
While all the blending beams unite
To form a Galaxy of light.
Or when the full-eyed Moon displays,
Through parting clouds, her gladdening rays,
See crimson streaks of flame arise,
Slow widening o'er the changeful skies,
While round the lighter shadows stream,
Enamell'd by her quivering beam.
The grey hill heaves its cumbrous height,
Just glimmering in the dubious light,
Till bursting through the pictur'd scene,
One robe of radiance clothes the green.
Then the still bat unfolds his leathern sail,
And the loud cricket hails the answering gale;
The beetle through his sightless circle roves,
And lulls with drowsy hum the resting groves;
While *the Destroyer*, Man, from toil retires,
And social peace his altering heart inspires,
Feels for his brother Man, and kindlier shares
His boasted blessings or his secret cares.

Yet say, ye bright inhabitants on high,
Ye planetary travellers of the sky,
When the world-wearied sufferers sink to rest,
Is their 's the mansion of your sparkling breast?
Will the sweet breath of Pity pour its balm,
And her kind eye illume its heavenly charm?
Or soul meet soul, though forc'd on earth to part,
And wake with whisper'd wish the dreaming heart?
Shall Life's poor pilgrims, doom'd with grief to roam,
Find in your trembling rays a tranquil home
Till the last trumpet sends its kindling call,
And THE IMMORTAL MIND encircles all?

THE MAPLE TREE.

Grace of my native hills and vales,
What painter looks on thee, but hails
Thy beauties, as a study fit
Before his finest powers to sit?
Erect and slender as a maid
In naked charms alone array'd,
Thou makest him forget the palm
And myrtle of the isles of balm.

And yet thy cunning form, so fair,
Conceals a richer treasure there:
Soon as the icy floods break up,
The school-boy knows 'tis time the cup
To hang upon thy pierced bark,
And catch the oozing drops, till dark
The landscape grows, and chill winds come,
As with the nectar he goes home.

Far in the west, on those green shores
Where wild Ohio foams and roars,

By night, illumin'd forests shine
With fires among thick groves of thine,
All gay with damsels and with swains
Bearing thy chrystal gifts 'midst strains
Of music, to the blazing spot
Where cauldrons wake the wood-worm's note.

How happy are they! free from pain,
They sigh not for the sugar-cane:
To break in peace their bread, and share
Thy vernal store, is all their prayer;
Nor grieve, save when some ancient chaunt
From the past-dreaming emigrant,
Makes their hearts home-sick for the rills
Of the far blue New-England hills.

And when the yellow Autumn decks
The woods, and flowers hang down their necks,
And poets, full of fancy's folly,
Look serious and melancholy,
As in the lonely, misty glen,
They view thee fading; even then
There's something left our pangs to lull—
Though dead, thou still art beautiful.

For oft, when I've, in some deep dale,
Mock'd the brief whistle of the quail,

Hast thou surpris'd me. Gorgeous
As the pil'd clouds at daylight's close,
There are no hues beneath the sun
Thy rainbow foliage puts not on;
Fairest in death, who can forget
Thy crimson, gold, and violet?

THE DEATH OF ABDALRAHMAN.

Rise Aragon, and proud Castille,
And Leon lift thy lance;
For o'er thy subject fields no more
The victor shall advance:
Azrael's wing o'ershadows now
The Caliph of the West,
Abdalrahman, the glorious king
Of Cordoba the blest.

Low in the dust the Emir lies,
All powerless as a slave,
And Allah takes the pomp away,
Which gracious Allah gave.
The monarch of a hundred thrones,
He sinks into the tomb;
The conqueror of a hundred fights
Shares the poor peasant's doom.

To him, what boots it that on high
The Arab name he bore,
And planted on Valencia's towers
The standard of the Moor?
That myriads hail him for their lord,
The lord of lovely Spain—
That myriads bless the majesty,
The glory of his reign?

That on Granada's princely plains,
In Seville's golden halls,
Along the Guadalquivir's tide,
And o'er Toledo's walls,
Through many a rich and verdant realm
His kingly rule extends,
And Christian foe and Moslem chief
Beneath his sceptre bends?

Oh! nought avails the greatness now
Which rested on his name,
His boundless wealth, his conquering arms,
The splendor of his fame.
He dies: Abdalrahman prepares
To leave his fair Zerha
Its gardens, fountains, palaces,
Which ring to the guitar,

So oft, so gaily, and so long
Of HER, his beauteous Flower,
The peerless Ornament of Earth,
The lov'd one of his bower.*
His hours are told, his lamp of life
Sends up a flickering flame,
And fast the tide of being ebbs
Within his sinking frame.

The swarthy sons of Afric's race,
Chiefs, whom he proudly led
To dangers, freedom, victory,
Crowd to his dying bed.
Hark! is the busy multitude
Of Cordoba no more,
That not a sound of man is heard,
Where all was life before?

Has the destroying angel swept
Its thousands to the grave,
As when he slew the Assyrian host,
The lowly with the brave?

*"Abderame, sans cesse occupé de combats ou de politique, fut amoureux toute sa vie d' une de ses esclaves, nommée Zehra. Ce nom signifie *fleur, ornement du monde.* Il fonda pour elle une ville à deux milles de Cordoue, et lui donna le nom de Zehra." *Florian.*

No:—but the holy mosque is fill'd
With Arabs dumb in grief,
Who mourn their Emir's dying hour,
The empire's parting chief.

But hark again! the air resounds
Loud, and more loudly yet,
With many a mingled voice, that comes
From dome and minaret!
Mounts o'er the wall the Christian foe?
Is that the cry of fear?
Shouts, with his deadly spear in rest,
The Spanish Cavalier?

No: but the true believers there,
In tones of clamorous wo,
Wail the Miramolin, who leaves
His people here below:
Who leaves them to the vengeful sword
Of Castille's banded knights,
The fiery charge of Aragon,
Asturia's mountain fights:

Who leaves them to the fatal rage
Of fratricidal war,
More deadly to the Moorish name
Than Leon or Navarre.

'Tis done :—the Caliph is in heaven,
Among the glorious just,
And, earth to earth, his mortal part
Moulders in kindred dust.

El Hakkam wears his father's crown,
El Hakkam mounts the throne,
And rules in tranquil peace the realm
His father fought to own.
The Emir's palace now is his;
He treads the bright saloons,
He roams amid the jasper shafts,
Crown'd with their gay festoons.

He stands at last within the rich
Pavilion of his sire,
Where all that's sumptuous, splendid, all
That princely souls desire,
Scatter'd around the marble hall
In wild profusion lay:
Treasures of every clime or sea,
From Ormus to Cathay ;—

Bassora's purple silks ; the gold
Of many a Spanish mine ;
And works of matchless Grecian art,
The gifts of Constantine.

Fill'd with intoxicating joy,
The haughty Saracen
Threw his undazzled, lofty glance
Around the glittering scene.

"Mine, mine, is all the grandeur now,"
Exultingly he cried;
"Mine is the Western Caliphate,
The Moslem nation's pride.
The banner of my might shall fly
Triumphant over Spain,
And trembling Burgos hear the clash
Of Moorish zell again.

"Victorious from the fight return'd,
Here peaceful will I rest,
While houris, fair as Eram's, wait
Eager to do my hest.
Thus in the stirring pomp of war,
Or sweeter joys than this,
Days, weeks, and years will glide away
In never-ending bliss."

A brilliant casket met his eye,
Even as he kindling spoke;
He press'd the spring; it open flew,
Beneath his gentlest stroke.

Lo! an illumin'd scroll within,
Seal'd with his father's ring,
And bearing on its gilded page
The inscription of a king.

El Hakkam rais'd it to his lips,
With reverential awe,
And these the memorable lines
The wondering Emir saw:
"Great in the council and the camp,
Let fifty years attest,
The armies of the faith I led,
As Caliph of the West.

"Wealth, honor, pleasure, fill'd my cup
Of gladness to the brim;
And rival kings, who fear'd my power,
Still prais'd the Moslemim.
Propitious heaven for fifty years
With lavish bounty shed
Whate'er the human heart could ask
Of blessings, on my head.

"I've counted o'er the hours of bliss
Through all my glorious reign,
And give to grief and toil their share,
But fourteen days remain.

Man! from the lesson of my power
Learn the unreal worth,—
The vanity of human life,
The nothingness of earth!"

Deep in El Hakkam's bosom sunk
The dying words of age,
Cloth'd in the grandeur of a prince,
The wisdom of a sage,
To visionary dreams of bliss,
Thenceforth he bade farewell;
How peaceful, wise and just his reign,
Let Moorish annals tell. *

* The reign of Abdalrahman III, was one of the most glorious in the history of the Spanish Arabs. He died in the year 961. "Mais rien ne prouvera, peutêtre, combien ce prince etait au dessus des autres rois comme l' écrit que l' on trouva dans ses papiers apr'es sa mort. Voici cet écrit tracé de sa main :

Cinquante ans se sont écoulés depuis que je suis Calife. Richesses, honneurs, plaisirs, j' ai joui de tout, j' ai tout épuisé. Les rois mes rivaux m' estiment, me redoutent, et m' envient. Tout ce que les hommes désirent m' a été prodigué par le ciel Dans ce long espace d' apparent félicité, j'ai calculé le nombre de jours où je me suis trouvé heureux: ce nombre se monte à quatorze. Mortels, appréciez la grandeur, le monde, et la vie." *Florian.*

THE DIAMOND RING.

Bertha Clifton was the only child of a respectable merchant of Baltimore, who, having accumulated a genteel competency, determined, with a prudence too seldom evinced by his profession, to relieve himself from the cares and anxieties of business, and retire with his little family, a beloved wife and the daughter whom we have named, to the quiet yet exquisite enjoyments of rural life.

The spot which he had selected for his future residence, was such an one as to satisfy every taste save that of the sensualist. It was a fertile valley, at the northwestern extremity of which, about two miles distant from the mansion house, rose a lofty mountain, studded with oaks, firs, chestnuts and sugar maples, and presenting on its southern aspect, an almost eternal coat of the richest verdure—on the eastern and southern, flowed a delightful stream, which besides that it gratified the eye with its romantic windings, its angry chafings upon the rocks, and its petty cascades, was usefully employed in giving impetus to many mills, forges, and other factories that skirted its banks. Less than a mile in a northeastern direc-

tion was the village of Loretto, more famed for the industry of its artizans, and the facilities it afforded in the way of housekeeping, than for the choiceness of its society, although it contained one family, with whom the inmates of Clifton House were happy to cultivate a most friendly intercourse.

Major Dupré was a native of France, whence he had emigrated, just as the volcanic symptoms of that dreadful eruption were maturing, which afterwards deluged the fair fields of his country with the lava of her own blood. Soon after his arrival in this country, he married an American lady, invested his little capital in manufactures, and at the time of which we write, had amassed a considerable fortune, was a widower, and the father of a son and daughter, the former just approaching majority, the other about nineteen.

Bertha Clifton and Emily Dupré were of dispositions essentially different, although not so as to oppose the formation of an ardent, sincere, and disinterested friendship. The former was now about eighteen, possessing a good figure, and most intelligent countenance, not so remarkable for its rigid conformity to the established and indisputable standards of classical taste, as for an indescribable expression, which certainly derived not the least of its power from her black and eloquent eyes. Emily's beauty was of a milder, a more perfect, yet less dangerous character. You might for hours dwell upon her admirable features, and fail to discover in what particu-

lar they could be altered for the better, and yet they would not excite those incontrollable emotions, which were sure to be elicited by a single glance from Bertha. Their countenances were the indices of their minds. The one was gay, thoughtless, impetuous—the other gentle, serene and retiring; this was patient of injury, and ever studious not to inflict it—the other did sometimes play with poisoned arrows, yet if a wound were given, would deem it a privilege to draw the venom even at the risk of life; both were deeply imbued with the softer feelings of their sex, and in the intenseness and immutability of these, the parallel was perfect. They were friends; not in the sophisticated sense of this much abused word, but enjoying the unspeakable delights which arise from a communion of kindred souls. We do not mean by this, that the entire heart of each was opened to the other; that the hopes, the fears, the bright anticipations, the causeless misgivings which would sometimes sway the minds of these two lovely and guileless creatures, would all be entrusted to mutual safekeeping; for the most artless and ingenuous bosom will ever cherish some loved idea, some hallowed secret, which with instinctive tenacity it conceals from all the world, and which it trembles and blushes to acknowledge even to itself. Yet they were friends. Arm in arm would they walk by the side of that beautiful streamlet, repeating passages from favorite authors, invigorating their minds with historical recollections, or indulging in the interchange of rational

conversation ; at other times resting beneath the noble poplar at the bend of the creek, or the willow at the spring, they would alternately read aloud, watch in the limpid water the fantastic gambols of the golden trout, or the amusing coursings of the young lambs upon the lawn.

This state of primeval felicity was not, however, to last forever. But a few months had passed in the enjoyment of a blessedness, vouchsafed sometimes by Heaven as an antepast, perhaps, of a never ending hereafter, when an event occurred, of deep moment to the future incidents of our history. This was the arrival in the neighborhood, of George Fitzroy, a young gentleman of fortune, whose uncle, his nearest relative, dying about two years previous to the commencement of our narrative, had bequeathed to him, besides a large personal property, his extensive estates adjoining those of Mr Clifton. Soon after his accession to this independency, young Fitzroy, who had just graduated, determined, at the instance of his guardians, to make the tour of Europe, and accordingly he bade adieu to scenes endeared by early associations, by youthful friendships, by the recollection of many a happy vacation, of many a ramble through the woods, of many a village pastime, and possibly by ties of a more powerful character than these.

It was on the second day after his return, that, as Emily and Bertha were taking their accustomed walk, they perceived our young traveller approaching them. To the latter he was a perfect stranger, but Emily be-

trayed by her agitation, and the crimson that mantled to her eyes and neck, that not only was he known to her, but that she felt for him a most kindly regard.—He accosted her as an old acquaintance, and she blushed yet deeper, as he pressed her hand, and inquired with a pathos which showed the sincerity of his solicitude, how she had been since they parted. Bertha was pleased with him. He was tall, well formed, of a handsome and engaging countenance, on which she imagined were strongly depicted, a high sense of honor, an incorruptible integrity, and a generous and benevolent disposition. Perhaps this opinion derived less strength from Bertha's skill in physiognomy, than from the expression of mingled pleasure and surprise that glowed upon his fine features, as he gazed, after the ceremony of a formal introduction, upon that face, of which we have attempted to convey an imperfect idea.

Emily had always felt attached to George, but when she last had seen him, he was little more than a school-boy, of promising figure it is true, and evincing a mind of more than ordinary powers, yet wanting in those graces without which, the learning derived from books, often appears awkward, spiritless and uninteresting. She now beheld him improved in form, in manners and, beyond these, in conversation, in the facility, intelligence, and variety of which, he was a happy illustration of the advantages to be obtained from intercourse with the world. Bertha congratulated herself upon this important addition to

their little society, and formed a hundred plans for the employment of future hours, in all of which, the agreeable Fitzroy and her dear Emily were of course included. Alas! Bertha was too artless to dream, that in all schemes of happiness, it is dangerous to enlarge the sphere of its influence, and that when the friendship of two is perfect, it is almost fatal to its existence, to admit a third to a common participation of its holy privileges.

In a few weeks she discovered that Fitzroy, and not Emily, was the constant attendant of her daily rambles. How had this happened? For five days she had not seen her friend. Ere the stranger came, she could not have lived thus without her, and when she seriously reflected upon this unaccountable abruption, she was pained, even to heart-sickness. Perhaps Emily was not well; it might be that she fancied Fitzroy to be an admirer of Bertha, and from a delicacy peculiar to herself, feared her visits would be obtrusive; but this supposition was too ridiculous to be countenanced. Yet she was resolved to see her, and know from her own lips, how she could find it in her heart, thus to treat one for whom she had professed such imperishable esteem. She did see her, yet came away unsatisfied, and as much perplexed as ever. She found Emily dejected, and evidently labouring under great distress, which she vainly endeavored to conceal, and the sources of which no solicitation could induce her to disclose. Bertha was determined to be offended at this reserve, as she flat-

tered herself she could perceive no cause for it. She had heretofore been the depository of all Emily's thoughts, and hopes, and wishes, at least she had been told so, and it was perfectly impossible to comprehend, why she should now be deemed unworthy of the same confidence. She passed half that night in weeping, and the remainder in broken, unrefreshing slumber. This was the first time that Bertha had retired to rest with an aching heart—the first time that, in pouring forth her nightly orisons, she had felt as if she were taking the name of the Most High in vain—the first time that, in laying her head upon her pillow, she had known the destitution of that peace of mind, without which sleep is no longer "tir'd nature's sweet restorer." She arose with the lark, and before its matins were ended, her cares were given to the winds.

In her walk this day with Fitzroy, their conversation was principally of books, and in speaking of the works of Richardson, he remarked, that this author appeared to have written to model human nature, rather than describe it. "For myself," he exclaimed, "I have ever contemplated the character of Sir Charles Grandison with as much indifference and incredibility, as are excited by the greatest exploits of the most renowned heroes of ancient chivalry. I have met with but one man, whom I could consider as approximating, in any respectable degree, to this personification of wisdom, greatness and virtue, and he was Charles Loraine. I have already had occa-

sion to speak of him to you, but you have not heard me say, Bertha, in what exalted estimation I hold the talents of this extraordinary man. I met with him at Bath, and from that day until we landed on our native shores we were inseparable. But a few years older than myself, he was very far my superior in all those endowments which elevate and dignify our nature, and in the lighter embellishments which go so far with the world, and which enable their possessor to display his heavy learning most creditably to himself, and with most advantage to his hearers, he was pre-eminent. Amid the dissipations of European society, he was my prudent exemplar—if difficulties and troubles encompassed, my prompt and intelligent counsellor—if danger threatened, my firm and unyielding friend. Yet for these obligations, I was compelled to pay a heavy sacrifice, no less than to see those acquirements, upon which I had foolishly prided myself, and which I had vainly supposed were to obtain for me a reputation even in the birth place of learning, thrown into a contemptible inferiority, which would have been insupportable, but for the noble humility of my rival. When we parted, he promised to join me here in a few weeks, but a letter received from him yesterday states his inability from unforeseen causes, to perform this intention in less than five or six months."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Bertha, who had listened to this highly wrought panegyric with exemplary patience, "how exceedingly vexatious it is, that we are to be so long kept from beholding this wonderful be-

ing. You have kindled within me, a most irresistible curiosity to see him. Is he handsome, George?"

"Very; one of nature's finest specimens of manly beauty; and he has such benignity of aspect, and such suavity of manner, that he is ever sure to be a favorite with your sex. And, Bertha, do you know that on this account, I have almost regretted that he is to be introduced to our little paradise?"

"Regretted, George?"

"Yes, Bertha. I have feared *you* would regard him with the same admiration that followed him in every circle in which he moved abroad."

"Well! I see nothing very reprehensible in this. It would shew a contempt of your and the world's opinion, or a want of penetration in myself, to behold with indifference an object which you and so many have contemplated with delight.

"But I could not endure to hold a second place here, Bertha. I have never known the caresses of the world, and have therefore esteemed them lightly; but I have been made too happy by the preference with which you have honored me, to see it with unconcern transferred to another."

"I cannot perceive how the difficulty is to be avoided, George. You bring hither one, who, if words have any meaning, is almost an angel in form, and something more than mortal in mind; and you expect me to see and hear him with the organs of sense, and yet be intellectually blind to his captivating form, and deaf to his incomparable eloquence. Indeed it is a

task more difficult than Zeno ever inflicted upon his disciples. It were as easy to look at the bright luminary above us, and persuade myself that his beams were less effulgent than the forge of Peter Anvil's smithy, or gaze upon the starry host, and say they were not half so beauteous as the gilded buttons on your coat."

Fitzroy had the sagacity to perceive it were vain to argue the point with Bertha at this time, who, when in a satirical mood, could only be overcome by positive silence.

It would be wearisome to follow this young couple through the progressive maturations of an intercourse, which, commencing in the manner we have related, soon resolved itself into that subtle, and to the uninitiated, incomprehensible essence, of which the majority of our fair readers have, we doubt not, a much better idea than ourselves. Let it be sufficient to say, that in less than four months from the day of their first interview, Bertha Clifton exchanged her patronymic for that of Fitzroy. The nuptials were celebrated with all the elegance which the wealth and respectability of the families demanded, and the villagers of Loretto, as had always been the case on great occasions, suspended business, and held a jubilee. There was one family, however, which took no part in these rejoicings.

Bertha had been some weeks removed to her new dwelling, before she could settle down into a calm conviction of the reality of her changed situation,

and be assured that the engrossing scenes through which she had been precipitated, were not the phantasma of a dream. But when reflection came, with what bitterness of heart and self-upbraiding, did she turn to that kind hearted and forsaken friend, who a few months since was the beloved and sole companion of her waking hours; in the refinement and steadfastness of whose affection, she once conceived she possessed the best assurance of the durability of her own perfect happiness! It was now about three months since her visit to Emily, from which time she had only heard of her through rumor,—and that she was not well—next, that she could not leave the house, and lastly that she was confined to a sick bed. How could Bertha answer to the world—to Emily—to her own bosom, for this cruel and unmerited neglect of friendship's claims—for this contempt of the obligations of ordinary courtesy? To think of these things—to deplore her dereliction even to contrition—and to determine instantly to make the only reparation in her power, were the simultaneous operations of a mind whose greatest defect was, that it too often slumbered under the dominion of her ardent and resistless feelings.

In a few minutes Bertha was on her way to Loretto. Her teeming fancy pencilled in vivid colours, and in a thousand different lights, the reception she was about to meet. Let Emily be cold and indignant as she might, Bertha was determined to make every concession which penitence, and the most lowly ac-

knowledgments could yield, and not to leave her until she had extorted forgiveness, and the privilege of returning the next day to remain with her, and read to, and nurse her until she was well, for it was certain no human being could do these things for Emily so well as herself.

When she arrived at the house, the stillness of death was about and within it, and her heart beat as if it would burst its tenement, as with noiseless tread she approached the chamber of sickness. Major Dupré was sitting at the bed side of his daughter, but rose as Bertha entered. His eyes were inflamed, and his cheeks pale with nightly watching. Taking the hand of the unlooked-for visitor, he gave her a silent but affecting welcome, and left the room. She turned to the bed where lay her friend. Her worst fears were more than confirmed, and for one moment she almost doubted whether this could be her once beautiful and still beloved Emily. The roseate cheek, the vermilion lip, had evidently been touched by the finger of the fell destroyer, for they were bloodless, and the former was sunken; and those eyes which so lately beamed with the serenity of contentment and beneficence, were now buried in their bony sockets, and were become the medium of a wild and sepulchral expression. For one instant Bertha gazed, and then, by an involuntary and frantic effort, her hat was thrown to the floor, and she sprang to those arms in which she had often been encircled, and which were now expanded to receive her. "Emily!" exclaimed

the heart-wrung penitent, and "Bertha!" responded the lovely and forgiving sufferer, and fixed in a convulsive embrace, their surcharged bosoms heaved with opposing emotions, powerful, tumultuous, yet delightful. For many minutes the agony of this meeting was unrelieved by other utterance than sobs, then came the friendly gush of tears, which were poured forth with unsparing prodigality. So soon as Emily had recovered from the exhaustion of the heart-breaking interview, she spoke.

"Bertha, you know not how happy you have made me. I feared I should not see you, as I leave Loretto to-morrow with my kind father and William, by the advice of my physician, to seek, from change of air and travel, that relief which medical skill has failed to afford me. Dear Bertha, I have much to say, and yet, although I know the devotedness of your love for me, I dread, lest when you shall have heard my story, you will think that in making the disclosure, I am governed by envious or unworthy motives." Here the poor girl was again overcome by her feelings, which could only be assuaged by another torrent of tears. Bertha could not speak, but bending over her friend, she impressed upon those pallid lips an assurance, which words had been inadequate to convey.

"Promise me that what I am about to say shall be confined to your own faithful bosom."

Another impassioned kiss was the silent pledge of fidelity.

"Before George went abroad, we were, during the intervals of his collegiate sessions, constant companions. I had many friends, but none such as he, and I am sure that George then preferred my society to any which Loretto afforded. We were very young, yet a warm attachment was engendered, which perhaps grew the stronger, as our inexperience and thoughtlessness left us an easy prey to its advances. Nothing of love was ever spoken by him, nor scarcely conceived by me, yet I felt it, Bertha, and though I am conscious how criminal it is in me now to harbour such feelings, I have not yet learned entirely to suppress them. Do not despise me. I know how foolish it is—how guilty it is—and I pray incessantly to God that he would give me grace to subdue this weakness, and he will, but it cannot be the work of a day. Whilst George was absent, I often thought of the happy hours we had spent together, and I looked to his return as an event which was to render me supremely blest. I blame myself, Bertha, that I did not mention any thing of this to you, but I was partly deterred by a false sense of shame, and partly by a vague apprehension which I could not always repress, that some one of the thousand beauties to whom his accomplishments would undoubtedly render him a welcome visitor abroad, would wrest from me those affections, which I vainly claimed as my own. But when he came, Bertha, when I saw him improved in form and manners, so much beyond my brightest hopes, then burst forth the slumbering embers of that

fatal passion, into the desolating flame which has almost consumed me. Do not weep so, Bertha. Heaven knows you were guiltless of any intention to give me pain. You knew not how deep a stake your Emily had in a heart of which your brighter charms have made a speedy and easy conquest."

"Emily! Emily! you torture me to madness. I am far less innocent than your unsuspecting nature has imagined. I knew it, Emily. I knew you loved George, and that he looked upon you with equal fondness. It was betrayed when you met on the creek-side by his irradiated countenance—by the sweet melody of his speech; it was betrayed by your deep confusion—by your trembling frame. Impelled by a spirit of ungenerous rivalry, and forgetful of all things else, I conceived the wicked design to rob you of those affections which then I only valued for the sake of the struggle, intending when my triumph should have been complete, to restore them with the arrogance of a vainglorious victor, to their despoiled and insulted owner. But in pursuing this unworthy scheme, I became the slave I sought to render George, and before I could bring myself to think of resigning my ill-won conquest, I had discovered how necessary he was become to my own peace. I have tried to persuade myself that it was all right—-that if any wrong had been suffered, and duty violated, I was blameless; but in the hours of solitude, Emily, I could not silence an accuser here, whose still, small voice has never ceased to upbraid me with my treachery. I am sure

you can never think of me as you have done, but if you know how remorse has wrung me, when I have dared to think of my conduct, indeed, my Emily, you would pity and forgive me."

"Bertha! my own affectionate Bertha! heaven is my witness, that daily and nightly my fervent supplications have been offered for George's happiness and your's; for ill would it become me to sit as a judge upon your actions, who am myself a pitiable example of the impotence of prudential resolves, when brought into conflict with the most despotic feelings of our nature; and, Bertha, as the best evidence of my sincerity, I am about to ask a favour of you. The entrance of her father, accompanied by the physician interrupted Emily's communication, and Bertha was obliged to bend down, and receive it in a whisper.

Inexpressibly affecting, though silent, was the parting of these friends. Bertha wept as though taking the last farewell of a dying sister, whilst a smile of ineffable sweetness sat upon the wan features of Emily, as if in anticipation of their eternal re-union in a happier world.

With slow step, and a bosom torn with conflicting emotions, Bertha turned her face towards home. The story of her friend had called into existence, feelings, to which she had till now been a stranger. Among these, unqualified reprobation of her husband's fickleness, and an irresistible conviction that this instance of his inconstancy was a sorry pledge of the permanency of his affection for herself, found an unwilling

entrance. Oh! how could George thus violate his faith, plighted, not in words, but by those delicate endearments and attentions, which were far more impressive, and to one, whose attractions were such powerful auxiliaries to virtue's and honor's requisitions? Culpable, deeply culpable, she knew she had been, but George had been far more so; for how was she to estimate the strength of Emily's attachment, of which she knew nothing more than what her own sagacity had discovered; but George's offence involved the violation of an implied engagement, an utter oblivion of early impressions, an absence of moral principle, and a heartless insensibility to the consequences of these, which were calculated to excite, in our bride, alarming, and not ill founded apprehensions. Oh! if she had not been bound to secresy, with what exulting satisfaction, could she chide him for his defection, with what stern joy point to the perishing victim of his perfidy, and say, "this is your work." And yet, what must have been the magnitude of the temptation, which could have impelled a man to trample upon those principles of right and honor, which had been the distinguishing features of his character? Where was the woman whose self-love would not have been flattered by such a triumph? And should not Bertha prize with tenfold care, the love which had been purchased at such a sacrifice?

The day was far advanced, when Bertha arrived at her dwelling. Fitzroy had been absent since sunrise, and was not yet returned. Business had called him

to a considerable distance, and night had set in, before he reached the gate of the avenue which led him to his peaceful home. As he approached, he observed a man mounting a horse at his door, who, as they passed each other, returned his salutation in a manner, which left him to guess who the stranger could be. He was dressed as a gentleman, and Fitzroy imagined he saw through the indistinctness of the night, the peculiar mien and figure of Loraine; but it could not be he, or he would have made himself known. There was a faint resemblance to William Dupré, but he was not in the habit of visiting at his house, and William would not so have passed him.—Bertha was not at the door to receive him, as had been her never failing custom. He found her in the parlour, but she rose not, spoke not, nor did she lift to him the extatic smile of welcome, by which his heart had been so often gladdened.

"My Bertha, did the gentleman, whom I this moment met, wish to see me?"

"No, George!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

"May I ask what was his errand?"

"That I may not tell."

Fitzroy was thunderstruck. There was nothing very extraordinary in a stranger calling at his house, nor in his having business with which he had no concern, but that Bertha should wish to conceal from him any circumstance in which either of them was interested, was as unexpected, as it was harrowing to his feelings. An hour's reflection, however, was

sufficient to satisfy him, that he was taking unnecessary pains to embitter his own happiness—that he had acted indiscreetly, and without proper delicacy in seeking to know that, which Bertha had evidently shewn an unwillingness to reveal. Yet he could not but feel hurt by the alteration in her manner—something must have occurred to disturb the equanimity of her feelings; but as this most probably had a connection with the visit of the mysterious stranger, he forebore to ask for any explanation.

The next morning, as they were sitting at breakfast, Fitzroy exclaimed,—"my dear Bertha, you have lost the diamond ring from your finger."

"It is not lost," was the measured reply of our provoking heroine.

"I would rather it were, than believe you had put it aside, because it had ceased to be valued."

"Neither the one nor the other has been its fate, George. I have given it away."

"Given it away? Given away the diamond ring? Did you forget, my dear Bertha, that I gave you that ring before our marriage, as a memorial, a most insignificant one, it is true, yet still as the memorial of an affection, which you assured me was reciprocated?"

"I had forgotten nothing, George."

"Will you allow me to ask, who is the happy individual that has received this mark of your favor?"

"Ah! George, you press me now to closely. If I were to answer that question, you would be as wise as I."

Fitzroy left the table in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. What a change in his prospects had a few hours effected! But yesterday, his luxuriant fancy presented the perspective of life in all the brilliant coloring of ideal splendor—and now, he found himself about to be enveloped in a storm, which threatened to prostrate, even the substantial fabric of his tangible comforts.

These events could not but make a deep impression upon our hero. He grew reserved, grave and absent. His appetite was gone—his amusements, his books were neglected—and what, in his case, was a yet stronger evidence of mental alienation, he became inattentive to his dress. He avoided society—walked in the fields and woods without any fixed object—was often heard talking to himself—and when he chanced to meet any of his neighbors, would pass, apparently without seeing them. The people of Loretto soon made up their minds that "poor Mr Fitzroy was going crazy;" and many an honest heart bled in silent agony, for he was universally and most deservedly beloved by these unsophisticated villagers. But the most remarkable circumstance attending this painful state of things, was, that Bertha, the incomprehensible Bertha, with the exception of that fatal evening and the day which followed, appeared to be unchanged. The same affability, the same kind-heartedness, the same archness, the same good humour, the same, or increased attention to her husband, save that she was no longer lavish of caresses, which now seemed

rather to be shunned than invited, still converged into that focus of irresistible fascination, by which she had ever been so remarkably distinguished. On more than one occasion, it is true, Fitzroy had found her in tears, but they, like vernal showers, seemed but the precursors of a brighter sun.

And could Bertha indeed be happy? Could she see the man whom she had singled from the world, to be the centre of her earthly affections—around whom she had fastened all her hopes of temporal happiness, daily yielding up his health, and sinking by perceptible degrees into a state of mental abstraction, but little removed from idiocy—could she see these deplorable changes with callous indifference, with merciless serenity? Far, far from it. Bertha pined in secret wretchedness; but whether under the inflictions of a wounded conscience, or beneath the intolerable burden of a husband's neglect, no human bosom but her own could know.

Thus did weeks and months pass on. Fitzroy at length began to resume his wonted cheerfulness—the more he brooded upon the sources of his disquietude, the less was he satisfied of their sufficiency. There was but a solitary circumstance, which ought in any degree to operate to Bertha's prejudice, and this was the parting with the ring. The mysterious visit of that memorable evening, could, he was now assured, be explained in many ways, and Bertha's reluctance to do so, might, provided it had no connection with the slightest token of his love, proceed from an un-

willingness unnecessarily to exacerbate his feelings. And yet the presumption was too imposing, even for his unsuspecting nature easily to repel, that the hated possessor of the diamond ring, and he whom he had that night met in the lane, were the same. On the whole, however, as his fears had no other foundation than conjecture, he resolved to make a desperate struggle to subdue them. He did so, and succeeded. The change in his health—his deportment—his dress —was too evident and gratifying to escape the observation of his simple-hearted neighbors ; and his altered manner towards his Bertha, could not but impart to her lacerated spirits, the inexpressible solace of redeemed endearments.

Thus were things situated, when an occurrence, apparently trifling, again arrested the progress of returning contentment. Three times a week, a servant was despatched to the Post Office at Loretto. Fitzroy was one day walking in front of his house, when the messenger placed in his hands a letter for Bertha. As soon as his eye caught the superscription, he started, and in one instant, all his gloomy imaginings recurred with tenfold malignancy. He could not be deceived—that well known hand was no other than Loraine's. Not all the powers of sophistry could persuade him otherwise. What before was merely suspicion, strengthened indeed too forcibly by concurrent circumstances, was now become more dreadful, incontrovertible certainty. He immediately sought Bertha, and handed to her the undoubted evidence of her shame-

less duplicity. She broke the seal, deliberately read the letter through, and then with perfect composure placed it in her bosom. Fitzroy had remained in the hope that the dreaded paper would have been offered for his perusal—that thus his mind might be relieved from the hideous fear which once more oppressed it. But he was disappointed, and he precipitately left the room, his brain burning as if reason were about to leave her seat.

So soon as he could bring himself to calm reflection, he determined that Bertha and he must separate. The measure was one from which his feelings revolted, but it was such as his wounded honour demanded, and although he felt that his days on earth would be few, and that life, without Bertha, would be insupportable, yet he was now too sensible, that she had lost the power of making that life worth having.

Amid the tumult of his distracted thoughts, he did not forget what was due to the helplessness of her, whom he had vowed to comfort, love and cherish. Although they must part, yet every impulse of humanity required that the catastrophe should be deferred for a few weeks, and that no unkindness should be visited upon Bertha, as she was fast approaching that period which claimed, whatever might have been her conduct, the inestimable consolation of a husband's tenderness.

Fitzroy found himself equal to this exalted effort, and he enjoyed in the consciousness, a complacency, which relieved in some degree, the gloom of his des-

olate situation. But so soon as Bertha could endure the removal, she must leave the violated sanctuary of his roof, and he must seek the ruthless despoiler, that he might feel how bitter was the vengeance of an injured husband's arm.

At length Bertha became the mother of a lovely boy. When the joyful event was announced to Fitzroy, his heart was filled with an ecstacy of which he had not thought it capable. He hastened to behold, what he could scarcely realize without such evidence, and taking the smiling cherub in his arms, he gave it a father's honest welcome. Soon, however, his brow contracted; the delight with which he contemplated the little stranger gave place to evident loathsomeness, and he shuddered as he handed it back to its attendant.

Gracious Heaven! lives there the man, who for the first time can press his first-born to his lips, and feel not his bosom glow with raptures unknown before; with a more intense gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift; with a more expanded benevolence for his fellow-men; with an augmented, and still more exquisite love for the wife of his bosom? Yet so did Fitzroy—the gentle, tender, noble-minded Fitzroy. He fancied, mysterious perversion of reason! that in the lip, the eye, the brow of that young innocent was presented the image of him who was once his estimable friend—now the undoubted poisoner of all his earthly hopes. It could not be doubted—it was too palpable for scepticism to resist, and

he felt lost, lost, to every earthly tie—to every earthly impulse, save revenge. Aye, revenge! prompt, ample, bloody revenge!

And where in all this time was Emily? She was yet among the living. Bertha had received several letters from her, which gave the gratifying assurance that her health had been uninterruptedly improving, although she was not encouraged, by the last, to hope that she would see her friend for some months. Bertha too had written, but as Emily had not acknowledged the receipt of any of her letters, she was led to infer that they had always reached their destination too late.

Some weeks had now elapsed since Bertha's indisposition, and Fitzroy was beginning to consider, whether the proper time had not arrived when he should see Mr Clifton, to make the necessary arrangements for her removal to her father's house, when one evening he received the following letter—

Dear George,—The diamond ring, which was once your beauteous Bertha's, is mine, and I intend it shall, through life, remain so. It has been given me, as the memento of an affection which I believed to be sincere, and which I value not the less that it has been transferred from yourself. I shall see you tomorrow, when that accountability which is certainly your due, shall be most promptly rendered by, dear George, Your most happy

LORAINE.

Could any thing equal the cold-blooded insolence of this matchless epistle? But Fitzroy exulted that retribution was so near at hand, and the note added nothing to the poignancy of his feelings, as it did but render "assurance doubly sure."

Very early the next morning he arose from a sleepless bed. It was better that Bertha should know nothing of the intended meeting, as otherwise his views might be defeated. Soon after the hour of breakfast, a carriage was seen coming up the avenue, and he summoned all his resolution to meet the momentous interview. The elegant figure of Loraine sprang from the vehicle, and approached the house with a buoyancy of step, as though he were about to renew the delights of a long broken intimacy, rather than to satisfy the implacable feud of a mortal enmity. He was ushered into the parlour where stood Fitzroy to receive him.

A slight inclination of the head, and a motion to be seated were the cold salutation of the host.

"Well! George, I am true to my appointment;" was the calm response of the undisturbed visitor.

In a voice almost choked by the intensity of his feelings, Fitzroy said—"I trust you come prepared to render to me that justice, which your note of yesterday has led me to expect?"

"Most certainly."

"Then it were better to be sparing of words. Yet allow me to ask, by what right you claim possession of the diamond ring?"

"By a husband's!" was the appalling answer.

Fitzroy's fortitude now forsook him; his knees smote each other—his face assumed the paleness of death, and he sank into a chair. He was not prepared for this. All his plans of revenge were merged in the distracting conviction which now flashed through his brain, that in this chain of distressing events, he was the offending, and his friend the injured party. Cold sweat stood upon his forehead. He rang the bell, and desired that Mrs Fitzroy should be asked into the room. The unconscious Bertha instantly obeyed the summons. As she entered, a profound bow from Loraine was returned by a graceful courtesy, and this was the only greeting—no look of recognition was betrayed by either. She saw with alarm that her husband was labouring under painful excitement, and taking his hand, asked with affecting tenderness, if he were not well. He fixed upon her a look of unspeakable anguish, and laying his hand upon his heart, replied in a tone of utter despair, "I am sick here, Bertha."

Loraine could endure this scene no longer. "I believe said he, that before I make that explanation which seems now to be required, it will be necessary to introduce one who can vouch for the truth of what I have to say."

He left the room and presently returned, leading in a lady, whose features were hidden by a long and close veil, which was thrown up as he said—

"Allow me to present to you, Emily Loraine."

With what wondering eyes did Bertha gaze upon the form before her. It *was* Emily! but not as she lay upon that bed of hopeless sickness. She now appeared in all the power of renovated beauty; far lovelier, Bertha thought, than when her charms were reflected from the waters of their favourite streamlet.

Vain would be the effort to depicture this meeting. As well might an artist attempt to embody the ethereal principle of our existence.

Fitzroy still sate, the emblem of bewildered wretchedness—his eyes roving from object to object, and his mind lost in a chaos of half-formed ideas.

Loraine at length spoke. "As I have been rather an unimportant actor in those scenes of which this seems to be the *denouement*, I may on that account, perhaps, be the better enabled to unravel the perplexing involutions with which they appear to have been associated. You may remember, George, that there was a period, when you professed to hold this lady in such esteem, as well might have passed by another word. A short time before your departure for Europe, you begged from her, a ring set with diamonds, at the same time pressing upon her acceptance, a valuable necklace. This ring you have often shewn me, and I have heard you speak of the lovely donor in a manner which led me to believe, she would one day be the mistress of your fortunes, as she appeared to be of your affections. When you returned, other, and perhaps brighter charms, obliterated these impressions, and the consequence had nearly been, the con-

signment to a premature grave, of the object of your early choice. The day before Emily left Loretto, your Bertha, this friend of whom I could almost be jealous, was for the first time made acquainted with the history of the ring, which she then wore, and appreciating with equal delicacy the circumstances under which both this and the necklace had been given, she promptly assented to the propriety of Emily's request, that a re-exchange should be made."

During this elucidation, Fitzroy's countenance lost its ghastly hue, and he seemed ready to expire under the overwhelming influence of shame, vexation and remorse.

Loraine continued—"Bertha promised to her friend inviolable secresy, and from her exquisite sense of this obligation has arisen the protracted inquietude you have suffered. A letter received but three days since by Emily, the first which had reached her from Bertha, gave her the only intimation she has had, of those events which have produced so much unhappiness to you both. In this the most pathetic solicitations were employed, as it appeared had been the case in former letters, for permission to make that disclosure which alone could restore tranquillity to yourself, and peace to your afflicted bride. As I conceived you had not yet endured the full penalty of your cruelty—I determined to keep your unmanly fears awake, until Emily could support by her corroborating evidence, what might have been rejected on the simple authority of an insulted wife."

"No more! no more, Loraine! I see it all. I who thought myself beyond the infection of the meaner vices, have been the slave of the most despicable of all. I have but two questions to ask, Bertha. Who was the man on horseback?"

"William Duprè, who brought the necklace, which Emily was prevented from giving to me herself by the entrance of her father."

"And from whom came the letter I delivered to you?"

"From Emily—this is it, endorsed, I presume, by Mr Loraine, and you perceive, I could not shew it, as it speaks of the momentous ring."

"Nothing is left for me then but to make atonement for the many wrongs I have inflicted. To you, Emily, my acknowledgments are first due."

"Not a word, George. It would be to say, you were sorry to disappoint me in so good a husband, when indeed, I have one whom I love much better."

"My Bertha, what shall I say to you?

"Nothing. Your punishment, my husband, has been already too severe, and your conduct to me, was the necessary result of those suspicions which I could not remove."

"No, George," observed Loraine, "we must have no concessions, for they can afford no pleasure to him that yields them, and less to the generous recipient. Emily and I are about to settle near you. I am determined forthwith to visit that creek, on whose romantic beauties, she has so often, and so eloquently

BARTWELL Sc.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

I knew a beautiful and gentle maid
  Whom proud and haughty parents cross'd in love;
I knew her in her cradle, saw her laid
  In the cold earth, and many mourn above.
I saw her father weep the stern command
Which broke her heart, while it unclasp'd her hand.

She did not love unworthily,—her choice
  Was of a poor, low-born, but virtuous youth;
One gifted by the general public voice,
  With heart to love and serve the God of truth;
And then he had a brow, and eye, and hair
Of beauty. Oh, they were a glorious pair!

Her parents spurn'd him, bade him choose a bride
  Among the base-born menials of the land;
They said their daughter bore a name of pride,
  And wealth and rank alone might ask her hand.
He bow'd his head, he press'd his suit no more,
Wip'd off a tear, then left his native shore.

She saw him pace with mournful step, the strand,
  She saw his gallant bark depart the bay,
Convulsively she wav'd her lily hand,
  'Twas reason's last, and madness' first essay.
Thenceforth her words were wild, and her dark eye
Was lit up, like a heated August sky.

She never broke into the frenzied shout
  Of senseless laughter, nor bemoan'd her fate;
But sate, all patiently, the long day out,
  Her head leant on her hand, her look sedate—
'Twas only in her eye, or when she spoke,
That you could know how deep had been the stroke.

Then rued her sire his stern, unnatural part,
  He tried to soothe her with kind words and fair;
He bade her take her Henry to her heart,
  And said he liv'd. She sigh'd, and ask'd him *where*.
And with the name, a passion of deep grief
Burst out and gave her breaking heart relief.

She was herself once more, and tenderly
  She hung, all weeping, on her mother's neck,
Who gently kiss'd the pearly drops away,
  And strove to re-assure the drooping wreck,
And then they told her, were she on a throne,
And crown'd, her Henry still should be her own.

It was too late,—more fever'd grew her cheek,
Each day the hectic flush gain'd on the rose;
At constant strife with thought, and grown too weak
To cope with pain, she sunk in death's repose;
And I, her father's friend, held the sad trust,
To see this peace-wreck'd girl, laid in the dust.

CANZONET.

Music and dances,
Smiles and bright glances,
Love's happy chances,
All are at play:
Girls from the city,
Country maids pretty,
Simple and witty,
Foot it away.

Viols are tinkling,
Light feet are twinkling
Snowy veils crinkling,
Round as they go:
Soft voices prattle;
Castanets rattle;
Love's mimic battle!
Mingles them so.

Now the dance closes—
Baskets of roses,
Woven in posies,
Gaily they twine:
Goblets are clashing,
Amber lights flashing,
Young lovers dashing
Beauty in wine.

All now is over—
White mantles hover,
Each with her lover,
Back to the town:
None of them misses,
Sweetest of blisses,
Dewy wet kisses—
That is Love's crown.

THE EPICUREAN AT THE FEAST OF ISIS.

"There was an ancient custom among them (the Egyptians,) of placing at their feasts a skeleton, to remind the guests of their mortality."

He sate in the banquet hall,
In the stranger's honour'd place;
Beneath his glance was gather'd all
The pride of the human face,—
For sable priest and vestal white
Unveil'd their sacred brows that night.

They pour'd the red wine then,
And young fresh lips were wet,
And matrons grave, and bearded men
Smil'd as their glances met:
But there was One on whom his eye
Rested, as on his Destiny.

Around each happy brow,
Were nodding chaplets bright,
And lotos bloom and myrtle bough
Glanc'd to the banquet light:
Yet there was one dim silent wreath,
Motionless as the crown of Death.

All other eyes were freed,
And answering look to look;
And he in them gay thoughts might read,
As in a pleasant book:
But in that veiled Mystery
Were shrouded things not meet for glee.

Mirth floated up and song,
Timbrel and cymbal's clang,
Soft lute and golden lyre along
The fretted arches rang:
Yet from that Form to catch one strain
He listen'd painfully——in vain.

Nor voice nor music broke
The fearful stillness there;
Sights, sounds, that mirth and joy awoke,
Went by as silent air:
He saw no eye, he heard no song:
Alone, save one, in that great throng.

They parted soon away;
Stern priest and vestal grave,
All pass'd: the wasted naptha's ray,
But shadowy dimness gave:
Yet pageant pass'd, and parting word,
As banquet hymn, unseen, unheard.

For still the Form sate there;
And he grew pale and cold;
Yet when the torches' dying glare
Gleam'd on its mantle fold,
He rous'd him—for he deem'd it stirr'd—
And listen'd,—but there was no word.

"Now speak, thou One of dread!
Speak to me, here, alone:"
As from the chamber of the dead,
Came back the echo'd tone;
And, from each sculptur'd niche about,
Grim sphinx and crocodile peer'd out.

He rose: the fading lamp
Shook in his nerveless clasp,
The mantle folds, hung thick and damp
Within his frenzied grasp:
"I will unveil thee—I will know
"What art thou that dost chill me so."

Flash'd up the flame, and shone
With one expiring ray:
The white bones of the skeleton
Glar'd on him where he lay:
And he hath bless'd the dark, that o'er
That formless Form it veil'd once more.

Ha! Epicurean,
Where now thy boasted mirth?
Proud reveller! art thou this wan
Clod of thy mother earth?
And hast thou come, at last, to see
What human mirth and pride must be?

The morning sun stream'd bright
Through wreathed jassamine,
And flung its tranquil, chequer'd light,
On temple-dome and shrine:
Then turn'd the Epicurean
Back to his bark, a wiser man.

RICH AND POOR.

To Beauty's Bower—and many a heart
Before her shrine is bow'd;
O, pleasure's wand and fashion's art
Will gather the fickle crowd!
But the Rich shall bear away the prize,
For the sheen of his jewels rare
Dazzles the vision of Beauty's eyes,
And the poor—she seeth not there.

To the banquet Hall—the feast is high,
The wine-cup crown'd with flowers;
By the mirth-flash'd cheek and sparkling eye,
Ye may count the flying hours—
The shouts of merriment loud and free,
Ring on the echoing air;
The song of the Rich joins the revelry,
The Poor—he sits not there.

To the Dome of state—and great ones stand,—
From their lips, the word is law;
Ye read in their bearing the high command
That would hold the earth in awe;
And if pride were for man, O, he might be proud
When his country requires his care!
But 'tis the voice of the Rich ye hear so loud,—
The Poor—he speaks not there

To the house of Death—and dimly seen
The shrouded banners wave;
There's the pomp of wo, but never, I ween,
Did grief such trappings crave;
Hark! from the Bower, and Hall, and Dome,
Comes a voice that cries "Prepare!"
The Rich is borne to his last, long home,
And the Poor—sleeps with him there.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

Deep mists hung over the Mariner's grave
When the holy funeral rite was read;
And every breath on the dark blue wave
Seem'd hush'd, to hallow the friendless dead.

And heavily heav'd on the gloomy sea,
The ship that shelter'd that homeless one—
As though, his funeral-hour should be,
When the waves were still, and the winds were gone.

And there he lay, in his coarse, cold shroud—
And strangers were round the coffinless:
Not a kinsman was seen among that crowd,
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless.

No sound from the church's passing-bell
Was echoed along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away, to tell
Where the Mariner lies, in his lasting sleep.

Not a whisper then linger'd upon the air—
O'er his body, one moment, his mesmates bent;
But *the plunging sound of the dead was there*—
And the ocean is now his monument!

But many a sigh, and many a tear,
Shall be breath'd, and shed, in the hours to come—
When the widow and fatherless shall hear
How he died, far, far from his happy home!

GREECE.

Where Art's wide realm in mouldering ruin sleeps,
And Science o'er departed glory weeps—
Where wreathing joy shrouds in its dark array,
The desolating progress of decay—
Where time is ranging with remorseless tread,
Amid the trophies of the mighty Dead,
There, Grecia's genius hovers o'er the scene
Of ruin'd grandeur—glories that *have been*—
Views the vast wreck of power with kindling eye,
And kneels beside the tomb of Poesy.

Where Fame's proud relics strew her classic ground,
In gloomy majesty she glides around,
Pausing, with rapt devotion, to survey
The prostrate splendours of her early day.
Those ancient courts, where erst with wisdom fraught,
Her Senate listen'd, and her Sages taught;
Where that bold patriot, firm in virtue's cause,
Th' immortal Solon, thunder'd forth his laws!

The temple rais'd to Theseus' mighty name—
The storied arch of Hadrian's deathless fame!
Raises her eye to where, with beam divine,
Apollo blush'd upon tbe Delphic shrine—
As bow'd that chief to learn a *Nation's* fate,
Who gave his royal life, to *save* the state.

With pride, she seeks Dodona's sacred grove,
Where towers the temple of Imperial Jove!
Frowning, in ruin'd majesty sublime,
The proudest wreck that braves the blast of time!
Shews the broad Stadium, where the gymnick art,
Nerv'd the young arm, and energiz'd the heart—
Gave a bold race of warriors to her field,
Whose godlike courage was their only shield!
Surveys that grot, where still her olives twine
In wild luxuriance o'er its fallen shrine—
Where Dian's vestal daughters came to lave
Their snowy bosoms in Ionia's wave.

All dark and tuneless are those laurel shades,
Which once enshrin'd Castalia's classic maids—
For barbarous hands have rais'd their funeral pyre
And hush'd the breathings of their seraph lyre—
Save when the light of Heaven around it plays,
And wakes the hallow'd chaunt of other days!

Oh! then, 'mid storied mounds, and mouldering urns,
Once more, the flame of inspiration burns!
Here, pilgrim Genius comes to muse around,
To wake one strain o'er consecrated ground!
From prostrate fanes, and altars of decay,
He learns the glory of their former day—
And, in the tender blush of twilight gloom,
He writes the story of some ruin'd tomb!
From dark oblivion, snatches many a gem,
To glisten in *his own* fair diadem.

Immortal Byron! thou, whose courage plann'd,
The rescue of that subjugated land—
Oh! had'st thou *liv'd* to rear thy giant glaive,
Thou'dst bid the christian cross triumphant wave!
Mark'd the pale crescent wave mid seas of blood,
And stamp'd proud Grecia's *freedom* in the flood!
But, Oh! 'twas fate's decree thou should'st expire,
Swan-like, amid the breathings of thy lyre—
E'en in the sacred light of thine own song—
As sinks the glorious Sun amid the throng
Of bright rob'd clouds, the pageantry of Heaven—
Thy last retiring beam to earth was given.

Where Scio's isle blushes with christian gore,
And recreant *fiends* still yell around her shore!

Where Missolonghi's bloody plain extends,
'Mid war's red bolts, Athenia's Queen descends!
Mark! where she comes—in all the pomp of wo—
Darkling around her sable vestments flow!
With throbbing bosom to the tempest bare—
Wild, on the breeze, floats her unwreathed hair,
Though learning's *classic diadem* is there!
Where fate's dark clouds the face of Heav'n deform—
With steadfast brow—she marks the gathering storm!
Turns to Olympus with imploring eye,
And claims the ægis of her native sky!
Hark! round its base th' eternal thunders roll!
And Jove's own lightnings flash from pole to pole—
His voice is *there!* he bids creation save,
Minerva's "first born," from a barbarous grave!

SAINT CECILIA.

Behold this broad uplifted brow,
These orient eyes of liquid light,—
Pure, thoughtful, calm,—gaze on, till thou
Art gladden'd with the glorious sight.

The chasten'd soul, that melts serene
From fervent eyes thus heaven-ward cast,
May tell that passion here hath been,
But, O! 'tis passion over-past.

Thus to refine her soul from dross,
Divine Cecilia long had striven,—
At last, she kiss'd the blessed cross,
And gave her youth,—her life, to Heaven.

Still was her deep devoted soul
Rapt with the love of sacred song;—
And first she bade the organ roll
Its awful melody along.

Raphael. pinx^t^ — E.Gallaudet. sculp^t^

St. Cecilia.

PUBLISHED BY TRUE AND GREENE. BOSTON

She join'd the pealing organ's note
  Majestic to the holy hymn,
And taught the swelling tones to float
  Around the echoing cloisters dim:

Till once, 'tis said, a seraph came,—
  So sweetly swell'd the notes of love,—
Wreath'd round her brows the glory-flame,
  And caught her to the realms above.

Since, though an angel now she sings,
  When spirits fain would mount on high,
The sainted votaress lends her wings,
  And melts the soul in harmony.

THE CURSE OF THE PATRIOT.

I breathe my native air mid peaks too lofty far for slaves,
Where the wild deer in chainless streams his branching antlers laves;
Upon that sacred mound which marks where my brave fathers sleep;
Beneath the tree that seems to bend its aged head and weep;
On the last spot where Freedom rests in this polluted land;
Encircled by a gallant few of that devoted band,
Who pledg'd their stainless honor, or to perish, or to free
Their mourning country—traitor! from the pest bestow'd by thee!

From this last rallying ground, receive a wasted nation's curse;
Posterity's undying breath shall thy dark tale rehearse,
Shall tell of one whose ruffian-soul his native land betray'd,
And on her infant liberty a despot's fetter laid;
Who basely sold the peerless gift his gray forefathers gave,
And barter'd for a bondman's life, a freedom-hallow'd grave;
Whose recreant heart brav'd nought—save scorn, whose perjur'd tongue ne'er spoke,
But to betray a trusting friend to foul oppression's yoke.

Not thine the poor inheritance forgetfulness bequeaths
To him whose sluggish hand no flow'r can pluck from honor's wreaths;
Ne'er shall thy memory pass away, like vapour from the steel
That leaps from the stern patriot's sheath to guard a country's weal:
But like the vulture in his heart, who stole the sacred fire,
Scorn, a wrong'd nation's scorn, that ne'er can lessen or expire,

Shall cling to thee forever—while oblivion from thy name
Shall shrink, nor spread her gloomy pall o'er a false traitor's shame.

My country! Oh, my country! on your last free hills I stand,
And cast a parting glance abroad on this degraded land.
The brave old Spartan scorn'd a throne, and bow'd him to the tomb,
When Freedom's sun was dimm'd awhile, by dark oppression's gloom;
Lo, with the gallant few who burn, on yonder slavish host,
To wreak deep vengeance for the land a dastard traitor lost,
May I beneath your banner sleep—away! ye nobly free!
Charge for your dear lov'd homes—one blow, the last for Liberty.

AN APOLOGUE.

In early days, when Fancy sheds
Illusive colors round our heads,
Her prism before my wondering eyes
Display'd the world in rainbow dies.
Fruits like the emerald clusters found,
In Arab tales, beneath the ground,
Wooed me to pluck from every tree,
As, ere the dew-drops left the lea,
I climb'd the Hill of Hope that stood
Fast by my native solitude.
How fair a prospect met me here!
Of woods, and plains, and rivers clear—
Of neighbour mountains dark and high,
That mix'd, receding with the sky;
Fields with the waving treasure stor'd
Whence rustic plenty decks her board;
Vallies within whose sheltering breast
The sons of labor take their rest;—

But fairer far than aught in view
Beneath the cloudless cope of blue,
More tempting bright, appear'd to me
The smooth expanse of burnish'd sea;
The Sea of Life, where thousand sails
Spread their white bosoms to the gales.
How blest, methought, along that tide
Of waveless beauty still to glide,
Or mid those sea-green isles to stray
Where purer sun-beams seem to play!
Where, as the tales of Poets tell,
The lovely maids of ocean dwell!
What rapture, could I steal so near
As once their magic shells to hear!
Or on some coral rock behold
Them sit and braid their locks of gold!
Others have wish'd, and wish'd in vain,
What I, more happy, may attain.

Impatient o'er life's sea to roam
I lightly bade adieu to home.
Pleas'd with my bark and snowy sail
I freely gave them to the gale,
And saw, with triumph, how I flew
Past many a timid, loitering crew.

Less bright, indeed, the ocean seem'd,
Than, view'd at distance, I had deem'd,
And lovelier still, and lovelier grew
The softening landscape that withdrew.
When seaward far, I first perceive
The crested billows rougher heave,
And, while a cloud obscures the sun,
Feel the keen gust precursive run
Along the main. Alarm'd to find
Such trackless distance left behind,
I turn'd in terror toward the shore
My venturous prow, but midst the roar
Of volleying thunder, hail, and rain
That burst tempestuous, strove in vain.
While by the winds my slender bark
Was hurried o'er the waters dark,
Ah! then, how look'd my native dell!
How sweet to fancy, who can tell!

Dash'd on a lonely isle, at last,
I, haply, by the shock was cast,
Beyond the furious surges' reach,
Wounded and senseless, on the beach.
Who to relieve me now appears?
Some Nymph unruffled ocean hears,

On sunny days and silver nights
Warble along his rocky heights?
Did those fair daughters of the wave
Transport me to their sparry cave,
And singing sweetly in my ear
Recal the spirit to her sphere?
Ah, no! those sirens never rise
But when soft azure clothes the skies,
And all their craggy islets sleep
Reflected in the glassy deep,
And gaudy barks with streamers gay
Are lingering to applaud their lay:
When seas are rough and tempests blow
They keep their coral bowers below.
A hospitable matron bore
My drench'd, cold members from the shore,
Whose humble dwelling ever stood
Open to sufferers from the flood.
Each art reviving there she tries
Till life again relum'd my eyes.
When from the death-like swoon I woke,
She gently thus the silence broke.

I need not, stranger, ask thy tale;
I saw thee court the fav'ring gale;

I know the picture Fancy drew,
Cheating thy inexperienc'd view.
When, next, on Hope's fair Hill you stand,
Take Wisdom's volume in your hand;
Compare the scene, at distance gay,
With what those sacred pages say:
They will reveal the hidden snare,
Life's shoals and quicksands all declare;
They tell of rocks and storms, in seas
That scarcely seem to know a breeze;
Of clouds that fatal tempests hold
Beneath their gorgeous skirts of gold;
When sun, nor star, displays its light
They can direct your feet aright;
They will exalt your quickening eyes
From earth's poor pageant to the skies.
Religion thus her thoughts express'd:
I lock'd the counsel in my breast.

ANNE BULLEN.

I weep, while gazing on thy modest face,
Thou pictur'd history of woman's love!
Joy spreads his burning pinions on thy cheek,
Shaming its whiteness—and thine eyes are full
Of conscious beauty, while they undulate.
Yet all thy beauty—all thy gentleness,
Serv'd but to light thy ruin. Is there not,
Kind heaven! some secret talisman of hearts,
Whereby to find a resting-place for love!
Unhappy maiden! let thy history teach
The beautiful and young, that when their path
Softens with roses, danger may be there;
That love may watch the bubbles of the stream
But never trust his image on the wave!

Edgar del. Pendletons Litho. Cheney

VIEW ON THE MOHAWK,

AND BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.

These original views are offered as specimens of the lithographic art. The first is from a sketch taken near Fort Hunter, and the other represents a spot that has been an object of interest, ever since the celebrated trial of Aaron Burr. "Blennerhasset retired," said Mr Wirt on that occasion, "even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and 'lo, the desert smiled.' Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied, blooms aronnd him; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature; peace, tranquillity and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of her children."

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

"And behold the Lord passed by; and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earth quake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a *still small voice.*"

Hush! hear ye not the rushing storm,
That comes upon the quivering earth?
That rends the mountain's mighty form,
And tears the rocks in giant mirth?
Destruction marks its awful path;
As forests bend before its wrath.

But in that loud, awakening storm,
The Lord comes not; some other power,
Must show his great and glorious form,
To gild the darkness of the hour;
Some other power must wait on HIM,
Whose chariot is the cherubim.

Look! how the earth's broad bosom's riven!
The mountains shake! the valleys rise,
Like ocean-waves by tempests driven,
When all in desolation lies!
Man stands aghast, or, fearful, turns
From the destruction that he mourns.

But in that earthquake's force, ye look
In vain for Him who reigns above;
He, who the trembling mountains shook,—
Before whom, earth's foundations move,—
He comes not, in that earthquake's power:
He speaks not, in that awful hour.

See, how the lightning's vivid flash
Breaks on the darkness of the scene!
The thunder rolls! and now the crash
Is past, like glories that have been,
And silent is the echoing sound,
That shook the woods and hills around.

He comes not, though the stormy wind
Has sent the tempest o'er the deep;
He comes not, though the mountains find
Their places, where the weary sleep:
In vain were earth's foundations riven,
In vain has flash'd the fire of Heaven.

But all is hush'd a soften'd calm
  Breathes stillness, like the spirit's peace,—
Like Heaven's own dew-distilling balm,
  When loud and angry tempests cease.
It speaks—*a still small voice*—it comes
Like angels whispering from their homes.

The Lord is there; in that *small voice*
  He comes, revealing holy light;
Great Nature's home he bids rejoice,
  Like morning springing from the night,—
When Hope's fair brow through sorrow gleams,
As sunshine through the rain-drop beams.

When earth's rude storms were hurrying on,
  The Lord reveal'd not then his face;
But when the fearful blast was gone,
  When silence took the earthquake's place,
'Twas then from Heaven his radiance broke,
'Twas then, in that still voice, he spoke.

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH.

Beautiful, pure and simple, there thou stand'st,
Fit temple for the pure and only God,
Smiling in cold severity. The heart
That views thee, fills with the bright memory
Of other days; the sunny lands of song,
In their sad, lovely silence of decay,
Rise up to the remembrance in thy sight.
The thoughts of other days, when Plato stood
At Sunium: when th' imperial one, herself,
Athena, visited the Parthenon:
Or of the later age, when the proud Roman,
Within the vast Parthenon's walls, beheld
One stream of purest lustre from above,
Lighting the idol-habited Rotund.
Not unacceptable was their ignorant worship
To him they serv'd in darkness, but to thee
A nobler precept than Colonna heard,
A purer light than the Parthenon saw
Is given. Thy cherub songs and wreathed flowers,

Incense and sacrifice and gifts devote,
Are prayer and penitence, the tearful eye,
The innocent life, the broken, contrite heart.
Simple in elegance, no mounting spire,
Tower, minaret, nor gaily burnish'd dome
Mars thy severe proportions. No device
Of polish'd moulding, sculptur'd tracery,
Not e'en the soft acanthine folds are there,
Like the divine magnificence of virtue,
Whose ornament would but obscure its worth.
Now, while yon moon-beam gently steals along
The columns of that simple peristyle,
Silvering the massive shaft and plain volute
Of yon extremest pillar, let me gaze
With calm delight insatiate. There is given
A moral feeling to a beautiful scene
Of glorious art with nature join'd, like this,—
And memory, crown'd with moonlight roses, live
To hover o'er the storied names of old;
Heroes and Sages deathless—the pure heart
Of *him whose lip with sweetest nectar dew'd,
Breath'd the great lesson of his godlike †teacher—
Martyr of freedom—‡him of Syracuse—
§The glorious fratricide, the immortal ‖Teban,

*Plato. †Socrates. ‡Dion. §Timoleon. ‖Epaminandas.

And their bright heritors of guiltless suffering,
Intrepid Algernon, and youthful Russell,—
Till the remembrance softens. Not in vain,
Oh! not in vain did the Athenians
Ally the arts to freedom, and invite
Blushing Pictura and her marble sister
Up the stern heights of the Acropolis.
So be it with our country. May she stand
Like thee, modell'd on wisdom of the past,
Yet with the lovely gracefulness of youth.

SONNET.

O! would that dreams were not the things they are,
Mere unsubstantial pageants, born and dying
With the light sleep that makes them; coming, flying,
Like evening clouds, how beautiful and fair!
O! they are thinner than the empty air,
And yet how blessed when they bend and smile—
How the heart flows away in rapture, while,
Dear fond illusions, they are lingering there.
They have a touch and voice—that bosom swelling
With a young world of joys, how softly heaves;
It lifts its gauzy veil, like feathery leaves,
Wav'd lightly over Yemen's palmy dwelling,
A higher bliss than even Hope believes,
To the fix'd eye of slumbering fondness telling.

CANZONET.

Thou, murmuring river,
Falling ever,
And silent never,
Art hurrying by:
Now softly flowing,
And brightly glowing,
And clearly showing,
Thy waters lie.

Through meadows bending,
Sweet flowers are sending
Their breath, and lending
Thy wave perfume:
The myrtle covers
Thy bank, and lovers,
When evening hovers,
Are in its gloom.

And lilies, swelling
With dew, and smelling
Of morn, are telling
Their leaves below
No fairest flower,
In bush or bower,
So takes the shower,
And scents it so.

Dark eyes are flashing,
And fair hands dashing,
Thy foam, and plashing,
The bubbles fly—
Thou, murmuring river,
Falling ever,
And silent never,
Art hurrying by.

THE DECLARATION.

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SONNET.

White bosom'd idol of my dreams! my heart
Boweth in homage to thee, and is thrill'd,
Like a lone harp-string by the passing gale,
When thoughts of thee are flitting o'er my brain.
O, thou art ever imag'd in my heart,
As are the stars of heaven in summer streams.
Thy name is in my prayer at rosy morn,—
My meditations are of thee at eve,
And fancy paints thee, bright one, by my side,
When, at the noon of night, I wander forth
Far from the trodden path, to revel in
Worlds that are born of mine imaginings.
Thus were the patriarch's visions of that land,
Which even Hope deny'd her wing to reach.